THE
KEEPSAKE

London
1827

Painted by H. Corbould.

Engraved by C. Heath.

Painted by C.L. Eastlake. R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

HAIDEE.

London. Hurst. Chance & C°. R. Jennings & W. Chaplin. Cheapside. & Giraldon Bovinet & C°. Paris.

THE
KEEPSAKE
FOR
1831
Engraved by J. Thomson

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KEEPSAKE

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

BY HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

AND JENNINGS AND CHAPLIN, 62, CHEAPSIDE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

It is particularly requested that copies will be retained of all MSS. addressed to the Publishers for insertion in the Keepsake; as the Editor begs leave to state most explicitly, that he cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

PREFACE.

It is confidently, but respectfully, hoped, that this fourth volume of the Keepsake will be received by the public as a sufficient testimony, on the part of the Proprietor, of the sincerity of the assertion which he ventured to advance on a former occasion—that his best exertions would ever be directed to render the Keepsake worthy of the extensive and flattering patronage with which it had been previously honoured.

In producing this volume, the utmost care has been taken to follow all those plans and arrangements which are supposed to have been most conducive to the high success of its predecessors. Only one alteration has been made—the introduction of a few *anonymous* articles, for the satisfaction of those who may desire to judge of the merit of a work, undazzled by the prestige attached to an illustrious name.

The Editor begs leave to direct public attention to the Engravings in this volume; for he presumes to think that they will be considered superior to those of former years.

The Proprietor, and the Editor, unite in returning their most grateful acknowledgments to the various authors, painters, and engravers who have so kindly and ably assisted in the production of this volume: again the Editor feels the wish to specify, among the former class, those individuals to whom he is most indebted, but again he is withheld by a sense of the injustice of such a proceeding.

To Jeremiah Harman, Esq., the Proprietor is greatly obliged for the loan of the picture of Haidee, by C. Eastlake, R. A.

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THE HON. HENRY LIDDELL, THE HON. HOBART CRADOCK,
THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, MISS L. E. LANDON,
AGNES STRICKLAND, CATHERINE GODWIN, THEODORE HOOK,
ARCHDEACON SPENCER, CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,
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CHESTERFIELD AND FANNY.

BY THE HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS.

It must be a sad disappointment to those who delight in the gossip of the olden time, as it relates to English society, to find how little of this kind of information has come down to us, at least with regard to the last hundred years.

It is presumable that

> "The belles, whose reign began of yore
> With George the Third's, and ended long before,"

as well as those of a still earlier period, were full as susceptible of tender impressions as their descendants of the present day; but anecdotes to this effect are but thinly scattered through the letters and memoirs which have hitherto been published. If we go back, indeed, to the seventeenth century, we find much entertaining gossip recorded, but this fails us in the century which followed it. Wilson, Sir Anthony Weldon, and others, give us very detailed accounts of the scandal of the times of James the First; and of the proceedings of the Lady Suffolks, Lady Essexes, and Lady Banburys of that day.

With the court of Charles the First we have a less perfect acquaintance; and yet the letters of George Garrard and of Lord Conway in the Strafford Correspondence, as well as occasional hints from Lord Clarendon, throw considerable light upon the subject. And the well-known phrase of Lord Sunderland, in writing to his wife, that the

indecency of the language he heard in the camp was so great that it made him think himself at Court*, gives us a pretty fair scale of the style of conversation indulged in by the most polished society of the time.

Of the reign of the Puritans no scandalous anecdotes remain. Men possessed of their deep sense of religion, the energies of whose superior minds (superior, in spite of occasional extravagancies) were divided between an absorbing devotion and the care of governing a great country, were not likely to condescend to the futilities of court gallantry; while they would have shrunk with horror from the more criminal pursuits to which it frequently led.

But the Restoration, begun as it was in folly, continued in designing knavery, and completed in the degradation of the nation, was the proper soil for moral as well as political corruption to flourish in. All the vices,

> "Which Charles's high attemper'd vein
> Brought from the borders of the Seine,"

bloomed luxuriantly, and found in Hamilton a historian sufficiently scandalous to please the deepest read in those studies. The bloody and oppressive reign of James occupied the higher orders with other pursuits, and from that time to the present very few authentic documents relating to the *important* subject of the gossip of society are to be found. Persons, therefore, who are greedy of such information must descend to the study of the fables of Mrs. Manly, or the apocryphal relations of Constantia Philips, and others of the same stamp. It is true the *Reminiscences* of Horace Walpole exist, and are exceedingly entertaining; but they relate principally to the royal family; and the anecdotes of this kind regarding less dig-

* See Sydney Papers.

nified characters are of rather rare occurrence in the many volumes of the letters of the same author.

But while the admirers of antiquated scandal are thus disappointed, a more reasonable portion of the world may with justice think that it is better that the faults and follies of our forefathers should be buried in oblivion. And so it would undoubtedly be, if no other use was made of the knowledge of them than that of gratifying the idle curiosity of the moment. But far other is the view of such information which is taken by the historian or the moralist. The former values it as offering, by means of the details of which it is composed, the best insight he can obtain into the manners and habits of the age to which it belongs; while, taken together as a whole, it forms almost his only guide as to the general state of morals, and the degree of civilization. But to the moralist it is even still more important, as affording to him relations of real events, to be made use of, not only to show the deformity of vice, but also the wretchedness to which it usually leads. And, "as example hits where precept fails," such anecdotes are, perhaps, among the most useful things we have, if related in a proper spirit, to deter from a wrong and to encourage to a right course of life.

Among the *liaisons* which aroused the curiosity or excited the malevolence of the higher orders of society in the first half of the last century, none appears to have arrested more of the public attention than that of Lady Fanny Shirley and Lord Chesterfield. This was not unnatural, as they were both conspicuous persons in their day, though the celebrity of the lady has not stood the test of time so well as that of her adorer.

Lady Fanny Shirley was the fourth daughter of Robert

first Earl Ferrers. "Born thus of high lineage," she was also very remarkable for her beauty and her talents for society. Pope addressed some complimentary stanzas to her, comparing her to Minerva and Venus, and concluding with the following lines, in which he supposes the lady herself to speak and to address him:

> "Come, if you 'll be a quiet soul,
> That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
> I 'll list you in the harmless roll
> Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

His priestly editor, Warburton, also condescends to praise her; for in his annotations to this very poem, he speaks of her as "a lady, whose great merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating." Another clerical editor of Pope's works, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, devotes the following longer article to Lady Fanny:

"This beautiful lady was fourth daughter of the Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham*. Notwithstanding her various admirers, she died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. At Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, the seat of her *sister's son*, Henry Bathurst, Esq., there is a full length portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and if she was as handsome as she is there represented, Lord Chesterfield's passionate address might be easily accounted for. The writer of this note had looked at it for some time with admiration, without knowing whose portrait it was, when the hospitable and benevolent owner of the mansion said, 'That is the celebrated Fanny blooming fair.' Her sister, married to Mr. Bathurst's father, is painted at full-length in the same room. Lady Frances is dressed in a

* Where Pope, as it is well known, also lived.

Turkish habit, probably introduced by Lady M. W. Montagu to England at the time, as she lived at Twickenham. The dress is beautiful, and gives great effect to the attitude and countenance. The sketch of Earl Ferrers' house and gardens is in the back ground."

The allusion here made to Lord Chesterfield's *passionate address* naturally leads to the mention of the copy of verses he composed to her honour, and which attached to her name, for the remainder of her life, the agreeable epithet of "blooming fair." They were first published in Dodsley's collection of poems; and, though full of the hackneyed similes and metaphors drawn from the Mythology, the use of which was one of the besetting sins of the poetry of that day, have at least the merit of being sprightly and easy. The two first stanzas, which, perhaps, may be deemed a sufficient specimen of his lordship's amatory style of writing, run thus:

"When Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gazed,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature praised,
She stole into my heart.

"In her bewitching eyes,
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dye
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown."

That Lady Fanny was proud of having excited the admiration of the author of these lines, who can doubt?

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, filled a larger portion of the public fame in the age he lived in, as a statesman, a diplomatist, and an author, than almost any of his contemporaries*. Lord Chesterfield was undoubtedly a man of quickness and talent; but it may be doubtful whether, if he existed in the present day, his reputation would stand as high as it did in that of George the Second. At that time the love of literature, and still more any talent for it, was so rare an attribute in a man of quality, that Lord Chesterfield stood almost alone as a noble author, and as the Mecænas of all others. Thus "fed with soft dedication all day long"—courted even by Voltaire, who was pleased with his notions of liberty and his want of religion—and worshipped by the inferior writers of his own country, Chesterfield found himself for many years placed upon a pinnacle of literary elevation, to which his works do not entitle him; and which he probably would never have attained to, if, as at present, instruction and literature had been then generally diffused through all classes. Nor was the sovereignty of "the whole Parnassian state" the only distinction to which Lord Chesterfield attained. His talents for conversation and powers of repartee gave him a similar sway in society; and for a long

* Of the popularity and universality of the fame of Lord Chesterfield in his own country, we may form some notion from the circumstance mentioned by the Baron de Bielfeld in one of his letters, written from England in the year 1741. At that time most of the London shops, like those of Vienna in the present day, were distinguished by signs hung over the doors: Bielfeld says, "Je ne traverse point de rue à Londres sans y voir sur quelque enseigne le buste de ce lord, avec l'inscription, *At my Lord Chesterfield's Head;* et je juge qu'une tête si remarquable doit avoir gagné le cœur de la multitude."

period he was the *wit* the most quoted and the most admired in London. His oratorical merits in the House of Lords, the active part he took in its debates, as well as the eminent posts he had filled, added the additional illustration of an able statesman to the other remarkable points in his character. The reverse of the picture is, that he was a man in all respects more showy than solid—that he was a gambler—a scoffer at religion—a man of profligate habits—heartless and unfeeling in his character—and a doubtful politician. But these blots were not, from various causes, so conspicuous to his contemporaries*, as they are to the unprejudiced eye of posterity.

It was therefore in the full blaze of his brilliant reputation that he appeared before Lady Fanny Shirley: and, though he appears to have been what Horace Walpole calls "unlovely in his person," he succeeded in touching her heart. The consequence was a long intimacy, or what

* An eminent author, however, who was in some sort Lord Chesterfield's contemporary, seems to have seen his faults in their largest proportions. He says, "Lord Chesterfield had early in his life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out as a man of great intrigue with as slender pretensions; yet the women believed in that too: one should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular! It was not his fault if he had not wit; nothing exceeded his efforts in that point; and though they were far from producing the wit, they at least singly yielded the applause he aimed at. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said, that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say. His speeches are fine, but as much laboured as his extempore sayings; his writings were—every body's: that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. But besides the passive enjoyment of all good productions in the present age, he had another art of reputation, which was either to disapprove the greatest authors of other times, or to patronize and commend whatever was too bad to be ascribed to himself. He did his admirers the justice to believe that they would applaud

the world begins by calling *a flirtation*, and ends by dignifying with the name of *an attachment*. It lasted for many years, and was probably the occasion of Lady Fanny's never marrying. Lord Chesterfield was already married to Lady Walsingham.

Of the commencement of the intimacy between "Chesterfield and Fanny," the following letters, which have never yet been published, give rather an amusing account. They were written by Thomas Coke, Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester, whose singular character has been inimitably drawn by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his poem, entitled "Isabella, or the Morning;" in which he describes the circle of admirers of the Duchess of Manchester*:

upon his authority every simple book that was published, and every bad actor that appeared upon the stage. His first public character was ambassador to Holland, where he courted the good opinion of that economical people by losing immense sums at play."—"Lord Chesterfield accepted no employment till the removal of Lord Granville, when he was sent again to Holland, and then made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and became the most popular governor they ever had. Nothing was cried up but his integrity, though he would have laughed at any man who really had any confidence in his morality."—"He married the Duchess of Kendal's niece, designing to become heir to her aunt, but had not the address to succeed; yet, miscarrying with the late king's mistress, he was rewarded by old Marlborough† among the rest of the legatees, whom she had selected for the prejudice they had done to the royal family. She was scarce cold before he returned to the king's service."—*Memoirs of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.*

* Lady Isabella Montagu, eldest of the two daughters and coheiresses of John, second Duke of Montagu, by Mary, his Duchess, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Marlborough. She married, first, William, second Duke of Manchester, and secondly, Edward Hussey, created Earl of Beaulieu.

† Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

"But, hark! a louder knock than all before
'Lord!' says her grace, 'they'll thunder down my door!'
Into the room see sweating Lovell break!—
The duchess rises, and the elders wake.
Lovell—the oddest character in town—
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon.
Extract him well, this is his quintessence:
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense;
To neither party in his heart inclined,
He steer'd 'twixt both, with politics refined,
Voted with Walpole, and with Pulteney dined."

Lovell, as we shall see from his own confession, was a rival of Chesterfield; which circumstance renders his communications the more curious. The letters are addressed to his friend, Lord Essex*, at that time ambassador at the court of Turin.

"Holkham, Dec. 21, 1735.

"MY DEAREST LORD,

"La Roche's present, by being the occasion of my hearing from you, afforded me as great pleasure as the present itself (though very agreeable and fit for my new house) will do. You have opened my wounds by speaking of Lady Fanny. She is quite lost to me: that foul fiend Chesterfield has bewitched her; and, under pretence of serving me, has entirely defeated me, and is in full possession of the lady's soul. In the inclosed, which I beg you'll deliver, I have eased my heart a little to La Roche, and told him of my misery. For since my secret is like never to be any secret at all, I find great ease in discoursing of it, and tiring all my acquaintance with my grief. My rival triumphs so publicly that I hear of nothing from

* William (Capel), third Earl of Essex, K.G.

London but his success. All summer, parties by water, rides in Bushy Park, &c.; and the old ladies begin to be censorious; which the nice lady, however, stands, and, since she herself knows there is no harm, does not mind what others say. This plaguy peace, that is like to unhinge the measures of the seditious, and make them have nothing to do, will give Chesterfield still more time to love. I cannot bear London while things continue thus, though I must be there in about three weeks. I hear, from true judges, Veracini's opera is the finest that ever was, though I don't hear how it fills. Being obliged to write to his Grace of Grafton, per post, I acquainted him about Lord Euston, and shall remember you to all friends, even Chesterfield, when I come to town. Our club at Dels would be overjoyed to have your company. * * *

"Your most faithful and

"Entirely humble servant,

"LOVELL."

"London, Jan. 25, 1736.

"MY DEAR ESSEX,

"I have this moment received your obliging letter, by which I perceive you have not received mine, which I wrote in answer to your last, which brought me the first bill of lading, and inclosed in it one for La Roche, thanking him for his obliging present. I shall inquire at our office* by what neglect that letter miscarried. That beauty you think so cold shows herself warmer than any lady in England, but not with me. All I can flatter myself with at most is, the having made myself convenient

* The post-office. Lord Lovell was at this time postmaster-general.

to her. I attacked (though not boldly) in front; dazzled by her beauty, I could scarce approach, while that sly Chesterfield, like the toad in Milton, came privily behind, and fastened on her ear. In short, they live together, ride together, walk, go by water, &c. &c., in the face of the whole world; and this cold, shy beauty, as you called her, bears up, I do assure you, more than ever I yet saw married or unmarried lady. The great trouble they have is, that, when they ride out, his lordship is forced to stand on his stirrups, while she makes her back ache with stooping to hear him; but I am now in treaty for a monstrous tall horse that is showed as a show here, which I will present to his lordship; for we are generous rivals and good friends yet.

"Your friend, his Grace of Newcastle*, has a cook *qui fait trembler toute l'Angleterre*, and the whole discourse of the town is on him. He gave us a most fine dinner the other day, where were assembled Chavigny, the D. of Richmond, Pembroke, and all the nice critics in eating. We there drank champagne—some sent by Waldegrave†, some by you, and, though both were excellent, yours was preferred, and reckoned the best in England. To-morrow I dine with Scarborough‡, where I shall see many of your friends, who I will acquaint of your kind remembrance of them. The club goes on well, and we always remember

* Thomas (Pelham Holles), Duke of Newcastle, for so many years the incapable minister of this country.

† Lord Waldegrave was now ambassador at Paris.

‡ Richard (Lumley), second Earl of Scarborough. He killed himself in 1740, in consequence, as it is said, of having betrayed a state secret to the Duchess of Manchester, for which he was reproached by Sir Robert Walpole.

you, and wish for you amongst us*. Operas don't do so well. I missed hearing that of Veracini, which the best judges say is Squisitone. Lest this letter should miscarry, I shall send it to the gentleman at the Treasury that brought it, who promised to carry it to your lordship.—I am, with the most unfeigned sincerity, regard, and respect,

"My dearest Lord,

"Your most faithful

"And obedient humble servant,

"Lovell†."

We are enabled to trace the attachment of the lovers several years after the writing of these letters of Lord Lovell, from a passage in the poem of "Isabella," from whence a quotation has been made in a preceding page. The following lines immediately follow the character of Lord Lovell already given; and from them it would appear, that Lord Lovell was still supposed to feel considerable bitterness against his more successful rival.

"His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
Then opens with preliminary chat:
'I 'm glad to see your grace—the general‡ too:
Old Charles §, how is it?—Dicky ‖, how d' ye do?

---

* The preceding passage in the text is rather interesting, as giving a picture of society nearly one hundred years ago.

† The originals of these letters are preserved in the MS. collection of the Earl of Essex.

‡ General Churchill, the lover of the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield.

§ Charles Stanhope.

‖ Richard Bateman, the brother of Viscount Bateman. He is said to have been the person who first introduced the plant of *mignionette* into England.

Madam, I hear that you were at the play—
You did not say one word on 't yesterday.
I went, who 'd no engagement anywhere,
To the Opera.'—'Were many people there?'
The duchess cried.—'Yes, madam, a great many,'
Says Lovell:—'There were Chesterfield and Fanny,
In that eternal whisper which begun
Ten years ago, and never will be done;
For though you know he sees her every day,
Still he has ever something new to say.
There 's nothing upon earth so hard to me
As keeping up discourse eternally.
He never lets the conversation fall;
And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball;
I saw that her replies were never long,
And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue.
Poor I am forced to keep my distance now—
She won't e'en curtsy if I make a bow.'
'Why, things are strangely changed,' the gen'ral cried.
'Ay, *fortune de la guerre*,' my lord replied.
'But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,
As we both did some twenty years ago.'
'And take off twenty years,' replied her grace;
''T would do no harm to Lady Fanny's face.
My lord, you never see her but at night,
By th' advantageous help of candlelight;
Dress'd out with ev'ry aid that is adorning:—
Oh, if your lordship saw her in the morning!
It is no more that Fanny once so fair:
No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there;
But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
Repentance, love, and disappointment speak.' "

How long Lady Fanny continued to exhibit her waning charms to the unsparing criticism of her female friends, or, in other words, how long her intimacy with Lord Chesterfield endured, does not exactly appear. All that we know with certainty is, that she lived long enough to repent of her errors, whatever they may have been. She is mentioned by Horace Walpole in "The Twickenham

Register," written about the year 1758, as residing there, and occupied in a life of devotion.

> "Here Fanny, ever blooming fair,
> Ejaculates the graceful prayer;
> And, 'scaped from sense, with nonsense smit,
> For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's wit."

Lady Fanny had retired from the world, and adopted the religious tenets of the celebrated Whitfield; and, in spite of the sneer contained in the above lines, there is no reason to doubt of the sincerity or the soundness of her repentance: but "Strawberry Horace" was clearly no fit judge of such matters. Besides, at the time he wrote, the very name of Whitfield and methodism was a by-word for ridicule; as Cowper, writing a few years later, has so forcibly pointed out, in his beautiful character of that ecclesiastic*. Those days of prejudice are now happily passed away, and we are enabled to view Whitfield as he really was—an able and truly religious teacher of the word of God, according to the doctrines he professed.

Lady Fanny Shirley continued to her death in the practice of piety, and in the enjoyment of a religious course of life; possessing thus, in the end of her days, that tranquil happiness, to which in her earlier course she must have been a stranger.

Far other was the evening of Lord Chesterfield's career. He remained to the last not only a seeker after the vanities of the world, but also after the youth which he had lost. He occupied himself in a constant but wretched endeavour to be more young and more frivolous than was becoming his age and character. "He lived at White's, gaming,

* Those well known lines in the poem of "Hope," beginning with—

> "Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
> I slur a name a poet must not speak)."

and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality*." The consequence was, as we find from his own letters, both published and unpublished, that his old age was one of fretfulness and disappointment. He was always attempting to keep up his former reputation, and he constantly found it sinking under him: for the liveliness and frivolity which is graceful in youth becomes disagreeable and contemptible in older life. He had never read, or, at least, had never put to heart as he ought, the admirable advice of Pope—

> "Learn to grow old, or fairly make your will—
> You've eat, and drank, and loved, and laugh'd your fill;
> Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
> Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage;
> Leave those to trifle with more grace and ease,
> Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please."

So far was Lord Chesterfield from profiting by these lines that he went on drinking a life of folly to the dregs, laughed at by the young, pitied by the old, and, finally, when he died, unregretted and unlamented.

Of his old age, the best picture is the one given of that of General Churchill by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams†, than which, undoubtedly, nothing can be well conceived more hopelessly miserable:

> "His old desire to please is still express'd;
> His hat's well cock'd, his periwig 's well dress'd
> He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
> And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
> His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
> Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says;
> And still remembering that he once was young,
> He strains his crippled knees, and struts along."

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* Memoirs of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

† In the poem of "Isabella, or the Morning."

THE GONDOLA.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

Swiftly o'er the Brenta bounding,
Soft guitar and lute resounding,
Through the perfum'd groves surrounding,
Gaily speeds the gondola.

Youth beguil'd with dreams of pleasure,
Hope with all its buoyant treasure,
Love without reserve or measure,
Lightly freight the gondola.

O'er the waters still and glowing,
Wanton zephyrs odours throwing,
Woman's sighs more sweets bestowing,
Gently waft the gondola.

Golden rays through ether dancing,
Nature's soul with joy entrancing,
Brighter smiles from beauty glancing,
Sparkle round the gondola.

Doubts and vows in quick succession,
Looks of undisguis'd expression,
Whispers fraught with chaste confession,
Pass within the gondola.

Eye no more from eye retreating,
Heart with heart in concert beating,
Lip with lip in rapture meeting,
Blessed be the gondola!

THE GONDOLA.

Painted by F.P. Stephanoff. Engraved by Charles Heath

On a bank, enrich'd with flowers,
Clust'ring vines, and fragrant bowers,
Lovers rest the sultry hours,
Safely moor'd the gondola.

Converse sweet all care dispelling,
Love no ill, no change foretelling,
Heav'n within their shady dwelling,—
Silent rests the gondola.

Ev'ning skies are purpling over,
Glitt'ring stars their fires recover—
Arms entwining, maid and lover
Ling'ring seek the gondola.

From the grove a rival stealing,
Reckless of the vespers pealing,
Thirst of blood his blade revealing,
Hastens to the gondola.

Hark! those shrieks to Heaven pleading,
Prayer and pious masses needing!—
Peasants weep o'er lovers bleeding,
Lifeless in the gondola!

While the moon is fondly playing
With the stream, in silence straying,
Love in death, the tide conveying,
Slowly floats the gondola.

Passing boatmen gazed affrighted,
As the moon-beams coldly lighted
On the forms that lay united
In the fatal gondola!

TRANSFORMATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it set me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

COLERIDGE'S ANCIENT MARINER.

I HAVE heard it said, that, when any strange, supernatural, and necromantic adventure has occurred to a human being, that being, however desirous he may be to conceal the same, feels at certain periods torn up as it were by an intellectual earthquake, and is forced to bare the inner depths of his spirit to another. I am a witness of the truth of this. I have dearly sworn to myself never to reveal to human ears the horrors to which I once, in excess of fiendly pride, delivered myself over. The holy man who heard my confession, and reconciled me to the church, is dead. None knows that once——

Why should it not be thus? Why tell a tale of impious tempting of Providence, and soul-subduing humiliation? Why? answer me, ye who are wise in the secrets of human nature! I only know that so it is; and in spite of strong resolve—of a pride that too much masters me—of shame, and even of fear, so to render myself odious to my species —I must speak.

Genoa! my birth-place—proud city! looking upon the blue waves of the Mediterranean sea—dost thou remember me in my boyhood, when thy cliffs and promontories, thy

bright sky and gay vineyards, were my world? Happy time! when to the young heart the narrow-bounded universe, which leaves, by its very limitation, free scope to the imagination, enchains our physical energies, and, sole period in our lives, innocence and enjoyment are united. Yet, who can look back to childhood, and not remember its sorrows and its harrowing fears? I was born with the most imperious, haughty, tameless spirit, with which ever mortal was gifted. I quailed before my father only; and he, generous and noble, but capricious and tyrannical, at once fostered and checked the wild impetuosity of my character, making obedience necessary, but inspiring no respect for the motives which guided his commands. To be a man, free, independent; or, in better words, insolent and domineering, was the hope and prayer of my rebel heart.

My father had one friend, a wealthy Genoese noble, who in a political tumult was suddenly sentenced to banishment, and his property confiscated. The Marchese Torella went into exile alone. Like my father, he was a widower: he had one child, the almost infant Juliet, who was left under my father's guardianship. I should certainly have been an unkind master to the lovely girl, but that I was forced by my position to become her protector. A variety of childish incidents all tended to one point,—to make Juliet see in me a rock of refuge; I in her, one, who must perish through the soft sensibility of her nature too rudely visited, but for my guardian care. We grew up together. The opening rose in May was not more sweet than this dear girl. An irradiation of beauty was spread over her face. Her form, her step, her voice—my heart weeps even now, to think of all of relying, gentle, loving, and pure, that was enshrined in that celestial tenement. When I was eleven and Juliet eight years of age, a cousin of mine, much older than

either—he seemed to us a man—took great notice of my playmate; he called her his bride, and asked her to marry him. She refused, and he insisted, drawing her unwillingly towards him. With the countenance and emotions of a maniac I threw myself on him—I strove to draw his sword—I clung to his neck with the ferocious resolve to strangle him: he was obliged to call for assistance to disengage himself from me. On that night I led Juliet to the chapel of our house: I made her touch the sacred relics—I harrowed her child's heart, and profaned her child's lips with an oath, that she would be mine, and mine only.

Well, those days passed away. Torella returned in a few years, and became wealthier and more prosperous than ever. When I was seventeen, my father died; he had been magnificent to prodigality; Torella rejoiced that my minority would afford an opportunity for repairing my fortunes. Juliet and I had been affianced beside my father's deathbed—Torella was to be a second parent to me.

I desired to see the world, and I was indulged. I went to Florence, to Rome, to Naples; thence I passed to Toulon, and at length reached what had long been the bourne of my wishes, Paris. There was wild work in Paris then. The poor king, Charles the Sixth, now sane, now mad, now a monarch, now an abject slave, was the very mockery of humanity. The queen, the dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, alternately friends and foes—now meeting in prodigal feasts, now shedding blood in rivalry—were blind to the miserable state of their country, and the dangers that impended over it, and gave themselves wholly up to dissolute enjoyment or savage strife. My character still followed me. I was arrogant and self-willed; I loved display, and above all, I threw all control far from me. Who could control me in Paris? My young friends were eager to foster passions which furnished them with pleasures. I

was deemed handsome—I was master of every knightly accomplishment. I was disconnected with any political party. I grew a favourite with all: my presumption and arrogance was pardoned in one so young: I became a spoiled child. Who could control me? not the letters and advice of Torella—only strong necessity visiting me in the abhorred shape of an empty purse. But there were means to refill this void. Acre after acre, estate after estate, I sold. My dress, my jewels, my horses and their caparisons, were almost unrivalled in gorgeous Paris, while the lands of my inheritance passed into possession of others.

The Duke of Orleans was waylaid and murdered by the Duke of Burgundy. Fear and terror possessed all Paris. The dauphin and the queen shut themselves up; every pleasure was suspended. I grew weary of this state of things, and my heart yearned for my boyhood's haunts. I was nearly a beggar, yet still I would go there, claim my bride, and rebuild my fortunes. A few happy ventures as a merchant would make me rich again. Nevertheless, I would not return in humble guise. My last act was to dispose of my remaining estate near Albaro for half its worth, for ready money. Then I despatched all kinds of artificers, arras, furniture of regal splendour, to fit up the last relic of my inheritance, my palace in Genoa. I lingered a little longer yet, ashamed at the part of the prodigal returned, which I feared I should play. I sent my horses. One matchless Spanish jennet I despatched to my promised bride; its caparisons flamed with jewels and cloth of gold. In every part I caused to be entwined the initials of Juliet and her Guido. My present found favour in hers and in her father's eyes.

Still to return a proclaimed spendthrift, the mark of impertinent wonder, perhaps of scorn, and to encounter singly the reproaches or taunts of my fellow-citizens, was no

alluring prospect. As a shield between me and censure, I invited some few of the most reckless of my comrades to accompany me: thus I went armed against the world, hiding a rankling feeling, half fear and half penitence, by bravado and an insolent display of satisfied vanity.

I arrived in Genoa. I trod the pavement of my ancestral palace. My proud step was no interpreter of my heart, for I deeply felt that, though surrounded by every luxury, I was a beggar. The first step I took in claiming Juliet must widely declare me such. I read contempt or pity in the looks of all. I fancied, so apt is conscience to imagine what it deserves, that rich and poor, young and old, all regarded me with derision. Torella came not near me. No wonder that my second father should expect a son's deference from me in waiting first on him. But, galled and stung by a sense of my follies and demerit, I strove to throw the blame on others. We kept nightly orgies in Palazzo Carega. To sleepless, riotous nights, followed listless, supine mornings. At the Ave Maria we showed our dainty persons in the streets, scoffing at the sober citizens, casting insolent glances on the shrinking women. Juliet was not among them—no, no; if she had been there, shame would have driven me away, if love had not brought me to her feet.

I grew tired of this. Suddenly I paid the Marchese a visit. He was at his villa, one among the many which deck the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena. It was the month of May—a month of May in that garden of the world—the blossoms of the fruit trees were fading among thick, green foliage; the vines were shooting forth; the ground strewed with the fallen olive blooms; the fire-fly was in the myrtle hedge; heaven and earth wore a mantle of surpassing beauty. Torella welcomed me kindly, though seriously; and even his shade of displeasure soon wore away. Some resem-

blance to my father—some look and tone of youthful ingenuousness, lurking still in spite of my misdeeds, softened the good old man's heart. He sent for his daughter—he presented me to her as her betrothed. The chamber became hallowed by a holy light as she entered. Hers was that cherub look, those large, soft eyes, full dimpled cheeks, and mouth of infantine sweetness, that expresses the rare union of happiness and love. Admiration first possessed me; she is mine! was the second proud emotion, and my lips curled with haughty triumph. I had not been the *enfant gâté* of the beauties of France not to have learnt the art of pleasing the soft heart of woman. If towards men I was overbearing, the deference I paid to them was the more in contrast. I commenced my courtship by the display of a thousand gallantries to Juliet, who, vowed to me from infancy, had never admitted the devotion of others; and who, though accustomed to expressions of admiration, was uninitiated in the language of lovers.

For a few days all went well. Torella never alluded to my extravagance; he treated me as a favourite son. But the time came, as we discussed the preliminaries to my union with his daughter, when this fair face of things should be overcast. A contract had been drawn up in my father's lifetime. I had rendered this, in fact, void, by having squandered the whole of the wealth which was to have been shared by Juliet and myself. Torella, in consequence, chose to consider this bond as cancelled, and proposed another, in which, though the wealth he bestowed was immeasurably increased, there were so many restrictions as to the mode of spending it, that I, who saw independence only in free career being given to my own imperious will, taunted him as taking advantage of my situation, and refused utterly to subscribe to his conditions. The old man mildly strove to recall me to reason. Roused

pride became the tyrant of my thought: I listened with indignation—I repelled him with disdain.

"Juliet, thou art mine! Did we not interchange vows in our innocent childhood? are we not one in the sight of God? and shall thy cold-hearted, cold-blooded father divide us? Be generous, my love, be just; take not away a gift, last treasure of thy Guido—retract not thy vows—let us defy the world, and setting at nought the calculations of age, find in our mutual affection a refuge from every ill."

Fiend I must have been, with such sophistry to endeavour to poison that sanctuary of holy thought and tender love. Juliet shrank from me affrighted. Her father was the best and kindest of men, and she strove to show me how, in obeying him, every good would follow. He would receive my tardy submission with warm affection; and generous pardon would follow my repentance. Profitless words for a young and gentle daughter to use to a man accustomed to make his will, law; and to feel in his own heart a despot so terrible and stern, that he could yield obedience to nought save his own imperious desires! My resentment grew with resistance; my wild companions were ready to add fuel to the flame. We laid a plan to carry off Juliet. At first it appeared to be crowned with success. Midway, on our return, we were overtaken by the agonized father and his attendants. A conflict ensued. Before the city guard came to decide the victory in favour of our antagonists, two of Torella's servitors were dangerously wounded.

This portion of my history weighs most heavily with me. Changed man as I am, I abhor myself in the recollection. May none who hear this tale ever have felt as I. A horse driven to fury by a rider armed with barbed spurs, was not more a slave than I, to the violent tyranny of my temper. A fiend possessed my soul, irritating it to mad-

ness. I felt the voice of conscience within me; but if I yielded to it for a brief interval, it was only to be a moment after torn, as by a whirlwind, away—borne along on the stream of desperate rage—the plaything of the storms engendered by pride. I was imprisoned, and, at the instance of Torella, set free. Again I returned to carry off both him and his child to France; which hapless country, then preyed on by freebooters and gangs of lawless soldiery, offered a grateful refuge to a criminal like me. Our plots were discovered. I was sentenced to banishment; and, as my debts were already enormous, my remaining property was put in the hands of commissioners for their payment. Torella again offered his mediation, requiring only my promise not to renew my abortive attempts on himself and his daughter. I spurned his offers, and fancied that I triumphed when I was thrust out from Genoa, a solitary and penniless exile. My companions were gone: they had been dismissed the city some weeks before, and were already in France. I was alone—friendless; with nor sword at my side, nor ducat in my purse.

I wandered along the sea-shore, a whirlwind of passion possessing and tearing my soul. It was as if a live coal had been set burning in my breast. At first I meditated on what *I should do*. I would join a band of freebooters. Revenge!—the word seemed balm to me:—I hugged it—caressed it—till, like a serpent, it stung me. Then again I would abjure and despise Genoa, that little corner of the world. I would return to Paris, where so many of my friends swarmed; where my services would be eagerly accepted; where I would carve out fortune with my sword, and might, through success, make my paltry birth-place, and the false Torella, rue the day when they drove me, a new Coriolanus, from her walls. I would return to Paris—thus, on foot—a beggar—and present myself in my poverty

to those I had formerly entertained sumptuously? There was gall in the mere thought of it.

The reality of things began to dawn upon my mind, bringing despair in its train. For several months I had been a prisoner: the evils of my dungeon had whipped my soul to madness, but they had subdued my corporeal frame. I was weak and wan. Torella had used a thousand artifices to administer to my comfort; I had detected and scorned them all—and I reaped the harvest of my obduracy. What was to be done?—Should I crouch before my foe, and sue for forgiveness?—Die rather ten thousand deaths!—Never should they obtain that victory! Hate—I swore eternal hate! Hate from whom?—to whom?—From a wandering outcast—to a mighty noble. I and my feelings were nothing to them: already had they forgotten one so unworthy. And Juliet!—her angel-face and sylph-like form gleamed among the clouds of my despair with vain beauty; for I had lost her—the glory and flower of the world! Another will call her his!—that smile of paradise will bless another!

Even now my heart fails within me when I recur to this rout of grim-visaged ideas. Now subdued almost to tears, now raving in my agony, still I wandered along the rocky shore, which grew at each step wilder and more desolate. Hanging rocks and hoar precipices overlooked the tideless ocean; black caverns yawned; and for ever, among the seaworn recesses, murmured and dashed the unfruitful waters. Now my way was almost barred by an abrupt promontory, now rendered nearly impracticable by fragments fallen from the cliff. Evening was at hand, when, seaward, arose, as if on the waving of a wizard's wand, a murky web of clouds, blotting the late azure sky, and darkening and disturbing the till now placid deep. The clouds had strange fantastic shapes; and they changed,

and mingled, and seemed to be driven about by a mighty spell. The waves raised their white crests; the thunder first muttered, then roared from across the waste of waters, which took a deep purple dye, flecked with foam. The spot where I stood, looked, on one side, to the wide-spread ocean; on the other, it was barred by a rugged promontory. Round this cape suddenly came, driven by the wind, a vessel. In vain the mariners tried to force a path for her to the open sea—the gale drove her on the rocks. It will perish!—all on board will perish!—Would I were among them! And to my young heart the idea of death came for the first time blended with that of joy. It was an awful sight to behold that vessel struggling with her fate. Hardly could I discern the sailors, but I heard them. It was soon all over!—A rock, just covered by the tossing waves, and so unperceived, lay in wait for its prey. A crash of thunder broke over my head at the moment that, with a frightful shock, the skiff dashed upon her unseen enemy. In a brief space of time she went to pieces. There I stood in safety; and there were my fellow-creatures, battling, how hopelessly, with annihilation. Methought I saw them struggling—too truly did I hear their shrieks, conquering the barking surges in their shrill agony. The dark breakers threw hither and thither the fragments of the wreck: soon it disappeared. I had been fascinated to gaze till the end: at last I sank on my knees—I covered my face with my hands: I again looked up; something was floating on the billows towards the shore. It neared and neared. Was that a human form?—It grew more distinct; and at last a mighty wave, lifting the whole freight, lodged it upon a rock. A human being bestriding a sea-chest!—A human being!—Yet was it one? Surely never such had existed before—a misshapen dwarf, with squinting eyes, distorted features, and body deformed, till

it became a horror to behold. My blood, lately warming towards a fellow-being so snatched from a watery tomb, froze in my heart. The dwarf got off his chest; he tossed his straight, straggling hair from his odious visage:

"By St. Beelzebub!" he exclaimed, "I have been well bested." He looked round and saw me. "Oh, by the fiend! here is another ally of the mighty one. To what saint did you offer prayers, friend—if not to mine? Yet I remember you not on board."

I shrank from the monster and his blasphemy. Again he questioned me, and I muttered some inaudible reply. He continued:—

"Your voice is drowned by this dissonant roar. What a noise the big ocean makes! Schoolboys bursting from their prison are not louder than these waves set free to play. They disturb me. I will no more of their ill-timed brawling.—Silence, hoary One!—Winds, avaunt!—to your homes!—Clouds, fly to the antipodes, and leave our heaven clear!"

As he spoke, he stretched out his two long lank arms, that looked like spider's claws, and seemed to embrace with them the expanse before him. Was it a miracle? The clouds became broken, and fled; the azure sky first peeped out, and then was spread a calm field of blue above us; the stormy gale was exchanged to the softly breathing west; the sea grew calm; the waves dwindled to riplets.

"I like obedience even in these stupid elements," said the dwarf. "How much more in the tameless mind of man! It was a well got up storm, you must allow—and all of my own making."

It was tempting Providence to interchange talk with this magician. But *Power*, in all its shapes, is venerable to man. Awe, curiosity, a clinging fascination, drew me towards him.

"Come, don't be frightened, friend," said the wretch: "I am good-humoured when pleased; and something does please me in your well-proportioned body and handsome face, though you look a little woe-begone. You have suffered a land—I, a sea wreck. Perhaps I can allay the tempest of your fortunes as I did my own. Shall we be friends?"—And he held out his hand; I could not touch it. "Well, then, companions—that will do as well. And now, while I rest after the buffeting I underwent just now, tell me why, young and gallant as you seem, you wander thus alone and downcast on this wild sea-shore."

The voice of the wretch was screeching and horrid, and his contortions as he spoke were frightful to behold. Yet he did gain a kind of influence over me, which I could not master, and I told him my tale. When it was ended, he laughed long and loud: the rocks echoed back the sound: hell seemed yelling around me.

"Oh, thou cousin of Lucifer!" said he; "so thou too hast fallen through thy pride; and, though bright as the son of Morning, thou art ready to give up thy good looks, thy bride, and thy well-being, rather than submit thee to the tyranny of good. I honour thy choice, by my soul!—So thou hast fled, and yield the day; and mean to starve on these rocks, and to let the birds peck out thy dead eyes, while thy enemy and thy betrothed rejoice in thy ruin. Thy pride is strangely akin to humility, methinks."

As he spoke, a thousand fanged thoughts stung me to the heart.

"What would you that I should do?" I cried.

"I!—Oh, nothing, but lie down and say your prayers before you die. But, were I you, I know the deed that should be done."

I drew near him. His supernatural powers made him an oracle in my eyes; yet a strange unearthly thrill

quivered through my frame as I said—"Speak!—teach me—what act do you advise?"

"Revenge thyself, man!—humble thy enemies!—set thy foot on the old man's neck, and possess thyself of his daughter!"

"To the east and west I turn," cried I, "and see no means! Had I gold, much could I achieve; but, poor and single, I am powerless."

The dwarf had been seated on his chest as he listened to my story. Now he got off; he touched a spring; it flew open!—What a mine of wealth—of blazing jewels, beaming gold, and pale silver—was displayed therein. A mad desire to possess this treasure was born within me.

"Doubtless," I said, "one so powerful as you could do all things."

"Nay," said the monster, humbly, "I am less omnipotent than I seem. Some things I possess which you may covet; but I would give them all for a small share, or even for a loan of what is yours."

"My possessions are at your service," I replied, bitterly—"my poverty, my exile, my disgrace—I make a free gift of them all."

"Good! I thank you. Add one other thing to your gift, and my treasure is yours."

"As nothing is my sole inheritance, what besides nothing would you have?"

"Your comely face and well-made limbs."

I shivered. Would this all-powerful monster murder me? I had no dagger. I forgot to pray—but I grew pale.

"I ask for a loan, not a gift," said the frightful thing: "lend me your body for three days—you shall have mine to cage your soul the while, and, in payment, my chest. What say you to the bargain?—Three short days."

We are told that it is dangerous to hold unlawful talk; and well do I prove the same. Tamely written down, it may seem incredible that I should lend any ear to this proposition; but, in spite of his unnatural ugliness, there was something fascinating in a being whose voice could govern earth, air, and sea. I felt a keen desire to comply; for with that chest I could command the world. My only hesitation resulted from a fear that he would not be true to his bargain. Then, I thought, I shall soon die here on these lonely sands, and the limbs he covets will be mine no more:—it is worth the chance. And, besides, I knew that, by all the rules of art-magic, there were formula and oaths which none of its practisers dared break. I hesitated to reply; and he went on, now displaying his wealth, now speaking of the petty price he demanded, till it seemed madness to refuse. Thus is it: place our bark in the current of the stream, and down, over fall and cataract it is hurried; give up our conduct to the wild torrent of passion, and we are away, we know not whither.

He swore many an oath, and I adjured him by many a sacred name; till I saw this wonder of power, this ruler of the elements, shiver like an autumn leaf before my words; and as if the spirit spake unwillingly and per force within him, at last, he, with broken voice, revealed the spell whereby he might be obliged, did he wish to play me false, to render up the unlawful spoil. Our warm life-blood must mingle to make and to mar the charm.

Enough of this unholy theme. I was persuaded—the thing was done. The morrow dawned upon me as I lay upon the shingles, and I knew not my own shadow as it fell from me. I felt myself changed to a shape of horror, and cursed my easy faith and blind credulity. The chest was there—there the gold and precious stones for which I

had sold the frame of flesh which nature had given me. The sight a little stilled my emotions: three days would soon be gone.

They did pass. The dwarf had supplied me with a plenteous store of food. At first I could hardly walk, so strange and out of joint were all my limbs; and my voice—it was that of the fiend. But I kept silent, and turned my face to the sun, that I might not see my shadow, and counted the hours, and ruminated on my future conduct. To bring Torella to my feet—to possess my Juliet in spite of him—all this my wealth could easily achieve. During dark night I slept, and dreamt of the accomplishment of my desires. Two suns had set—the third dawned. I was agitated, fearful. Oh expectation, what a frightful thing art thou, when kindled more by fear than hope! How dost thou twist thyself round the heart, torturing its pulsations! How dost thou dart unknown pangs all through our feeble mechanism, now seeming to shiver us like broken glass, to nothingness—now giving us a fresh strength, which can *do* nothing, and so torments us by a sensation, such as the strong man must feel who cannot break his fetters, though they bend in his grasp. Slowly paced the bright, bright orb up the eastern sky; long it lingered in the zenith, and still more slowly wandered down the west: it touched the horizon's verge—it was lost! Its glories were on the summits of the cliff—they grew dun and gray. The evening star shone bright. He will soon be here.

He came not!—By the living heavens, he came not!—and night dragged out its weary length, and, in its decaying age, "day began to grizzle its dark hair;" and the sun rose again on the most miserable wretch that ever upbraided its light. Three days thus I passed. The jewels and the gold—oh, how I abhorred them!

Well, well—I will not blacken these pages with demoniac ravings. All too terrible were the thoughts, the raging tumult of ideas that filled my soul. At the end of that time I slept; I had not before since the third sunset; and I dreamt that I was at Juliet's feet, and she smiled, and then she shrieked—for she saw my transformation—and again she smiled, for still her beautiful lover knelt before her. But it was not I—it was he, the fiend, arrayed in my limbs, speaking with my voice, winning her with my looks of love. I strove to warn her, but my tongue refused its office; I strove to tear him from her, but I was rooted to the ground—I awoke with the agony. There were the solitary hoar precipices—there the plashing sea, the quiet strand, and the blue sky over all. What did it mean? was my dream but a mirror of the truth? was he wooing and winning my betrothed? I would on the instant back to Genoa—but I was banished. I laughed—the dwarf's yell burst from my lips—*I* banished! O, no! they had not exiled the foul limbs I wore; I might with these enter, without fear of incurring the threatened penalty of death, my own, my native city.

I began to walk towards Genoa. I was somewhat accustomed to my distorted limbs; none were ever so ill adapted for a straight-forward movement; it was with infinite difficulty that I proceeded. Then, too, I desired to avoid all the hamlets strewed here and there on the sea-beach, for I was unwilling to make a display of my hideousness. I was not quite sure that, if seen, the mere boys would not stone me to death as I passed, for a monster: some ungentle salutations I did receive from the few peasants or fishermen I chanced to meet. But it was dark night before I approached Genoa. The weather was so balmy and sweet that it struck me that the Marchese and

his daughter would very probably have quitted the city for their country retreat. It was from Villa Torella that I had attempted to carry off Juliet; I had spent many an hour reconnoitring the spot, and knew each inch of ground in its vicinity. It was beautifully situated, embosomed in trees, on the margin of a stream. As I drew near, it became evident that my conjecture was right; nay, moreover, that the hours were being then devoted to feasting and merriment. For the house was lighted up; strains of soft and gay music were wafted towards me by the breeze. My heart sank within me. Such was the generous kindness of Torella's heart that I felt sure that he would not have indulged in public manifestations of rejoicing just after my unfortunate banishment, but for a cause I dared not dwell upon.

The country people were all alive and flocking about; it became necessary that I should study to conceal myself; and yet I longed to address some one, or to hear others discourse, or in any way to gain intelligence of what was really going on. At length, entering the walks that were in immediate vicinity to the mansion, I found one dark enough to veil my excessive frightfulness; and yet others as well as I were loitering in its shade. I soon gathered all I wanted to know—all that first made my very heart die with horror, and then boil with indignation. To-morrow Juliet was to be given to the penitent, reformed, beloved Guido—to-morrow my bride was to pledge her vows to a fiend from hell! And I did this!—my accursed pride—my demoniac violence and wicked self-idolatry had caused this act. For if I had acted as the wretch who had stolen my form had acted—if, with a mien at once yielding and dignified, I had presented myself to Torella, saying, I have done wrong, forgive me; I am unworthy of your angel-

child, but permit me to claim her hereafter, when my altered conduct shall manifest that I abjure my vices, and endeavour to become in some sort worthy of her. I go to serve against the infidels; and when my zeal for religion and my true penitence for the past shall appear to you to cancel my crimes, permit me again to call myself your son. Thus had he spoken; and the penitent was welcomed even as the prodigal son of scripture: the fatted calf was killed for him; and he, still pursuing the same path, displayed such open-hearted regret for his follies, so humble a concession of all his rights, and so ardent a resolve to reacquire them by a life of contrition and virtue, that he quickly conquered the kind, old man; and full pardon, and the gift of his lovely child, followed in swift succession.

O! had an angel from Paradise whispered to me to act thus! But now, what would be the innocent Juliet's fate? Would God permit the foul union—or, some prodigy destroying it, link the dishonoured name of Carega with the worst of crimes? To-morrow at dawn they were to be married: there was but one way to prevent this—to meet mine enemy, and to enforce the ratification of our agreement. I felt that this could only be done by a mortal struggle. I had no sword—if indeed my distorted arms could wield a soldier's weapon—but I had a dagger, and in that lay my every hope. There was no time for pondering or balancing nicely the question: I might die in the attempt; but besides the burning jealousy and despair of my own heart, honour, mere humanity, demanded that I should fall rather than not destroy the machinations of the fiend.

The guests departed—the lights began to disappear; it was evident that the inhabitants of the villa were seeking repose. I hid myself among the trees—the garden grew

desert—the gates were closed—I wandered round and came under a window—ah! well did I know the same!—a soft twilight glimmered in the room—the curtains were half withdrawn. It was the temple of innocence and beauty. Its magnificence was tempered, as it were, by the slight disarrangements occasioned by its being dwelt in, and all the objects scattered around displayed the taste of her who hallowed it by her presence. I saw her enter with a quick light step—I saw her approach the window—she drew back the curtain yet further, and looked out into the night. Its breezy freshness played among her ringlets, and wafted them from the transparent marble of her brow. She clasped her hands, she raised her eyes to Heaven. I heard her voice. Guido! she softly murmured, Mine own Guido! and then, as if overcome by the fulness of her own heart, she sank on her knees:—her praised eyes—her negligent but graceful attitude—the beaming thankfulness that lighted up her face—oh, these are tame words! Heart of mine, thou imagest ever, though thou canst not pourtray, the celestial beauty of that child of light and love.

I heard a step—a quick firm step along the shady avenue. Soon I saw a cavalier, richly dressed, young and, methought, graceful to look on, advance.—I hid myself yet closer.—The youth approached; he paused beneath the window. She arose, and again looking out she saw him, and said—I cannot, no, at this distant time I cannot record her terms of soft silver tenderness; to me they were spoken, but they were replied to by him.

"I will not go," he cried: "here where you have been, where your memory glides like some Heaven-visiting ghost, I will pass the long hours till we meet, never, my Juliet, again, day or night, to part. But do thou, my love, retire; the cold morn and fitful breeze will make thy cheek

Painted by Miss Sharpe. Engraved by J. C. Edwards

JULIET.

London Hurst Chance & C° St. Jennings & W Chaplin Cheapside & Giraldon Bovinet & C° Paris.

pale, and fill with languor thy love-lighted eyes. Ah, sweetest! could I press one kiss upon them, I could, methinks, repose."

And then he approached still nearer, and methought he was about to clamber into her chamber. I had hesitated, not to terrify her; now I was no longer master of myself. I rushed forward—I threw myself on him—I tore him away—I cried, "O loathsome and foul-shaped wretch!"

I need not repeat epithets, all tending, as it appeared, to rail at a person I at present feel some partiality for. A shriek rose from Juliet's lips. I neither heard nor saw—I *felt* only mine enemy, whose throat I grasped, and my dagger's hilt; he struggled, but could not escape: at length hoarsely he breathed these words: "Do!—strike home! destroy this body—you will still live: may your life be long and merry!"

The descending dagger was arrested at the word, and he, feeling my hold relax, extricated himself and drew his sword, while the uproar in the house, and flying of torches from one room to the other, showed that soon we should be separated—and I—oh! far better die: so that he did not survive, I cared not. In the midst of my frenzy there was much calculation:—fall I might, and so that he did not survive, I cared not for the death-blow I might deal against myself. While still, therefore, he thought I paused, and while I saw the villanous resolve to take advantage of my hesitation, in the sudden thrust he made at me, I threw myself on his sword, and at the same moment plunged my dagger, with a true desperate aim, in his side. We fell together, rolling over each other, and the tide of blood that flowed from the gaping wound of each mingled on the grass. More I know not—I fainted.

Again I returned to life: weak almost to death, I found

myself stretched upon a bed—Juliet was kneeling beside it. Strange! my first broken request was for a mirror. I was so wan and ghastly, that my poor girl hesitated, as she told me afterwards; but, by the mass! I thought myself a right proper youth when I saw the dear reflection of my own well-known features. I confess it is a weakness, but I avow it, I do entertain a considerable affection for the countenance and limbs I behold, whenever I look at a glass; and have more mirrors in my house, and consult them oftener than any beauty in Venice. Before you too much condemn me, permit me to say that no one better knows than I the value of his own body; no one, probably, except myself, ever having had it stolen from him.

Incoherently I at first talked of the dwarf and his crimes, and reproached Juliet for her too easy admission of his love. She thought me raving, as well she might, and yet it was some time before I could prevail on myself to admit that the Guido whose penitence had won her back for me was myself; and while I cursed bitterly the monstrous dwarf, and blest the well-directed blow that had deprived him of life, I suddenly checked myself when I heard her say—Amen! knowing that him whom she reviled was my very self. A little reflection taught me silence—a little practice enabled me to speak of that frightful night without any very excessive blunder. The wound I had given myself was no mockery of one—it was long before I recovered—and as the benevolent and generous Torella sat beside me, talking such wisdom as might win friends to repentance, and mine own dear Juliet hovered near me, administering to my wants, and cheering me by her smiles, the work of my bodily cure and mental reform went on together. I have never, indeed, wholly recovered my strength—my cheek is paler since—my person a little bent. Juliet sometimes ventures

to allude bitterly to the malice that caused this change, but I kiss her on the moment, and tell her all is for the best. I am a fonder and more faithful husband—and true is this—but for that wound, never had I called her mine.

I did not revisit the sea-shore, nor seek for the fiend's treasure; yet, while I ponder on the past, I often think, and my confessor was not backward in favouring the idea, that it might be a good rather than an evil spirit, sent by my guardian angel, to show me the folly and misery of pride. So well at least did I learn this lesson, roughly taught as I was, that I am known now by all my friends and fellow-citizens by the name of Guido il Cortese.

ABSENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

Ah! he is gone—and I alone!—
How dark and dreary seems the time!
'T is thus, when the glad sun is flown,
Night rushes o'er the Indian clime.

Is there no star to cheer this night?
No soothing twilight for the breast?
Yes, Memory sheds her fairy light,
Pleasing as sunset's golden west.

And hope of dawn—oh! brighter far
Than clouds that in the orient burn;
More welcome than the morning star
Is the dear thought—he will return!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY THE HON. HENRY LIDDELL.

I MARK the shadows dense of even
  Obscure the sinking sun;
While slowly toward the western Heaven
  Night spreads her mantle dun.

Yet one unlook'd-for sunbeam darts
  Its light athwart the gloom,
Like the last grace that Death imparts
  To beauty's fading bloom.

So Woman's smile the close can cheer
  Of sorrow's darken'd day;
So gild the clouds of doubt and fear
  With love-inspiring ray.

I scaled the beetling mountain's crag,
  I trod the wasted heath;
And felt my weary footsteps flag
  The fiery sun beneath.

One spot there was of liveliest green
  To glad the wanderer's heart;
Where purest rills of diamond sheen
  From cavern'd sources start.

'Tis life—that scathed and blighted ground,
  Where man is doom'd to rove;
The fount that scatters freshness round—
  That fount is Woman's Love.

LINES

SENT WITH A SEAL IN THE SHAPE OF SCALES.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

One seal displays the Idalian boy,
Who tries the heart with grief and joy;
One Hymen's torch and glittering chain,
Which lights or binds to bliss or pain.
The scales contain, in *this*, the darts
Which wing their flight to ardent hearts;
In *that*, the gold, when Beauty weds,
Which winds its way to icy heads.
The motto from some Spanish stanza,
"Equable tenga la balanza,"
Forbids you to incline to either,
Securing both, or trusting neither.
'T is thus your pert, presumptuous cousin,
Sends proxy precepts by the dozen,
Hinting, the gods of Love and Marriage
Require a house in town and carriage:
That Fortune's wheel wants frequent oiling,
And lilies only, free from toiling,
Surpass, we learn from sacred story,
King Solomon in all his glory;
While every figurative lily,—
Unless, superlatively silly,
She hopes to dress and dine like flowers
On summer beams and vernal showers,—
Must court some neighbouring mantua-maker,
And make arrangements with a baker.

The hymeneal torch requires,
To feed its matrimonial fires,
Four thousand golden guineas yearly—
I trust I state the matter clearly.
Love scorns your sentimental cottage,
Your cheerful hearth and smoking pottage:
Instead of acorns dish'd with myrtle,
He roars for turbot, hock, and turtle,
To deck his unpretending table;
A coach-house and a ten-stall stable.
Love's cottage for a soul not borné,
Must be, in short, a cottage orné.

LINES

WRITTEN AT KINNEIL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. DUGALD STEWART.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

To distant worlds a guide amid the night,
To nearer orbs, the source of life and light;
Each star, resplendent on its radiant throne,
Gilds other systems, and supports its own.
Thus we see Stewart, on his fame reclined,
Enlighten all the universe of mind;
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,
Admired when distant, and beloved when near:
'Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,
Taught Virtue's laws, and practised what he taught.

TWICE LOST, BUT SAVED.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

PERHAPS there is no country so little susceptible, generally speaking, of public sensations as England; events which agitate the peasant, nay, the peasant's wife, at the other side of the straits of Dover, would scarce reach John Bull in his village chimney-nook,—certainly would not disturb the serenity of his countenance if they did. And yet there is one species of occurrence which excites us, and pervades us, and absorbs us, through every grade of society, more than it could, or at least more than it does, any other civilized people. A murder—a downright, in earnest murder—broad-featured, well-marked, deliberate, unequivocal, refined—arouses into unusual vivacity all England, from the banks of the Tweed to the Land's End. Its fame spreads from cities and towns into the recesses of the small mountain hamlet. Men, women, girls, and children talk and think of nothing else. The newspapers teem with nothing else, excepting only and always the unheeded advertisements of new books. Literary talent of really a high order is vented in descriptions, speculations, deductions, and sentimental discussions on the subject. Artists hurry down to the rural scene of the atrocity to make money by making drawings of it, as well as of all the innocent scenery and accompaniments within view. Thousands of people, who cannot wait for their second-hand information, hurry after them, or anticipate them, to see with their own eyes; or to hear with their own ears, the

whispered anecdotes of the half-petrified carter, who, in the gray dawn of the drizzling morning, found the stained bread-knife, or the discharged pocket-pistol (the first dreadful intimators of the deed), in the lonesome bridle-road, or by the side of the stagnant pool; or they pay round sums to have to say that they sat down in the little back parlour, or scramble through the brake where the murderer so lately sat or passed. A bit of the chair upon which he reposed while contemplating his crime, as he glanced into his victim's face, or a branch of the briars among which they struggled together, is eagerly purchased, and tenderly and reverently preserved, like a saint's relic or a true-love token. Is all this to be called honest, virtuous, national abhorrence? What would Rochefoucauld call it? Particularly after detecting in the cabinet of the collector of curiosities the last possible mementos of the sentenced and executed hero, in the shape, perhaps (lavishly bribed from the law's humblest officer) of an inch of twisted hemp, the corner of a flaming red cravat, or a gentle lock of redder hair.

So thoroughly had the tidings of such an event as is alluded to penetrated the nooks and corners of the land at the commencement of this little tale, that nought else was discussed around the fireside of the humblest and most isolated country cottage; and scarce aught else upon the truant and noisy forms of the lowliest village-school. While manhood and old age rehearsed the tale with the profoundest interest, boyhood and childhood commented upon it, in whispers which bespoke a little interest deepened by awe and fear. The murder had, indeed, been of a fearful character. But it must be remarked that weeks had now passed over since its occurrence; that its wretched perpetrator had undergone the earthly expiation of his tremendous crime; and that, notwithstanding, it had not

yet begun to relax its influence upon the general mind of the country. And this part requires to be explained.

Justice had gained her victim with difficulty. Circumstantial evidence was slight and loose against him, and although he had been apprehended upon strong suspicions, it seemed that, after repeated examinations before the magistrates, he must have been discharged from prison. Upon the eve of his contemplated day of enfranchisement, a woman visited him in his cell. A person was so posted as to listen to their conversation. She had been suspected of carrying in spirits to the prisoner, but the irregularity was overlooked by the jailor in hopes of the results it might produce. The miserable beings caroused together, first speaking in cautious whispers, but, gradually, high enough to be imperfectly overheard by the eavesdropper. It appeared that although married, they had only recently met with each other, previous to which event the female had been a poor outcast, glad to avail herself of any protection. The listener thought he then could recognize allusions to the murder, but that the man stopped them, his husky voice sinking into a low and ominous tone. The topic changed. The woman slightly upbraided her companion with having deceived her. She said it was whispered that he had a wife living. His answer came abruptly and savagely. She repeated her charge in an angry voice; they quarrelled; she reeled and shrieked under his blows; and during her fit of indignation, he who listened caught, though still imperfectly, enough to authorise the jailor in making more objections to her departure than he had done to her admission. In fact, she was speedily removed to a separate cell, and carefully secured under lock and key and bolt.

The object now was to induce a disclosure of all she

knew. Magistrates, officers of justice, ministers of religion, visited her alternately or together. At first it became surmised that she was an actual accomplice. Her gradual confessions, however, if they could be believed, combated this opinion: and finally, as if a heart, once good, and never irremediably depraved, had been touched in her bosom by a horror of the insinuated accusation, she fell upon her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes called Heaven to witness that, so far from having participated in the hellish crime, she had often, though vainly, interfered to prevent it during the unhappy moments that the murdered man remained alive in her presence.

This was enough, or nearly so, for executing justice upon her wretched associate. The details were elicited at subsequent intervals; repeated by her before a judge and jury; the murderer perished, as a deliberate spiller of blood should perish; and the doors of her prison-house opened, and she passed out into the world—free.

Free—but it was not freedom to her. Hatred, abhorrence, avoidance, curses, execrations, met her at every step, and left no path open for her to choose among her fellow-creatures. All hearts were shut against her as close, ay, closer than the iron door of her cell had been. Public opinion, particularly in such cases, is rapidly and tyrannically made up. In the interval between her confession and the trial of the greater criminal, the notion first adopted by her visitors in the jail, that she had been an actual accomplice in the cruel and abominable murder, seized upon the minds of the community at large. Nay, immediately before the day of trial, man, woman, and child, bandied about the belief that she was the sole homicide, and that she had accused her former companion only in order to save her-

self. Whether or no these rumours reached that individual in his solitary dungeon cannot be said, but he acted so as to give them a seemingly unquestionable confirmation. After the verdict of the jury had been returned, and again upon the trembling verge of eternity, he declared his own innocence and her guilt. The decent crowd, male and female, gray-beards and piping children, fully credited his assertions, and gratified him with three horrid growls upon the name of Martha Hall—for so was the wretched woman called—before his ears grew dull for ever to the sounds of this world. The only person who, at that moment, seemed to doubt his sincerity was the clergyman who attended him; for the culprit's heart had continued hard and obstinate to the very last, against every exhortation to die in peace with God and with his kind.

But the miserable Martha Hall could gain little from the single doubt of the good priest. It was the crowd, the arbitrary, the inhuman crowd she had to face, and, one and all, they rose up against her. Unnerved and ill after her release from jail, she had sought a squalid lodging in the suburbs of the town in which her paramour suffered death. Half an hour subsequent to his mortal exit, the howl of the people came towards her door; her old landlady thrust her out to them, and she fled through their recoiling masses, stunned with curses, with yells, with hissings and hootings, with blows of offal and of hands. The constables could scarce save her life. Half-clad, faint, weeping, screaming, tottering, they finally succeeded, however, in escorting her beyond the bounds of the town, and then left her panting on the road side, her back leaning against the fence, and her feet resting in the putrid water at its bottom. Did she find peace here? did any good Samaritan pass that way? No; but some who had seen her in the neighbour-

ing streets did, and, taking the other side of the road, they refrained from heaping more cruelty, more dirt and reviling upon her head, only until they could summon to their aid in the task the fellow-creatures in whose parish she had now dared to set the sole of her foot. And soon the fresh crowd gathered round her; and, amid renewed yellings and blows, she was again hunted, like a mad dog, into another parish, the local officers still scarce able to save her from perishing under the hands of an indignant christian community, most of whom went, each sabbath-day, to one place of worship or another, and devoutly listened to the interpretation of the doctrine of christian charity.

And so, from place to place, wherever she sought a refuge, or a breathing-spot, Martha Hall was pursued. Her name and the curse upon her ran like wildfire before her; so that she was dreaded, and expected, and prepared for, ere she made her appearance in a near town, or village, or hamlet, or parish, and received and welcomed accordingly. Reports of the outrages committed upon her regularly found their way into the newspapers, and thus the more remote haunts of man became acquainted with her "whereabouts;" and people living a hundred miles from the latest scene of her disgrace were able to trace her wretched wanderings, and calculate the likelihood of her shaping her course towards them.

And these were the circumstances which kept up in every mind, long after such a public fever generally abates, the interest of the late murder. At each new account of the expulsion of Martha Hall beyond the new bounds within which she vainly hoped to find an asylum, all the circumstances of the event that led to her persecution became discussed over again, with a vivacity which lost little by the repetition. And, as has been said, the commotion

and the dread of her was general throughout the kingdom. But it will readily be concluded that the districts nearest in turn to the fugitive outcast experienced the greatest panic and abhorrence.

We must now visit a remote and thinly-inhabited parish in the west of England, of which almost all the inhabitants, at least of the middle and the lower orders, had passed an anxious and idle morning, under the apprehension that their neighbours would send the vagrant within the pale of their jurisdiction. A better illustration of the state of the people's minds can scarce be given, than to notice the fact, that, in expectation of Martha Hall's public entry, mothers, although they flocked towards the public road themselves, left behind them, under lock and key, such of their children as were young enough to be so controlled.

In one only humble house of the parish was the topic of general interest treated as it ought to have been. This was the dwelling of Laurence Hutchins, a man advanced in years, a widower, and, compared with older sojourners or with natives, a stranger. He had come from a distant county, with his wife, a little girl, and an infant son, only some seven or eight years before. Shortly afterwards his wife died, people said of a broken heart, the seeds of which malady she had brought with her to her new residence; and if Laurence Hutchins did not follow her to the grave, it was not that he too seemed not to share the hidden grief of his companion, but that his frame proved stronger than hers, or his mind more resisting, or, perhaps, that Providence had given him the nerve to endure life for the sake of his two orphans. The deepest sorrow, indeed, was fixed in his hard-featured, though not displeasing, face; and all his actions, and his whole manner, agreed with its expression. He worked laboriously, as a common day-

labourer, whenever he could get employment: in his disengaged hours, he dug, or raked, or weeded, or planted, or transplanted in the little garden attached to his solitary cottage; but he made few acquaintances, and no companions: to those who knew most of him, little as that was, he spoke seldom, and never mirthfully: he had no person, male or female, to assist him in the many cares claimed at his hands by his two helpless children: if a visiter dropped in, although Laurence did not demean himself uncouthly, there was no welcome such as might induce a second call: and, to sum up the opinion entertained of him by his surrounding friends, his poor cottage was termed "the sad house," and its master "sad Laurence."

And yet it was in this "sad house" that the expected arrival of Martha Hall within the parish bounds created no indecent commotion. From the time of the first report of the murder, down to the present morning, little Mima, or Jemima Hutchins, now a growing girl of about twelve, observed that her father never bestowed a word on the subject. He had listened, indeed, to the account of it given to the lonely family by a gossiping neighbour; but, when the tale was ended, Laurence only took his hat and spade, and strode heavily into his garden. Mima, however, could not remain ignorant of the tidings which reached her secluded district day after day. If no other person acted as her informant, little brother Dick ran in to her, during her discharge of such household duties as she was now able to undertake, with the free translations of the newspaper, and other anecdotes, supplied to him, by urchins like himself, on the roadside, or at "the steps," by the brook—a favourite rendezvous of the junior truants of the parish, as it was also the place

where the girls of the adjacent cottages went to fill their pitchers for domestic uses.

Nor could Mima help feeling a portion of the excitement created in all around her by the exaggerated stories of the innocence of the executed man, the guilt of Martha Hall, and her flight from parish to parish, from town to town. Although the practical virtues and benevolence taught her by her father, always in act and deed, and sometimes in sound doctrine, hindered the child from fully sharing the thirst of persecution towards the fugitive, so ostentatiously encouraged in themselves and others by the good people who surrounded her, still she imbibed a strong aversion from the object of all hate and all loathing, and felt a surpassing terror of coming in contact with her. These sentiments gained strength in her breast, from the necessity of keeping them to herself, and brooding over the chimeras they engendered; for, though she could not tell precisely why, Mima would not renew the topic with her father, and she had no one else to claim confidence of, except her little brother of seven years, and he was nobody.

The family of "the sad house" sat down to their frugal breakfast. One after another, idlers dropt in to report the news of Martha Hall's approach from the neighbouring parish. Still Laurence Hutchins took no notice. Mima, however, listened eagerly and breathlessly. An additional piece of information did not increase her happiness. The last over-zealous friend who came to unburden himself of his scandal of babbling at Laurence Hutchins's hearth, strongly advised the melancholy man to keep his children within doors, and to stand at his threshold with a bludgeon in his hand, in order to obstruct the probable entry of the vagrant; inasmuch as the brook which ran by the falling ground at the back of his cottage was the boundary of the

parish in that direction, and most likely Martha Hall would be driven in amongst them all at that point, or near it; and then she would make for "the steps," and, up them, straight for his house, and so ———

Laurence Hutchins again interrupted his obliging orator by putting on his hat and leaving the cottage, his little boy's hand in his, to cut rushes in a neighbouring marsh, for the purpose of making saleable mats of them.

The gossip sat a moment, much offended, opposite to Mima; then, starting at some ominous sound which, he said, reached him from a distance, also arose and left her alone.

Mima sat listening in great fear, more than once inclined to bolt the door and secure herself; but, hearing nothing to suggest immediate danger, and also recollecting that she ought not to barricade her father's house without his permission or advice, she continued fixed upon her stool. Presently she bethought herself of her forenoon duties, and, at a recurrence of the first and most necessary, poor Mima turned pale: it was, to go down the bushy declivity at the back of the cottage, and fill a pitcher of water from the brook at the steps, wherewith to prepare her father's dinner: the very brook which, in that quarter, ran between her parish and the parish whence the execrated Martha Hall was to be expected; the very steps up which, in the opinion of their anxious visiter, she would very probably escape into new bounds.

At the first view the child deemed it to be impossible that she could run such a risk: but her father must not be left without his dinner at the usual hour; her good father, who, when she was a little girl, took care to have hers ready every day. Besides, would he deem her reasons for the omission of her duty sufficient? From a recollection of his habits of thinking and feeling, she believed

not. And finally, after some time had worn away, she knelt down, as she had been taught to do from her infancy, and praying to God to be saved from harm, Mima lifted up her pitcher and took her way to the brook.

There were two distinct descents to "the steps," from the back of the house. At the bottom of the first ran a broad pathway, leading to the marshes whither her father had gone with little Dick to cut rushes. This pathway she gained, stepping firmly, if not courageously, and was mounting over the stile which would usher her upon the first of the rude steps laid down the second descent to the water, when a distant uproar really reached her. She hesitated and stopt. The sounds grew louder. She was turning to race home again. Her father and her little brother appeared coming back from the marsh, having finished their work sooner than she had expected. As they must pass her, she waited for them. Laurence Hutchins expressed some surprise to find her loitering at the stile. She wept. He looked earnestly into her face, and took her trembling hand as he added—"But I see; you durst not go down to fill your pitcher, Mima, for fear of Martha Hall?"

Fresh tears were shed by Mima, and she could give no other answer. Her father patted her on the head, and continued:—"Trip down to the brook, my maid, however; do your duty, and fear no one: besides, why should you fear this poor woman?"

"I hate her more than I fear her, father!" replied Mima, the sudden liveliness of her manner emulating what she had seen among her Christian neighbours.

"Hate her, Mima, do you?" pursued Laurence. "And who gave you the leave to hate *her*, or any living creature? Not Him who commands us to love all."

"All, father? even the guilty and the bad?"

"All, Mima—even the guilty and the bad; even them we are to love, though we hate the bad that is in them. But who says that Martha Hall is *so* bad? A judge and jury have believed her innocent of the great crime, at least, laid by less wise people at her door. Go down, my little maid; go down the steps and fill your pitcher; and go with courage. I will not even stay here to give you false heart. You will find me and little Dick in the house."

He fondled and kissed her as he spoke, a rather unusual manifestation of his love, though he was practically an affectionate parent. This, and the reliance placed on her strength of mind, suddenly encouraged Mima; and dashing the tears from her eyes, she trotted down instantly to the brook's edge; and while Laurence Hutchins and his almost infant son turned away from the stile to pursue the easy path to their house, each carrying his bundle of rushes, she seated herself on the steps, laid her pitcher at her side, crossed her hands on her lap, and unconsciously indulged for an instant the pleasing sensations which had so suddenly taken possession of her breast.

The clamour she had heard at the stile above, although unheeded during her conversation with her father, here came loudly on her ear. From the opposite side of the brook the ground swelled, though not so suddenly as at her own side, and ran for about a quarter of a mile, until it met a high road. It was a succession of stubble fields. From the high road, at its far edge, Mima heard the uproar. Her eyes eagerly turned in that direction. She was left but a short time in doubt. A crowd broke over the fence of the road into the most remote field, shouting, yelling, groaning, and hissing, and came in almost a straight line towards her. She started up—but a thought of her father kept her stationary. The rabble rout drew

Drawn by J. Cristall. Engraved by Charles Heath.

MIMA.

nearer; some running on before Martha Hall, others at her side, others pressing upon her from behind; and all—men, women, boys, and young girls—all similarly engaged, pelting her with clods and mud, spitting in her face, cursing her, and hooting her. The thrice unhappy woman was just protected, and no more, from their utmost fury, by two overseers, each of whom held one of her arms as they hurried her along; and by a beadle, who exerted himself to keep off the virtuous viragoes, and the manful husbands and fathers at her back. Exhaustion, terror, almost madness, stamped her ghastly features, her rolling eyes, and her parched and dust-clotted lips; blood stained her forehead; her long black hair streamed around her; her clothes were half torn off; her feet were bare, weather-cracked, and swollen; her step altogether uncertain: indeed, but for the support and tugging of the stout overseers, she must have fallen prostrate among the sharp stubbles. And such was the appearance of Martha Hall in her present plight; and yet more than half of Mima's dislike, remaining after her father's words, was conquered by that appearance. The child, shaping a phantom to suit her prejudices, had fancied the outcast into a personification of something monstrous, ugly, and horrible; now she beheld a woman not more than four or five-and-twenty, handsome featured, well formed, and looking no more like a murderess—and a double murderess and traitress, too—than any other comely female she had before seen. Mima only felt that she looked scared almost to death, faint, and most, most wretched; although upon this feeling followed another—that she was barbarously treated.

They brought her to the edge of the brook, a few paces below the steps, on the opposite side. Until now, Mima had thought that she spoke not a word. At this close view,

however, it was evident that her lips often moved in an effort to shape words, although her voice was only a hoarse, struggling whisper. Seemingly, she craved mercy —humbly, very humbly. A pause took place. The abhorred vagrant was to be forced across the shallow water: but how? Her bitterest haters did not appear inclined to wet their shoes, even to satisfy their magnanimity. "In with her! in with her alone!" arose the cry—"in with her! and we shall soon pelt her over to our neighbours!" and they gathered close and clutched her. The overseers resisted a little, as in duty bound. The wretch herself, with clasped hands, blood-shot eyes, bending knees, and cringing body, mutely implored: the next instant, screeching wildly, she was splashing in the water; and the next, stimulated as well by a dread of a shocking death, as by a shower of clods, sods, and stones, she had, with a desperate effort, scrambled across the brook, crawled up its easy bank, and disappeared among the trees and bushes which, at that point, thickly clothed the base of the ascent thence arising towards Laurence Hutchins's house. Shortly afterwards, with a parting yell, her persecutors hurried back to the road from which they had come; the overseers and the beadle slowly followed, and little Mima was left alone on the steps.

Terrified, shocked, and now full of pity rather than of hate, the child dipped her pitcher in the brook, and hastened to her home. Half way up the steps, groans and hard breathing reached her from a clump of bushes to one side. She leaned, not without awe and some fear still, over the spot. Stretched upon her back, some distance beneath her, she saw Martha Hall. The woman was staring vaguely straight upward—her eyes and those of the child met—she started through her whole frame—her glance became more intelligent—she half arose on her knees, grasped her hands to-

gether; and now, in the deep silence, Mima could distinctly hear her piercing whisper.

"Mercy! mercy and pity, young girl!—Save me from them, over again! save me this time, only this time! Let me have a day—an hour—to breathe! *Here*—I ask no more than to lie *here*, and of you no more than not to tell them where to find me! Oh! my maid, my maid! take compassion on me! You are young and innocent, and of *you* I beg some pity!"

"If I am innocent," replied Mima, weeping, "are you as bad as they say?"

"No!" answered the supplicant, her vehement whisper forcing itself into a wheezing scream—"no! of blood I am free—I am, I am! and not for what they lay to my charge do I deserve this; though I *do* deserve it for great wickedness—for early disobeying and shaming a good father and mother—for sending them upon the world, wanderers, till they have gone I know not where—gone where I cannot find them—where I cannot find them, to lay my head at their blessed feet, and die!—But, hush! does not some one come? Oh! will you, will you promise not to betray me?"

"No one comes—wait a moment," answered Mima; and she hurried home, and told her father every word the woman had said. At the last words he seemed suddenly and greatly aroused, looked hard into Mima's face, and said, in a very low voice, "Go back to her, child, and ask her, as she hopes for the mercy of God or men, to tell you her real name and her birthplace: my mind misgives me that the name she bears is not her true one."

Mima, though wondering at the nature of her commission, did as she was commanded; and, having got the woman's answers, returned to her father, and said—

"As she hopes for mercy from God or from men, she sends you word that her real name is Mary Ware, and her birthplace a village in Devon."

"Ay, Mima?" questioned the old man, shuddering, while his head drooped, and his eyes fell glaringly on the floor. "Come here, then, my maid; come here." The child went over to him: he took her hand, strove to continue speaking, closed his eyes, and fainted.

His child's cries called back his senses. Summoning up, with a great effort, self-command and presence of mind, his first endeavours were to calm her. When he saw her assured, Laurence Hutchins asked, "Is there not a cup of elder wine, and a mouthful of meat, since supper last night, Mima?"

Mima, rapidly answering "Yes," went to make hot the elder wine—often the poor cottager's greatest luxury; and when she had done, she brought it, with a plate of cold meat and bread, to her father.

"Not for me, my little maid, not for me," he resumed: "take it to—*her*—" speaking in a constrained manner, and pointing through the back door; "and tell her she is safe for us; but talk no more with her till you have come back to me."

Mima returned from her errand, and found her father seated in the same spot, weeping. At her appearance, he strove to hide his tears, beckoning her to him with an extended hand and arm. A second time she came to his side. He put the arm round her neck, made her stand between his knees, and continued:

"The time has come, Mima. After believing that the offender had suffered for crime committed, I had hoped, mostly for your sake, my maid, that it would never come. But it has; and, because it has, listen to what I have

prayed, morning and night, you should die without hearing from a living tongue. Listen to our shame, Mima. Eight years ago, she left her precious mother and myself; left us, after growing up, under our love and care, and in the love and fear of God, into a beautiful creature, the light of our eyes, the pride of our hearts, and the boast of our vain lips. Neither had her mind been neglected; for I was then in what is called a respectable way of life, and had received some education myself, and was therefore doubly able to attend to hers. But she left us, Mima, after being a child to us—and *such* a child!—for seventeen years. I own that her first temptation was not small. The man—the robber—was of rank in the world, young, handsome, and he promised her marriage—a secret marriage—ay, and flattered even her old love for her father and mother by swearing to enable her to raise them above a chance of want all the days of their life.

"So much I have since learned; though it was not from her I learned it—no, nor any thing else; for she would hold no intercourse with me after her elopement. I pursued her. The man's servants turned me from his door. I wrote to her: she did not answer my letters. Then came the news of his abandoning her; and then a terrible rumour of —— no matter what. I believed in it for some time, because in no other way could I account for her still avoiding us. Well, my maid, you were four years old then; and when your mother and I looked at you, we said to each other, 'This child is now our care: let us save her from the curse of her sister's shame in after life:' and, with that, we left our native place, ruined in fortune on account of the numb that came over me, and changing our names we settled here. But your mother, Mima, could not bear up against it. She died, you know; and I was left alone to meet this day."

"Then, father," said Mima, pale and trembling, "this woman, Martha Hall—that is, Mary Ware, I mean—"

"She is your sister, my maid. You want to ask why I never mentioned her name before? why, in fact, I never told you you had a sister?"

"No, father, no; I understand why now: you made me understand it when you began to speak. Are you able to come with me to her yet, father, and help her up to the house?"

He groaned wretchedly, and then said—"I will at least hear her denials more at length of what she spoke of to you, my child. But I must go alone; and, before I go—" He walked into his little sleeping nook, leaving the sentence unfinished. But Mima knew what he meant, and as she went on her knees was sure that she joined him in prayer. Providence had been preparing some alleviation of misery for both.

The child was disturbed in her innocent devotions by the sound of men's voices at the back of the house. Alarmed for her unfortunate sister, she sprang to her feet: her father, also startled, came out of his chamber. The fears of both were not allayed by meeting, on the threshold of the back door, the overseers and the beadle of the next parish, preceded by an elderly person in black, who seemed to be a clergyman. Nor did the question of one of the overseers appear to bode good.

"Have you seen the woman, Martha Hall, pass this way?"

Father and child could not conceal their embarrassment.

"Yes, you have seen her, thank God! for the poor creature's sake," said the clergyman. "Fear nothing, my good people, on account of your Christian act towards her. She has undergone much, oh! much, much wrongfully; but her trials are over, she is proved innocent, and the

proof having reached my hands, it became most peculiarly my duty to hasten after her upon her wretched pilgrimage, and save her from future persecution. Tell me, good man, is she not under your protection? in your house? and how has she borne her misfortunes? life not in danger? Where is she? let me see her. Oh, thank God that she is found!"

"Thank God!" repeated the father, and he staggered backward against the wall. Mima flew out of the cottage—he knew where.

"You seem greatly overcome by your first fears for her and yourself, master," continued the clergyman; "but compose yourself, for I assure you again that there is nothing to apprehend."

"And so she *is* quite, quite innocent of it, sir?" demanded old Ware, grasping the hand which the good priest had kindly laid on his arm.

"You shall hear. You know the whole previous story, of course. You know that the declarations of the real culprit formed the chief grounds for the popular fury against the poor, unhappy, and greatly wronged woman."

"Poor, unhappy, and greatly wronged woman!" echoed Ware, and then added, "I do know, sir."

The clergyman went on.

"It was I who attended the miserable man in his last moments. I could not credit his assertions for reasons of my own. A subsequent event proved my judgment correct. The clothes of such a wretch as he was became, after death, the property of the almost as depraved being who executes the law's sentence. Weeks after the nominal husband of Martha Hall had expiated his hideous crime, a half-written letter, found in a secret pocket of his coat, was brought to me. It would seem that the murderer had been interrupted, almost in the act of writing it, by the officers who arrested him, and that afterwards it escaped

his recollection: but we have proved it to be in his hand. It is addressed to a brother-profligate in London, and, although the language is disguised, not only admits his commission of the crime for which he has suffered, but alludes petulantly and savagely to the vain interruptions he had received, during his perpetration of it, from Martha Hall. And now you know all, and will hesitate no longer in introducing me to the poor woman, that I may carry her, if she is able to be moved, to some asylum where she can be comforted, cherished, and saved in body and in soul."

"This is her asylum while she or I live, sir," answered Ware; "and here, and here alone, she shall be comforted, cherished, and, if we can, saved in body and in soul."

"Your intentions do you honour, my good friend; but, let me ask you, do your circumstances allow you to offer her a home?"

Ware started, looked towards the overseers and the beadle, who stood at some distance, put his lips to the clergyman's ear, and replied—"Let me whisper you, sir. This *is* her home; and home will be home to her, be it never so homely."

"Walk out with me," resumed the clergyman, much moved. "What am I to understand?" he continued, when they stood alone in the open air: "is she anything to you?"

"She is my child, sir," answered Ware, as he covered his face with his hands.

A short explanation followed, and they went together in search of Mary Ware. Mima met them at the stile leading down to the brook. She was crying heartily, and yet smiling. Her sister had heard all she could tell. "And she expects you, father," continued Mima: "and oh! pray make haste; for it troubles her so that I fear, I fear!"—

They quickened their steps, Mima running on before

them, and disappearing, at the bottom of the steps, into the thicket. When they gained a sight of Mary Ware, her head drooped over her little sister's shoulders, who knelt beside her, her arms hung helplessly, and her eyes were closed. Her father embraced her before she seemed aware of his presence. At last she opened her eyes and fixed them on his: then a great change took place in her features, and she could no longer support herself on her knees. Evidently, however, she strove to speak, and after much dreadful struggling whispered, "What word, father? what last word from you?"

"God forgive and bless my poor child as I do," answered Ware. Again she made a feeble and useless effort to utter seemingly a joyous and comforting ejaculation. "Come here, sir," resumed the father, addressing the clergyman, who stood apart. "She wants both our help now." The benevolent man understood him, knelt by his side, and prayed aloud. Ware repeated his words, as so did little Mima, though weeping convulsively. Mary seemed for many minutes aware of the sounds they uttered, and her voiceless lips moved too, as if her mind prayed. The father stopped suddenly as her head lay heavier on his shoulder, after a long sigh had escaped her. "She is dead, sir," he said, in an even, solemn tone.

"But saved," replied the clergyman.

"We hope it, sir; and I am not impatient under this ending of all her faults and sufferings. It pleases me better to hold her dead in my arms to-day, than it could have done to have held her alive in them yesterday."

"Let me be your friend," sobbed the clergyman, grasping his hand.

FAITH.

"Himmelsglaube."

The touch of fate our holiest joys may blight;
May quench the glowing torch of Friendship's light;
May sever hearts that through successive years
Had clung unchanged, 'mid varying hopes and fears:
Yet droop not, lone one! though *thy* fate recall
Thy long loved treasure—thy soul's cherish'd all,
But raise thy trembling eyes;—lo! from afar,
Faith, in the darken'd future, shows a star.

Youth's pleasures—manhood's joys—dispersed, may fly,
While on life's path the roses fade and die:
Love's last enchantment may dissolve away,
And Fancy's gilded idols may decay;
But still shall Faith, with never wearied hand,
By the forsaken couch of suffering stand,
Disarming Memory of her poignant sting,
And smoothing heavenly Hope's expanding wing.

No drop of time is spent, no hour departs,
But leaves some heart to mourn for kindred hearts:
No star comes forth, no morning zephyr breathes,
But pious love some early grave enwreathes.
The spirit pinion'd by triumphant Faith,
Soaring aloft o'er time, and grief, and death,
Exulting joins the angel-choir on high,
In hallow'd strains of endless harmony.

L——x-C.

STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANBY."

No—no—they shall not see me weep,
  They shall not hear my moan;
My sorrow shall be buried deep,
  And I will grieve alone;
My face shall wear its wonted glee,
  Although my heart is sore,
As verdant ivy decks the tree
  While wither'd at its core.

I will not quit this troubled scene,
  And shun the eyes of men,
To muse o'er all that I have been,
  And ne'er can be again:
A heavier penance shall be mine—
  To join the festive crowd,
Nor let them see that I repine,
  Nor breathe one sigh aloud.

No, never will I seem to feel
  What none shall ever know;
But reckless laughter shall conceal
  The fire that burns below.
In halls of jocund revelry
  The mask of joy I'll bear,
And Pleasure's self shall envy me
  The mirth of my despair.

No more of this—the vow is vain—
'Tis but the voice of Pride,
That bids me smile upon my pain
And dash my cares aside.
Alas! I dread the scornful sneer
Conceal'd in Pity's form;
The world's contemptuous glance I fear,
And cower beneath the storm.

No—no—I will not strive to don
The antic garb of joy;
A loftier prize my heart has won,
Which better hopes employ.
Calm Resignation's holy hand
Shall smooth my knitted brow,
And I will learn to tread the land
With humbler mien than now.

I will no longer strive to *seem*
A pamper'd child of mirth,
To lull my pangs with Pleasure's dream,
And hug the joys of earth:
But I will *be* more truly blest
A votary of Content,
From fever'd Mockery's toils at rest,
And Pride's unhallow'd bent.

THE COWARD.

A TALE.

I SEEK relief and sympathy at the price of wide-spread infamy; I would awake that pity for my suffering which must be denied to its cause. Yet is mine the fault that I am set apart from my fellows, an unseen brand upon my brow, in all the fearfulness of isolation, without its repose and dignity? Did there exist within me an inherent wish to war with my fellow-beings? My inmost heart replies, that even now, worn and wasted, a blasted and unhallowed wretch, I should shudder at inflicting injury on the slightest thing that breathes and dances in the blue air of heaven. If crime hath added its deep remorse to a nature sufficiently unhappy, that nature is at once the cause and my excuse. Yes! I call aloud to the earth, that shuts its ears to my cry, I am unfortunate, wretched, despairing, by my own acts; yet am I not a criminal—the intent to injure is necessary to constitute crime.

Woman! bright, beautiful creation—fair as lovely dreams in early youth—inspiration of passionate thought—bestower of delight—graceful imbodied imaginations, to you I make appeal! Let grief such as mine—and I will detail it all—find sympathy, even for a coward. Alas! soft and gentle as you are, you shrink from my prayer! Well! I *am* a coward; but there are moral and physical dastards: and how many of the former have been indebted to the accident of robust proportion, and the sense of strength it bestows, for concealment of this worst species of cowardice? Is he to blame whose delicacy of make and con-

stitution hath rendered him timid and prone to fear? And, where fear is the master-passion, the nobler virtues become choked in the self-abasement and dependence it creates. A moral dastard may be personally brave, but a physical coward necessarily becomes a moral one also.

I inherited from my mother a sickly constitution and a framework of the slightest and most fragile description; and to the pampering and excessive care she bestowed upon my infancy and youth do I owe, at least in part, my subsequent misery, which yet I pray may not be visited upon her dear and aged head. My father, Sir Charles Glenham, had, together with his brother, taken too active a part in the king's affairs, even before he found himself at war with his parliament, to devote much time to home occupations; and afterwards active service in the cause of his royal and unfortunate friend prevented his bestowing that care on my education which might in part have remedied the natural defects of my character; as it *was*, I was wholly left to my mother's guidance, and, consequently, when an infant I was thrown into convulsions by every storm; as a child, trembled before every threat of my maid; and as a youth, shrank from all my companions who were braver and stronger than myself, and scrupled not to buy off punishment with the meanest concessions. My youth did not pass away but that some flagrant instances of cowardice met with the contempt and chastisement they merited; nor was my sensitiveness to shame less poignant that it was overmastered by my fear. These painful lessons taught me, however, better to disguise the latter, and generated a hate against my adversaries, naturally the more implacable, that fear barred its iron door upon all outward expression of this passion. It required all the softness and sweet feminine forgiveness that formed

the ornament and very essence of my mother's character to counteract this most fearful and natural consequence of cowardice. Even *her* words, though they dropped like honey upon my irritated feelings, might have proved unavailing, but that she early acquired a powerful assistant, to whose gentle bidding I was more obedient than are the wild waves to their silver queen.

I had attained my eighteenth year, and my fond mother was suffering daily torture from the fear that I should receive a hasty summons to join my father at Oxford, in order to commence my military education and career immediately under his eye, when the event took place to which I have alluded. Equally new and unexpected, it at once put away from me all bitter thoughts, and filled me with that luxuriance of happiness which throws back its hallowed light over the whole earth to make it heaven. Helen Mortimer, an orphan heiress, and distant relative of my mother, came to reside under her roof. One year younger than myself, her character had early attained a maturity which it owed rather to the times and the conflicting scenes she had witnessed, than to an inward and self-born sense of strength. Friend after friend, her father and brother, had all fallen victims to their attachment to their king; and the demand made upon her energies to bear up against her repeated misfortunes, to decide and act for herself under the most trying circumstances, seemed to give them birth, because it called them into early action. Her stature, not yet arrived at its full height, was, nevertheless, above the middle size, and the fragility of her person, the cloudless radiance expressed by her sweet and regular features, and that sheen and smoothness of beauty that belongs only to the first stage of womanhood, were requisite to repress a something of awe, the firmness of

purpose and inflexibility of principle she evinced at first inspired.

I know not how I won this bright and beautiful creation to be my own; I cannot but think the very defects of my character chiefly aided me; my ductile principles and unsettled resolves she knew how to guide and strengthen, and the interest with which I inspired her, from being tinged with compassion, was in itself so tender, that it easily softened into love. After a while I spoke her thoughts, and my conduct was swayed by her sentiments; and she looked upon her work, and loved it. The indolence of my manners and habits, while they visibly contrasted the enthusiasm with which I addressed her and busied myself in her service, did not appear to arise from any unmanliness in my tastes and occupations, but from my devotion to her society. I had been accustomed to ride from my earliest childhood, and the grace and skill with which I managed my horse excited her admiration. How so elevated a being could bend to intercourse with me has ever been a fertile source of astonishment, and in tracing its causes, it is to trifles only that I can impute this departure of her judgment from its usual rigid and undeviating rectitude. Perhaps, were we to examine minutely, the greatest and the wisest among us would be found to act on the most important points of their destiny from data equally insignificant. Be this as it may, my mother no sooner discovered our mutual affection than she overcame every obstacle occasioned by our youth, my father's absence, the impossibility of obtaining the king's sanction, and we were privately married; in the hope, I firmly believe, that this marriage would prevent my joining the army.

For a while we were happy—how happy! I had heard

and read, even my mother had warned me, that possession would abate the ardour of my affection; and my strong belief in my mother's truth begot the fear she might be right in this opinion; but how vain, how unworthy of my Helen was such fear!—Days, weeks, months, passed all with her—no human being to divide or take off my incessant observation and devotion—only proved the exhaustless nature of the blessing I had won. I thought—lived—but in her; my words were but the echo of her thoughts; my actions the dictates of her superior mind; my whole being was absorbed in hers. I was inexpressibly happy! No wonder that I love to dwell on this, with one brief exception, single luminous point in my destiny, though it serve but to fling in darker shadow the remainder of my existence. Short, indeed, was my happiness! I have heard happiness called a dream; and so, indeed, from its evanescence, it may be thought; but mine was real, deep, intense. I felt it with every fibre of my body, every power of my soul. My cup of joy seemed yet the fuller for the long draughts I had quaffed almost to intoxication, when I was peremptorily summoned to join my father. The king's forces had suffered defeat, and it was judged necessary to reinforce the army by every possible accession of number. I was called upon to join instantly the gallant throng who fearlessly devoted their lives and fortunes to the losing cause, and seemed to glory in a death that closed their eyes on the triumph of their enemies. I cannot express the mingled sensations, all of reluctance, that assailed me on this summons. Hitherto I had believed my love for Helen to be the strongest feeling of my being; but the pang that shot through my frame, and left me covered with a cold and death-like dew, was not occasioned by the thought of her grief, nor of her unprotected condition, but

of the dangers I was about to encounter. If for a moment I entertained a fond hope that Helen would urge me to remain near her, I was bitterly mistaken.

"Go, my beloved," she said, "without delay; and as you honour your king, deal heavily with his enemies; and, by that love you bear to Helen, forget not vengeance for me and mine;—a father's and a brother's blood cry up from the earth. Think not of me, lest thy arm tremble, and thy courage fail. Tarry not an instant, lest my woman's tears cast a dampness on thy soul. When thou art gone I shall find time enough to weep.—Farewell!"

Thus urged, my departure was necessarily immediate; and, by keeping strictly and cautiously the very letter of my father's instructions as to the route, I reached him in safety.

It was on the twenty-ninth of June, the eve of the success at Cropredy-bridge, that I arrived at Banbury. On the following morning, raw and inexperienced, unacquainted with discipline; and possessed by the demon of fear, I was to earn, as volunteer by my father's side, a commission in his regiment.

"This is my son," I heard my father say to some brother veterans, with a feeling of honest pride; "he cannot prove a recreant."

Could he at that moment have read that son's soul, I do believe he would have sought and found a glorious death in the morrow's battle. He was reserved for a harder fate.

The morning rose; a mantle of cold gray mist spread over the heavens and the earth one dull and uniform colour. My teeth chattered, and my heart beat so loudly, that I could not at first distinguish a word uttered by my father, though his voice was clear and powerful. At length I heard him, and then his words seemed louder than

thunder, and I was stupified with the imaginary noise. At length the hour for action came. A large detachment of Sir William Waller's parliamentary army was ordered to cross the bridge at Cropredy, and fall upon our rear, as we proceeded towards Daventry: this we learnt afterwards. At the moment of attack I looked around to find some possible chance of escape. Alas! I only met my father's eye, and felt that searching glance upon me every way I turned. The word was given, and my charger galloped as eagerly to the fight as though he bore a willing burden. I recollect closing my eyes and grasping my sword. From that instant, till in my father's arms, I had no consciousness at the time, nor any recollection afterwards of any thing that occurred. I gathered, however, from others, that I made my onset with headlong impetuosity, was among the first that repulsed the enemy, and had borne myself as well and gallantly, considering my inexperience, as the bravest among them. A mere scratch on my sword arm was the only wound I had received. It will be thought that this unexpected triumph gave me at once pleasure and confidence: such, it appears to me, ought to have been its natural consequence; but I was overwhelmed with horror. I had incurred and escaped danger, but not through a clear and steady view of it, and of our resources to meet it; not from an accurate calculation of the probabilities of success; not from the heroism or madness of devotion to the cause in which I was engaged, but without any act of volition on my part. My safety was too accidental to give me courage, and the wound, slight as it was, that I had received, frightfully reminded me of the nature of the risk I had encountered.

Now followed the success at Lestwithiel, and afterwards the defeat at Newbury. In these two actions I contrived

to keep aloof, and escape detection. In the last, the king had been compelled to leave his cannon and baggage in Dennington Castle; and, being reinforced by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Northampton, he determined to recover it, and actually succeeded in bringing it off in the face of the enemy. This honour, which delighted the king's chivalric feelings far more than a more useful victory, was to teem with dreadful consequence to me.

Captain Glanville, a young man of the highest promise, had been hopelessly wounded in this victorious retreat, and I was appointed to command the few men who carried him on a rude litter, constructed of such material as was at hand, and lead them by a safer though circuitous route, that all unnecessary fatigue might be spared the wounded man. From my ignorance of the localities, we were benighted on the skirt of a thick wood, and our burden was put down within its shelter in a kind of shepherd's hut, discovered to us by the fitful glimmering of the moon, about a stone's throw from the road. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by a confused murmur of mingled voices in measured cadence, that gathered strength as it neared us. Soon the very notes might be distinguished; and each of us became convinced, at the same instant, that it was the rough voices of a party of presbyterian soldiers, modulated in one united strain of psalmody. My companions rushed into the thickest of the wood, whilst I, chained to the spot by some unholy charm, felt my breath thicken, and my feet rooted to the earth, by the side of my dying companion. He had now become perfectly unconscious, even of suffering, though a groan, deep and occasional, abundantly testified his existence. The moon, that hitherto had given a ghastly and uncertain light, now wholly withheld her beams. Night covered every object

with her sable and friendly pall, and thus concealed my accidental shelter from the puritans. Still I could not but feel to agony that my safety was utterly precarious whilst in the vicinity of these dangerous enthusiasts. I listened until the sense of sound seemed to borrow from my remaining senses their several powers, as well as treble its own acuteness. I believe that I saw and felt through the organ of sound. They now entered the wood—one moment of breathless suspense, and they marched onward across it, and the load was off my breast, and I was glad and innocent. This relief was of no long continuance. I soon distinguished voices in a low tone of conversation: something had induced them to suppose they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, and a small party was left stationed at the skirt of the forest. I knew the vicinity was too dangerous to admit of their remaining till daybreak; but full three hours must elapse ere morning would bring me safety; and, in the mean time, Glanville's groans might surely be heard, since I could plainly distinguish their low-voiced mutterings. My fear became more dreadful as it was prolonged. At length my forebodings were realized: a groan, louder than usual, caught the ear of some one of the puritans, who put his comrades on the alert. Another, and a discovery became inevitable; a second groan, and I should have been offered up, their lips yet warm with praise, their hands but now unclasped from prayer, a mangled offering to a God of beneficence. I could not, I would not hesitate. I bent me down, I placed my hand firmly on the mouth of the dying wretch; fear not only made me cruel, but possessed me of a calm determination to effect my purpose. I paused, however. Was it, oh! was it a compunctious cry at my heart that held me for one moment hesitating over my victim? But

that which I prized beyond wealth or honour was on the hazard of this die;—that undefined and busy thing which separated me from the charnel-house, from the gnawing worm, the ghastly skeleton, from all the dim and nameless horrors of the tomb,—the sweet light of day shut out from me for ever, and that yet would smile on its bland and heedless smile; the mortal agony ere I could reach that resting-place, which no lip-felt prayer would avert, no supplication delay an instant; which would be attended with horrid shouts, and the bitter mocking of music and thanksgiving to drown the dread cry for mercy I could not withhold:—all this rushed upon my mind with frightful vehemence, in all the colours, shape, and vividness of reality painted by my imagination on the darkness before me in the deep pencilling of fear. One moment I yet hesitated, when, by a convulsive movement, Glanville shook my hand from his mouth, and a sound, not loud, but long and gurgling, burst from his compressed lips: a start, and "hark!" from the puritans without, and it was silenced for ever. I felt, yes, in the dark, and as though it were my trade to murder. I sought with my hand for the seat of life, and despite the beating of his heart, that seemed to repel the murderer's hand, I stabbed deep, deep: the body writhed under the knife; I pressed harder, and all was still! It may be expected that I should state what gradual progression wrought a nature not naturally stern, nor, as I have shown, incapable of love, to so dreadful a pitch of criminality. A coward's fear may be deemed an inadequate motive to a crime of such magnitude; but I know of none; neither did the deed itself alter my outward nor my inward self. Delight that I had escaped danger, for I remained undiscovered, was assuredly mingled with regret, deep and bitter, for the means by which it had been

effected; but in no respect did I find myself a changed man. All the natural affections were still as strongly mine, all the common interests of life as dear to me: I was as accessible to all the skyey influences, as able to rejoice as to regret.

In all probability the gallant soldier would have breathed his last in a few hours; yet I cannot plead the fact in mitigation of my crime, for it never once occurred to me. The king was much affected by Glanville's death, but no suspicion attached to me on the occasion. He was known to have been mortally wounded. And now let me once again refresh myself from the fever that consumes me, and think of a second oasis in my life's wilderness.

I obtained leave of absence, and with my father sought my Helen's dwelling. My mother, my fond, doting, mistaken mother, was also there; and one other, a glad and innocent creature, looking up with as bright a face as the morning on which I first pressed my babe to a father's bounding bosom. Oh, God! grant me thankfulness for that delight! It is past, and for ever; yet is it recorded in ineffaceable characters: the memory of joy is as deep as that of sorrow. I would turn from my little girl, her placid sleep, and bright awakening, to look upon the early matron—the proud and happy mother. Oh! wherefore was this heart made to feel so intensely the good of true and passionate love, all the sweet charities of life, and to know that one feeling stronger than them all existed, and feel with the most poignant shame that this master-passion was Fear!

Once or twice my eye quailed beneath Helen's glance when she spoke to me of Glanville, whom she had known, of his gallant bearing, his early unmerited death. "It is sad," she said, turning to my father, for a secret instinct

told her that by him she would be better appreciated, "for those that remain to think of his early death; that the young and gallant soldier was mown down whilst fresh and glowing, ere time had blanched a single curl, or pressed the lightest touch upon his radiant brow; for them is the mourning and lamentation, but his was the soldier's bannered bed, carved out by the very hand of honour. His dying spirit must have worn the flush of honourable fame as it ascended to the presence of a God."

"Thou art a sweet enthusiast," said Sir Charles Glenham; "and I prophesy wilt make a hero of my son."

If at that moment the Weird Sisters had lifted the curtain of the unexplored future to show the manner in which thy forebodings were to be disappointed, thou wouldst not have believed them. Why does the rainbow of the heart, so like its elemental prototype, too often smile a lying prophecy of sunshine and gladness when it is but the precursor of darkness and of storm?

It was not long that I was permitted to enjoy happiness, that I did not feel the less because I was undeserving of the boon. The young Earl of Montrose, who had been so coldly received on a former occasion by the King that he had been induced to offer his services to the Covenanters, and had been commissioned by the Tables to wait upon the King, then lying at Berwick, was so won over by the honied persuasions and graceful condescension which Charles so well knew on occasion how to assume, and which derived added interest from the sweet sadness that characterised his melancholy yet handsome countenance; and secretly impelled by his own natural sentiments in favour of royalty, resolved, though covertly, to aid him with his whole power. An intercepted letter caused him to be thrown into prison, and I was selected as one but

little personally known as a partisan of the King's, and whose youth would, in all probability, secure from capital punishment even if discovered, to convey letters and messages to the noble prisoner. Favoured by fortune in that partial manner in which she beguiles her apparent favourites, I performed my journey and errand in safety; but on my return, when proceeding to join my father in the West, was made prisoner by Colonel Weldon, and was subsequently shut up with him in Taunton by the royalists. In this situation I made no attempt at escape, which was certainly possible, though not to be effected without personal hazard; and I cannot but think it was this supineness, so unnatural in one so young, that induced a suspicion of my real character in Weldon's mind, and which he afterwards used to my ruin in order to effect a political purpose.

Mine is not a history of the war; I will hasten, therefore, to relate the last black pages of my life. A series of disasters had rendered the King's cause utterly hopeless. The gallant Montrose, who had been liberated, after several brilliant successes, was himself defeated, and the King's friends began to feel all the peril of their situation, without however flinching from their post. Among those whose personal attachment to the King was strongest, my father held a conspicuous station; and as the obstinacy of these latent adherents to the King, their inflexibility of purpose and faithful attachment, equally spoke in favour of their royal master, and threw a kind of odium on those less firm, who had been won from their allegiance, it became the policy of the ruling party to secure, at every hazard, the persons of these sturdy counsellors, and warriors, and to visit them with condign punishment.

Thus, after the defeat at Stowe, it behoved them to con-

ceal themselves with much precaution, both to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, and to keep themselves ready against a future day, when their services might be required by their prince. My father had been wounded at Stowe, and it was supposed not difficult to track the maimed lion to his lair. A very vigorous search was made in vain, when it occurred to Weldon that I might be made instrumental in procuring knowledge of my father's retreat. Helen had contrived at various periods to give me tidings of herself and child, and she now informed me of the place of my father's concealment. By her advice, I had destroyed every paper as I received it, but her messenger on this last occasion was discovered and tampered with. He acknowledged that I was acquainted with Sir Charles Glenham's abode, but declared truly that he knew it not himself: he had been confided in partially, merely to redouble his wariness and vigilance. A friend procured me intelligence of this event, and advised me to make my escape immediately. I eagerly followed this advice—for my stay now involved my safety—but was discovered and brought back. My life was now forfeited, and there remained to me but one chance of escape. I was permitted to purchase life by a general confession and betrayal of my father. Let him who has been thus tempted, and proved himself equal to the trial, condemn me; yet even with him let my agony plead in mitigation of my crime—let the struggles I made, and that involved me but deeper in the toil, take something from the weight of condemnation. Colonel Weldon himself visited me in my prison to make this proffer. It was in vain that I besought my life on any, every other condition. It was in vain I poured out confession of all I had done—of all my father's heroic deeds—that I begged for pardon for him and for myself. I see his calm, stern look

at this moment, that defied hope, all hope but such as mine. He moved to depart, and I rushed forward. I clung to his knees in the extremity of anguish, and despite his vigorous efforts to shake me off, and repeated exclamation of "dastard! coward!" I clung to him with a kind of fondness; nay, I was thankful for the humiliating epithets he applied to me. Surely it must be fear that makes the spaniel caress the hand that chides him. I grasped him more firmly as he attempted to elude my hold; I bade him think on his absent wife and children, that they also might have to plead to an unpitying judge; and I implored for them in a solemn prayer to heaven—energetic from the intensity of feeling with which it was uttered—the same doom to them, the same fate to their prayer as he should give to mine. The thought of his family, though he knew them to be in perfect safety, softened his rough features for a moment, but it was transient as a bird's flight across the sun. The interests of his country, that false idol honour, who wears the rags with which any fool will deck her, operated to check this momentary gentleness.

"Deliver up your father into our hands," he said, "and you shall be free as the chartered winds of heaven."

"Not that! not that!" I cried, repulsing the suggestions of my own coward heart, rather than refusing to comply with his demand.

"You have pronounced your doom," replied the colonel coolly.

I looked up into his face: that calm and satisfied decision was marked there which distinguishes the man who has made a resolution which he feels to be insurmountable; not a wavering line, not a muscle out of repose; not the repose of relaxation or feebleness, but the calm of determination where force is, though its exertion be no longer

called for;—still the lion, though asleep. I looked, and certainty grew upon me that only one way could I preserve my life. Why should I palter with the truth?—it must be told—I consented to betray my poor, unconscious father. Nothing could be more easy. I alone, besides my wife, who was secure from their power, was possessed of the secret of his hiding-place. To come quickly to the sequel of my story: Sir Charles Glenham was seized and brought to trial as a traitor—a traitor! he who had kept unshaken, amidst the backsliding of the times, the allegiance he had sworn unto his king. His son—his betrayer—the parricide—was compelled to appear against him. Should I exist for a thousand years, that day with all its horrors would live in terrible distinctness on my memory, to make me loathe beyond utterance this emaciated body, I yet would not separate from its immortal habitant for pardon and heaven. Oh that the elixir vitæ were no dream, and that I could wander for ever and ever over the earth, pale and haggard fear banished for ever from my heart! O God! how dreadful is fear!

Who shall describe my father's look when he became aware of his accuser! A holy and deep compassion invested his countenance. The only words he said to me—"My poor, mistaken boy!" To his judges he merely said, that he was content to die as he had lived, in the faith of his ancestors, and a true and loyal servant to his master, the rightful king of all Britain. These few words he uttered in a loud and firm voice, his noble form reared to its full, majestic height, unshrinking in the midst of his enemies. I looked, as a bird is said to be fascinated by the serpent, upon his manly and handsome countenance, on the crisped locks of his ebon hair—I sickened as I gazed. I fancied that prideful form bowed

by an untimely blast to the earth—I saw that face distorted in mortal agony, and those curls that feminine and fairy fingers had been wont to twine among so fondly, appeared to my distempered fancy dabbled in blood!

Helen never uttered a reproach; but she would not avail herself of the immunity I had thus dearly purchased. We crossed to Calais, and a few days after our child sickened and died. I had never seen her smile since my father's death, and now she did not weep. Cold and tearless, she looked on, whilst torrents gushed from my eyes of unavailing heart-dew over the baby's grave; a stern emotion would sometimes flit in dark shadow over her beautiful face, and leave it as white and chill as Parian marble; but no tear fell from her eye, no complaint escaped her lip. I could not forbear to ask how she had learned such fortitude.

"The blossom hath gone," replied she calmly, "but the parent tree was already blighted, and will shortly follow. Did I not feel this to conviction, I had not parted thus with my only blessing."

Her words were a true prophecy. Her proud spirit could not brook her husband's dishonour; and though she ministered to my slightest wish, and tried to smile faint hope upon my bursting heart, almost up to the hour of her death, I could never read in her eyes one look of love, nor one regret that she was dying. They sleep—all sleep in the quiet grave who ever cared for me, doomed to death by my murderous hand; but desolation is not less desolate because we ourselves create it; nor do the spectres that haunt it, all pale, and still, and ghastly, fail to throw back on me, with tenfold power, the curse I was fated to be to them. If suffering deserve compassion in proportion to its intenseness, then pour down your pity on the head of a lone old man—ay, though he be a coward and a murderer!

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY LORD MORPETH.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
  Repine not at the rising sigh;—
Who, if they might, would always bid
  The breast be still, the cheek be dry?

How little of ourselves we know
  Before a grief the heart has felt;
The lessons that we learn of woe
  May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
  The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
  Through blight and blast their course fulfil

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
  The hope unchequer'd by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
  And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each pure emotion flow:
  They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
On Admiration's fervid glow,
  On Piety's seraphic flame.

'T is only when it mourns and fears
  The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
  We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

Painted by R. P. Bonnington. Engraved by C. Rolls.

THE USE OF TEARS.

London ,Hurst ,Chance & Co. R. Jennings & W. Chaplin, Cheapside, & Giraldon Bovinet & Co. Paris

A DIRGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

This morn, thy gallant bark, love,
Sail'd on the sunny sea;
'Tis noon, and tempests dark, love,
Have wreck'd it on the lee.

Ah, woe! ah, woe! ah, woe!
By spirits of the deep
He 's cradled on the billow,
To his unwaking sleep!

Thou liest upon the shore, love,
Beside the swelling surge;
But sea-nymphs ever more, love,
Shall sadly chant thy dirge.

O come! O come! O come!
Ye spirits of the deep!
While near his sea-weed pillow,
My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea, love,
I hear a wild lament,
By Echo's voice, for thee, love,
From Ocean's caverns sent:—

O list! O list! O list!
The spirits of the deep—
Loud sounds their wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING ARKWRIGHT'S SONG,
"LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL, AND FLOWERS TO WITHER."

BY THE HON. CHARLES PHIPPS.

YES! yes! 'tis true!—The glowing cheek
  Conceals the venom that destroys;
Mid lightest hearts thy doom we seek,
  Thine advent midst our gayest joys,
    Thou sure but silent Death!
So thunder lurks mid sunniest skies;
  The tempest haunts the smoothest wave;
But Death the warning flash denies—
  No rising blast foretells the grave,
    Or speaks thy coming, Death!
When woes oppress, and hearts are riven,
  When e'en to die, to rest, were bliss,
Not then the boon to sleep is given,
  When humbled man the rod might kiss,
    And hail thee, silent Death!
But in the little hour, when hopes
  In summer warmth around us flit,
Just when Delight's frail blossom opes,
  Thy frosty touch must wither it—
    It fades, it rots in Death!
The warrior, in his hour of fame,
  When Conquest soars the field above;
The statesman, when he hears his name
  The idol of a people's love—
    Their pride thou crushest, Death!
I fear thee not!—But yet to know,
  When least we think it, thou art near,
Thine arrow pointed, bent thy bow,
  At us, or other breast, more dear—
    Thou still art fearful, Death!

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE.

It is much to be lamented, that we form too decided and hasty judgments of character upon slight grounds; we yield too much to first impressions; and if those happen to be bad, and circumstances prove them mistaken, I fear the generality of mankind feel more piqued than pleased, because their self-love is wounded by the discovered fallibility of their judgment; while, if they unfortunately turn out to be right, they exclaim in great triumph—"There! I told you so!—I always said so!—I don't know how it was, but I never could take to that person."—Alas! poor human nature!

If this were all, it would perhaps be of little moment; but the mischief is, that these rash and prejudging opinions respecting young persons too often fatally influence character; and many a man has been made bad by the obstinate disbelief around him of his possessing good qualities that atoned for those less praiseworthy. How bitter must be the feelings of a person so situated! He finds the worst interpretation put upon all his actions; till, at length, his kindly feelings blunted, his sympathy with his fellow-beings destroyed, his bad passions predominate; he becomes a vindictive misanthrope, and determines since he receives no mercy, to show none.

This kind of injustice occurs much more frequently in small towns than in cities, and its ill effects are also more striking: the languor of a country life causes a greater appetite for, and enjoyment of, scandal, while the contracted limits of such society gives it universal circulation. Thus the whole village is inoculated with a prejudice, and the unfortunate object of it becomes literally an outcast.

In the capital, the multiplicity of business, the variety of amusements, and the great choice of subjects for scandal, prevent this dead set; and, though a straggling deer is often started and worried, he is seldom run down: while society still can furnish thousands who have never heard of the delinquent's fault, and may heal his wounded self-love, and raise him in his own esteem by their love and approbation.

The following tale may, perhaps, serve to illustrate the too common practice expressed by the homely proverb, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him."

In a village situated on the coast of Sussex resided an opulent farmer, named Longfield: he was an upright excellent man; a scrupulous observer of his own duty, he was, perhaps, a little too rigid in exacting the same from others. He was severely just: but this severity was rather ingrafted than inherent in his nature. The loss of a beloved wife had added a deeper shade to a temper naturally melancholy, but which her gentle influence had long prevented from being austere. She had left him two sons to join their regrets to his. The eldest, named Robert, was of a wild impetuous nature; passionate, headstrong, and daring, yet frank, generous, and affectionate: ever acting from impulse instead of reason, his virtues did him as much mischief as the vices do to others; while conscious of his own good intentions, and indignant at being misunderstood, he repaid the blame he knew he often undeservedly incurred, by haughty levity, or sullen scorn. Such a character needed a mother's fostering tenderness and care to soothe and check it: his father, good man as he was, and loving him sincerely, was ill calculated for the task; he was too unbending, too apt to exact perfection, his reprimands humiliated too much; and by disbelieving his son's re-

pentance when conscious of error, discouraged his proud spirit from seeking to make reparation. None but a woman, whose gentle nature ever pities while she blames, can guide a fiery but sensitive youth back to virtue. His pride does not revolt at *her* schooling as at that of a man; she awakens his better feelings, without assuming a superiority; and by seeming assured of the goodness of his heart wins him to confirm the opinion. But Robert had lost this gentle monitor: and, discouraged on all sides, his good qualities disbelieved and his bad exaggerated, he was provoked into being the scapegrace they called him—"Every man's hand was against him, and his against every man." In the whole village he had but one friend and companion, and this was his brother Edward, to whom he was passionately attached. Edward, who to his father's truth of character added his mother's gentleness, fully returned this affection; he entered into Robert's ardent nature, appreciated his virtues, and thought they redeemed his faults; hence they were linked together by the sincerest friendship as well as the ties of brotherhood.

There was one other being who sympathised with Robert, and more than shared the glowing feelings of his warm heart. Susan Grantley, the daughter of the village lawyer, had been the playmate of these brothers in childhood, and was the faithful friend and confidante of their youth. Lovely in person, and affectionate in nature, their boyish affection for this gentle girl had gradually deepened into passion, and unknown to each other Susan Grantley had become the object of their fondest hopes. Her feelings towards them had long held the nicest balance; she appreciated the virtues of both, but the unjust prejudice against Robert turned it in his favour, and with the generosity characteristic of her sex she endeavoured to repair

the injustice he suffered by the gift of her affections. They were secretly pledged to each other; for Robert (though unconscious of his brother's love for her) held the knowledge of Susan's love too sacred to be intrusted even to him.

Time flew lightly on to the lovers: Robert was to succeed his father in the farm at his decease, and Edward was established in a cotton manufactory, of which his father had promised to pay the first year's expenses. Unfortunately Robert, being impatient to marry, became dissatisfied at having no present provision; and as his father refused to settle him in another farm, he was rash enough to engage in play, in the hope that fortune would favour him, and enable him to rent one on his own account.

About this time Edward was drawn for a newly-ordered levy, and was obliged to find a substitute, or leave a business that was thriving well under his steady industry.

The end of the year had arrived, and Robert was dispatched with the money to enable Edward to clear the debts he had contracted. On the morning of the day appointed, he rushed into his brother's room, and fell pale and breathless at his feet.

"Edward!" he at last gasped out, "I have ruined you! Fool!—madman that I was!—In the hope of doubling the sum, I engaged in play, and lost all! Miserable wretch that I am, born to disgrace and destroy my family!—But this will release them and me!"

With frenzied action he raised a pistol to his head. His brother sprang forward to seize the weapon—he resisted, and, in the struggle, the pistol went off and wounded Edward in the shoulder, who fell senseless on the ground.

When he recovered, he found himself surrounded by his servants, but Robert had disappeared.

The unfortunate young man, after summoning assistance, and ascertaining that he should not have the double horror of his brother's death to answer for, hastened to Susan, and confided the disastrous effects of his guilty imprudence to her. Overcome with grief, unwilling to increase his agony by blame, and yet unable to suggest any remedy for the evils he had caused, the terrified girl heard him in silence.

"Susan," he at length mournfully exclaimed, "we must part!—I am unworthy of you!—but I will make what reparation I can, by being myself the substitute for Edward. It little matters what becomes of so worthless a being, destined to be the scourge of those I most love.—None will miss me; and my brother, at least—ay, though I treble the guilt I have already committed—my noble, confiding brother shall not be the sufferer. Susan!" he continued, as she clung, weeping, round him, "if you still think me worthy of a thought, I own it would cheer my exile, if you would promise me never to marry another without my consent."

Susan solemnly pledged on a cross she wore the required promise, and gave it to him.

"Susan," he said, kissing the gift, which he placed next his heart, "when I return this, you are free!—And now, farewell!"

He still lingered, overpowered by grief; at length, mastering his feelings, by a violent effort, he clasped her in a last embrace, and rushed from the house.

The next day all the gossips of the village were busy in commenting on two mysterious occurrences—Edward's wound, which he refused to account for, and a strange adventure that befel a rich farmer the evening before. Returning from a neighbouring fair, where he had disposed of his cattle for a large sum, in a dreary part of the

road he encountered a man muffled up in a cloak, so as entirely to conceal his face. Seized with terror at the sight of a supposed robber, he fancied the murderous knife already at his throat, or a bullet whizzing through his brains. Without staying to question, or be questioned, he threw his pocket-book, containing a hundred sovereigns, at the feet of the stranger, and, putting spurs to his horse, neither abated his speed nor ventured to turn his head till he reached home.

The next morning, recovered from his panic, and encouraged by the presence of some friends, he returned to the place whence he had made so precipitate a flight; but neither stranger nor pocket-book were to be found: no tidings arrived of it; and the farmer was forced to make up his mind to a loss his own cowardice had occasioned.

There was fresh food for wonder, when it became known that Robert had disappeared; and his charitable neighbours were not slow in attributing both the infliction of the wound and appropriation of the farmer's money to him. However, as they had no proofs, they were obliged to keep their surmises on these points from the ears of the young man's family.

Mean while, poor Edward was labouring under severe affliction, both of mind and body. Maimed in person, and ruined in fortune, by the hand of a loved brother, what remained for him in future but misery and disgrace? From fear of the last he was unexpectedly relieved. On the morning after his accident he received a packet containing a hundred pounds, with only the words, "For Mr. Edward Longfield," in a hand unknown to him. Totally at a loss to know who could have sent him this timely aid (for Robert, who best knew his immediate need of the money, had none to give), he applied to his father, sup-

posing *he* might be the person; but he denied any knowledge of it, and his word was unquestionable. Edward, therefore, was left quite in the dark respecting his benefactor, as farmer Ashby, ashamed of his pusillanimity, was not fond of mentioning his loss, which would have furnished the clue.

Edward, when he recovered from his wound, which was attended with the loss of all use of the left arm, waited on the mayor to inform him of his incapacity to serve. He learned, to his great surprise, that a substitute had presented himself, and had joined his future comrades fifteen days before.

Edward this time thought of his brother; none but Robert, he felt, could have been capable of so generous a sacrifice; though, unconscious of his love for Susan, he knew not its full extent.

Time passed on, but no tidings arrived of Robert. Grief for his absence, and the unhappy circumstances under which they parted, preyed heavily upon Susan's spirits. Sacredly pledged, yet not daring to avow it; loving sincerely, but taught to be ashamed of the object of her love. What can be more wounding to the heart of a feeling woman than to know the man of her choice is disliked and contemned by all whose judgment she most values; and reason tells her, spite of the proverbial blindness of affection, that they have cause for disapprobation?

Her father wished her much to marry—but to Robert she feared he never would unite her, as he was strongly prejudiced against him. Of all her lovers (and she had many) Edward was the most devoted and assiduous, and most approved of by her father; who in this approval was guided by regard for his daughter's inclinations, as well as by the esteem he felt for his honourable character; and in thinking that she preferred him to all other suitors he was certainly

right, for her affection for Edward only yielded to that she felt for his brother—and the preference had arisen rather from pity than approbation. As his amiable temper, gentle manners, and unexceptionable conduct daily endeared him to all around, her maturer judgment could not but confess he was more worthy of her esteem and affection than his rash and misguided, though generous brother; she could not but feel how insecure was a woman's chance for happiness if linked to a character so impetuous; and her heart almost involuntarily turned to Edward, though she still held herself irrevocably bound to keep the promise she had made to Robert.

Six years had now passed since he left the village, and yet his friends had not once heard from him. His father, heart-broken by his conduct, and indignant at such unfeeling desertion, died, disinheriting him, and left every thing to Edward. He intrusted his will to the care of his old friend Lawyer Grantley, with some instructions respecting Robert, should he ever return home. But of this there seemed no likelihood;—indeed they once heard that he had lost his life in a quarrel at a gaming-table. The kind hearts of Edward and Susan refused to credit this; and as the information was not authenticated, she still refused all his solicitations to marry, though she did not reject his suit.

Two years more elapsed, and still they received no tidings of Robert. Susan, at length yielding to the importunities of her father and lover, and now to the inclination of her own heart, rewarded Edward's persevering affection by confessing that she returned it. She still wished to defer the marriage; but her father was peremptory in his commands that she should no longer trifle with her lover, and preparations were accordingly made for its celebration.

A few days before the proposed nuptials, a vessel arrived

in the harbour, and a stranger came on shore, whose appearance, and the inquiries he made after various inhabitants, excited great surprise in the village. The stranger seemed to be about thirty years of age, of an agreeable, expressive countenance, though his complexion (bronzed and roughened) showed long exposure to all variations of weather, and had an air of dignity and command in his deportment.

His first inquiries were of Farmer Longfield and Susan Grantley: when informed of the death of the first, and the approaching marriage of the last, he appeared much agitated; but when he proceeded to questions concerning Edward, and was told that he succeeded to all his father's property, who had disinherited his eldest son (to whom they kindly gave the appellation of Robert the Devil), that he was the most prosperous man in the whole place, and the intended husband of Susan,—the stranger's emotions seemed to overpower him, and he rushed hastily from the observation of his busy informants.

Poor Robert!—for it was he;—what a welcome home!—disinherited by his father, deserted by his mistress, and forgotten by his brother, all his prospects in life were destroyed at one blow—the promised happiness which had cheered and sustained him through all his difficulties and dangers was snatched from his grasp, and by the hand of that brother for whom he had become a voluntary exile. "Be it so!" he at length exclaimed bitterly; "they drive me to become the being they call me!—With a heart formed for love and friendship, I am condemned to be an outcast from my fellow-beings;—those I have best loved are most faithless!—brother!—mistress!—would none avert a parent's curse!—none plead for an absent friend?—No! they revel in his wealth,

and care not what may be his fate—but I will mar their happiness, and triumph in turn."

With the intention of asserting his right in his father's property, and in the disposal of Susan's hand, he hastened to her father's house. In his way thither he saw that a handsome farm in the neighbourhood, including a great extent of land, was to be sold, and that Lawyer Grantley had the disposal of it. A few moments' reflection had determined him not immediately to avow himself, and he resolved to make this the ostensible motive of his visit.

He found him at home, and after some conversation respecting the terms, Robert agreed to purchase the farm. He then told him, that he was informed he had in his keeping a copy of the will of the late Farmer Longfield; that he wished much to see it, as his son Edward was his debtor to a large amount. The lawyer manifested great surprise at this information, which he said he was sorry, both for his and Edward's sake, to hear, as he had just learned, on the best authority, that a person with whom the latter had extensive dealings had failed, and the consequence would be utter ruin to Edward, who was as yet entirely ignorant of his loss.

Thunderstruck by this news, Robert mechanically took the will offered to his inspection, and complaining of oppression from the warmth of the room, requested permission to breathe the fresher air of the garden while the lawyer prepared the deeds which he was to sign.

To the well-known scene he accordingly hastened to gain time to collect his thoughts, and compose the tumultuous and conflicting emotions that struggled in his mind. What he had just heard staggered all his resolutions of vengeance. Did his very presence bring misfortune upon Edward?—and could he have the heart to add

misery to it?—He thought of their youthful days—of his brother's boundless affection for him, and what he had already suffered through his means—but Susan!—could he consent to give her up?—the very arbour in which he sat—how often had it witnessed their mutual vows!—the thought was madness!—His eye at this moment glanced on his father's will, which he still held.—He opened it with a trembling hand, and found the information he had received but too true. His father, after stating that he was acquainted with the whole of his culpable conduct, which had embittered and shortened his life, added, that however a parent's heart might be inclined to lenity, he felt that the duty he owed to the interests of society, and his hitherto unsullied name, demanded that he should punish the offender by disinheritance.

"To your care, my old friend," he continued, "I intrust this copy of my will; preserve it as a memorial of my son's faults, and their punishment. But, if ever misery or repentance should bring him back to a home he deserted, if ever remorse should seize his heart, and lead him to repair his errors, I revoke its contents.—Yes, my child!" he had written, apostrophising his son, "on this condition my blessing and forgiveness still are yours; hasten to annul a sentence blotted by a father's tears."

Lost in grief, Robert was not aware of the approach of two persons, till they were close upon him. He had but just time to conceal himself before Susan and his brother entered the arbour. Shaking with emotion at this sight, and at the sound of a voice so dear to him, he found himself compelled to become an unwilling listener to their conversation.

Susan first spoke. "Edward," he heard her say, "I must entreat you to use your influence with my father

in persuading him to defer our marriage: he accuses me of caprice; as I fear you also must, but you will cease to do so when you learn what I am now going to impart. The secret has long preyed upon my mind, and though I perhaps do wrong in divulging it—the fear of acting still more culpably compels me to it. You, in common with the rest of my friends, are ignorant that I loved Robert." Edward started. "We were long contracted to each other, but secretly, as he feared my father would forbid our attachment. On the day his fatal imprudence risked your life, he came to me, told me all his guilt, and of his intention, by going abroad in your stead, to make you what little reparation he could. We parted! after I had solemnly promised not to wed another without his consent. I gave him the cross I always wore as a pledge that I never would marry, until, by returning it, he released me from my vow. And now, to your heart and honour I appeal, whether I *can* consider myself free?"

"Certainly not!" warmly exclaimed Edward. "Why, Susan, did you not intrust me with this secret before? it would have spared you much importunity, for never would I have selfishly sought my own happiness at the expense of his! Poor Robert! can I return the generous sacrifice he made by depriving him of his mistress? No! though I love you more than life! I have ever held the half of my fortune but in trust for him; I will now become the guardian of his love, and, should we be fortunate enough to see him return, cheerfully repay my debt of gratitude, and find my felicity in witnessing yours."

"Edward!" cried Susan, reproachfully, "you have mistaken me; for your brother I feel pity and sisterly affection, but I should do injustice to you and to my own heart, if I did not confess that my long experience of your worth

and faithful love has gained you the preference. Robert has to all appearance forgotten me; but if he were here, he would himself acknowledge the justice of my choice."

Tenderly thanking her for her affection, he added, "That whatever happiness might ultimately be in store for him, he would not burthen her conscience or his own by marrying, until his brother's fate was ascertained." He then quitted her to inform her father of their determination, and Susan was left alone.

All the various emotions which Robert experienced during their conversation at length yielded to the admiration and gratitude he felt for his brother's conduct. Often had he been upon the point of rushing into his arms to thank him for his generous love; but he restrained the impulse, being aware that in avowing himself he should only excite Edward to a useless contest of generosity, and frustrate his own good intentions. He had heard from Susan's own lips that she preferred Edward, and he determined, however bitter the sacrifice might be, that they at least should be happy.

His resolution was formed; and, nerving himself to put it in execution, he entered the arbour, trusting that eight years of fatigue and anxiety, aided by the shades of evening, would prevent her recognizing him.

At the sound of his voice she started, and gazing earnestly on him, thought that her fancy had conjured up a phantom, or that it was indeed her lover's spirit come to upbraid her broken faith. He inquired if her name was Susan Grantley? Again she endeavoured to peruse his features, but the uncertain light held her in doubt, and in a tremulous voice she uttered, "Do you not know me?"

Mastering his feelings by a strong effort, he coldly answered, "He was unknown to her, but had a message to deliver."

"Pardon me, sir," said Susan, "you cannot indeed be the person I supposed, for he could never have forgotten his early friend. Robert," she continued, extending her hand, "would never refuse Susan's offered hand."

Robert buried his face in his cloak, while his whole frame shook with emotion; but recovering his resolution, he answered, "That the name she mentioned explained her surprise; that he had a comrade called Robert, serving on board the same vessel, whom he greatly resembled, and that she was not the first person who had been deceived by the likeness; but *now*," he added, lowering his voice, "they can no longer make that mistake."

"Is he then dead?" shrieked Susan.

Robert made no answer; but taking the cross from his bosom, enclosed in a paper on which he had traced a few words with his pencil, he gave it into her trembling hand. She recognized the well known token, and fell senseless in his arms.

Half frantic at the effects of his imprudence, Robert supported her to the seat, calling on her by the tenderest names, and conjuring her once more to bless her wretched lover with a word or look. But when he saw returning life animate her form and colour her pale cheeks, he became conscious that by remaining longer he should render useless the painful task he had compelled himself to perform, and releasing her gently from his arms, he imprinted a last kiss on her cold lips, and quitted the arbour.

The greatest trial was over: he had beheld Susan for the last time, and all he had left of pleasure in this world was to insure to her and his brother a portion of the wealth he had toiled hard to gain for them. He returned to the house and signed the deeds of purchase for the farm, which he made over to Edward, and telling the lawyer that he should hear from him again that night, hastily left him.

When Susan recovered her consciousness, and found herself alone, she fancied all that had passed must have been a fearful dream; but the cross and letter too soon convinced her of the reality of the scene. With tottering steps she returned to the house, and hurried to her room to examine the paper. In an almost illegible hand she found these words:

"When you receive this, all will be ended for me!—Susan, you are free! I return the pledge of your faith, and release you from your promise."

Susan wept over what she believed to be the announcement of Robert's death. But was it not himself whom she had seen, or was she deceived by a mere resemblance? She remembered the stranger's emotion, and longed for Edward's return, that he might go in search of the mysterious messenger; but her perplexity was otherwise terminated. Late at night, a packet arrived for her father, comprising the purchase-money for the estate, the deeds of which were enclosed, and directed to Edward Longfield, and an old pocket-book containing a hundred pounds, with a request that he would transmit the same to Farmer Ashby, or his heirs; and, lastly, these words—

"My father's dying wish is now fulfilled.—Be my errors forgiven."

There was no longer any room for doubt. The morning's light found Edward at the harbour, but the vessel had already sailed.

NESTOR AND TYDIDES.

[POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK VIII. VER. 147.]

THE reverend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged hand to lash the horse.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.
The spear, with erring haste, mistook its way,
But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
Yet unrevenged permits to press the field;
Till to supply his place, and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Enclosed had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue;
The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight,
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
He dropt the reins, and, shook with pious dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed.
  O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advised, and urge the chariot hence.
This day averse, the sovereign of the skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.
'T is not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to submit to Jove.

NESTOR AND TYNDES.

Drawn by F. Westall R.A. Engraved by R. Brandard.

NESTOR AND TYDIDES.

London Published by C.º R. Jennings & W. Chapin, Cheapside & Graduate Boydell & C.º Pall Mall

Imaginings of woe unknown,
In dreamy indistinctness shown;
  Which yet with bitterness alloy
The wine-cup mantling on the lips,
And cast a damp and drear eclipse
  On scenes of light and joy.

Call it not vain—in yon fair form
  What treachery lurks, what falsehood speaks!
The lightnings of the distant storm
  Flash in those eyes and tinge those cheeks.
Around, what dire diseases wait,
The winged ministers of Fate!
  While Death triumphant over all
In tyrant solitude enthroned,
Spreads on the dim horizon's bound
  His universal pall.

Be hush'd, rash moralist! forbear
  Thyself to sharpen passion's sting;
Nor blast with wintry presage drear
  The raptures of the blooming spring!
Enough for thee unstain'd to go,
Through realms of pleasure, pain, or woe;
  Enough to fix thy wavering faith;
Resigning thee to Him on high,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
  And reft the sting from death.

A STORY OF MODERN HONOUR.

BY LORD MORPETH.

I was well acquainted with two young men who made their first appearance in the society of London at about the same period, Lord Oranmore and Mr. Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen to the share of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable wealth, great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant mental endowments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world dawned brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points of difference were even more striking than those of resemblance between them: in the very matter of their good looks, for instance, to which I have alluded, Lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his countenance serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing: the complexion of his contemporary was fair, and he was particularly remarkable for the open and radiant expression of his features. If I had been writing a tale or novel, I should probably have presented each of them to my reader at once by informing him that Salvator Rosa would have shadowed the outline of Oranmore beneath one of his shaggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that Raphael might have selected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a listener in the group round St. Cecilia. I shall, perhaps, as briefly convey an impression of their moral characteristics by stating that Oranmore was frequently told that in many particulars he bore a close re-

semblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally been admonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he did not take very good care, he would end in being a saint.

The prevailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree from the manner in which these opposite suggestions were received by the parties to whom they were addressed. "You really flatter me too much," modestly protested Lord Oranmore. "I trust not quite that, either," sensitively remonstrated Mr. Severn.

The same inference might have been drawn from occurrences in their behaviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and was in his practice unostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was he ever known to have appeared so grievously annoyed, as when he had been casually overheard administering appropriate consolation to a dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an entire night at a country-house, where he was staying with a large party, in pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that he should be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and a mysterious remorse.

Society, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, thought fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favour on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to enter-

tain, and even to display, towards each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly, struggled. In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked most of Oranmore: few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd; chaperons shrank while they stared; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an ice in the opposite direction. But in politics Severn had a decided advantage; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious, and more popular; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction still more forcibly, because they happened to be upon the same side—that of Opposition. He was therefore obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman, Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate had taken place in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech: the adversary who followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who piqued himself upon his independence rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witnesses of the triumph at which their very souls sicken; and when Severn stopped in his way

home to sup at the club with a cohort of applauding friends, Oranmore sat down at the table with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid and to him unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high: the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side; and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the secretary made to your speech, Severn," said Sir Matthew Poynding; "you had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore; "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one, if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed Sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech!" re-echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr. Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case?" added Mr. Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out Sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, Sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

"Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me!" was the postulate of Ham.

"And me, too," was the corollary of Pymden.

"By all means, gentlemen: you, Sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade; the Colonies for Ham; and Pymden shall be at the Mint; and what place will you choose, Oranmore?"

"Place!—place for me!" shouted Oranmore; "and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your craving for pelf and power."

"Heyday! what are these heroics, Oranmore?"

"They are no heroics, Severn; they are the plainest terms which suggest themselves to express my unmeasured contempt for your pretensions to patriotism, and your assumptions of honesty."

"It is better to assume any thing, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully."

"Those words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging."

"Oranmore! we are warm, and have both drunk too much; we cannot tell what we are doing: here is my hand."

"Ay, take it, Oranmore," said Sir Matthew; "we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel."

"I would not touch it to save his pale soul from hell. Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward!"

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed: but Pymden was fast asleep; Ham was dead drunk; Sir Matthew said it would do their side harm if one of them had put up with

being called a coward; Mr. M'Taggart of M'Taggart had made it a rule never to mix himself up in such proceedings; and the rest were Irishmen.

"It was arranged that Sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to Lord Oranmore's lodging; and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally upon the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammersmith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see Lady Alice before that decisive rencounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognized. He remembered that she was then hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those, among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and higher intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost every thing else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theatre, emotions may be wakened and watched; associations touched and moulded; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the pillars which support the orchestra, the sights of gaiety and the sounds of harmony which surrounded him produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more vivid to his mind, and he half audibly murmured, "I must not

shed his blood—God forbid that!—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this moment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, Lady Alice Bohun approaching him, bright in attire, radiant with smiles, flushed with the exercise of the dance that was just over, and lovely, even beyond her loveliness. She had not perceived him, but was conversing with Lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with great apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr. Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, Lord George; this is my place. When did you come, Mr. Severn?"

"This very moment: the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that—— But do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with Lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago, about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honour this dance," interposed a tripping little clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his clothes, and then, from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection.

Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by Sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chariot at the side of his—friend!

"Well, I will say, however, I never saw a fellow cooler in my life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five minutes, when Sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial detail of all the political duels which had occurred in his time, and which, as it entailed no interchange of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they had arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs of haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not of ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had probably never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given: Severn fired steadily, but without

being observed, into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds that, after language of so little qualified a character, the honour of the parties required the purifying ordeal of a second fire, supposing the first to have been ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy.—Where are the words to tell what the moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put upon a plank and carried into an adjoining farm-house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore, who retained entire possession of all his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

"He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you."

"Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror.—The blame is mine!—I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape."

"Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! Live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder!—Live, that I may devote my life to serve you, to appreciate you, to make atonement to you! —Live, to save and bless me!—I know not what I say or think!—Live! *but* live! brave and gifted Oranmore!"

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by Sir Matthew; but he had at least the consolation of learning

afterwards that his victim died, it might be hoped, in sincere, because it appeared in abject, penitence.

He heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his flight, and even expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that, having absolved his mind upon this point, that exemplary politician was about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions he would miss, and more especially to regret that he would not be able to bear any part in an important motion of Ham's which stood for the next Tuesday, there was something in his countenance which awed even Sir Matthew into silence.

Upon their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to be of active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a remorse, was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for the safe departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of the danger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice, and requested to see her alone.

"I am come, Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

"Leave, Mr. Severn!—You are not going away for long, I hope?"

"If it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep concern I now feel.—I am going away for ever."

"No, you would not have come here to tell me that!—but your looks!—Oh! for mercy's sake, what has happened?"

He told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time before she could say any thing.

"I am grieved, extremely grieved: it is most melancholy—dreadful!—Poor Lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty!—I pity him sincerely."

"And I, in many, many respects, as sincerely envy him."

"But you must not be too much borne down by it. I do not well see how it could have been avoided."

"I must beg of you, do not attempt to excuse me."

"You must not really take it too deeply to heart. It is most unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have been if you had refused to fight."

Does the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord Byron, where Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the forehead of Gulnare?

> That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
> Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
> Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
> It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!

What that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady Alice to Severn. She stood before him, after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have wanted, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction towards him, and now, partially and by degrees, succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once said to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting; memory is enough without memorials; but if in the detail of what I have done and suffered, any thing is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon

the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had inlisted himself in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea; a cause for which individual Englishmen have felt keenly, and fought bravely, but upon which I fear that, as a nation, we have looked but coldly. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced, in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore; and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the murder of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle of patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley collection of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute employment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dulness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke, to remonstrate with him—him, the high-bred—the energetic—the refined, thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, cramping, and humiliating. "Take not away from me," he replied, "what you call my humiliations; they are the only things, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself.'

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all that it occurs to me further to record. One day, one single day, exhibited an exception to his ordinary behaviour. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labours to be irritable, capricious, and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference, amounting to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat. I quote his answer.

"Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness——I will go on in a moment.

"How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow-creature to incur that charge? I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world; deserve and enjoy its fair opinion while you may; but if the alternative should present itself, if the preference must be given, you may believe one who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave."

CHORUS OF VIRGINS AT THE TOMB OF JULIA ALPINULA.

"The father of the young priestess Julia Alpinula, of Aventicum, was condemned to death by Aulus Cæcina. In vain did she endeavour to overcome by tears and lamentations the stern determination of that tyrannical governor. She sunk beneath her sorrow for the fate of her beloved father, and followed him to the grave in the bloom of life."

RECOLLECTIONS OF F. VON. MATTHISSON.

HITHER, ye virgins, come! for here are laid
The relics of the broken-hearted maid
Who strove, in vain, a father's life to save,
And hasten'd then to share that father's grave.—

Bring fresh flowers, and let us fling
The fairest blossoms of the Spring
To die in youth upon her tomb;
For she, too, died in life's young bloom.
Bring early lilies; their clear white
Is not more stainless or more bright
Than were the soul and beauteous brow
Of her whose charms are mouldering now.
Bring the wild buds that love to hide
In clefts upon the mountain's side;
For she was wont to wander there—
Herself as pure as mountain air—
At rosy dawn, at dewy even,
Holding communion with high Heaven.—

But most of all, bring, bring that faithful flower
Which joys not in the sun's meridian hour,
But gives its beauty only to the light,
And sheds its fragrance o'er the gloom of night:
For so her sweetness cheer'd the darken'd years
Of him whose life she could not buy with tears.
Oh! the stern soul of that unyielding chief,
Whose vengeance melted not beneath such grief!
Cold, unrelenting, from her prayers he turn'd;
The priestess scorn'd,—the suppliant daughter spurn'd.

But, sisters! do not vainly mourn
Beside this cold and senseless urn,
As though our Julia slept beneath,
Lock'd in the chilly grasp of death.

To some world of freedom, some region of love,
Where vultures destroy not the hope of the dove;
To some holier, happier, sunnier sphere,
Where the griefs cannot enter that haunted us here;
Where hearts do not break, and where tears are not shed;—
Thither, oh, thither the maiden is fled!

Hast thou found thy father there?
Has his spirit welcomed thine?
Ye who parted in despair,
Have ye met in bliss divine?
Has the old man fondly smiled,
With a pure, unearthly pride,
Greeting to the pious child
Who for his loved sake had died;
Who had lived for him alone,
And could not live when he was gone?

Thou wert his only one—his all on earth;
And this his loneliness, his widow'd dearth
Of other ties, but bound thee still more fast
To his crush'd heart—its dearest and its last.
Yes! he was as a sear and aged tree,
Without a leaf or bud of hope but thee;
And twined around him, in unfading youth,
Clung the fond tendrils of thy love and truth;
Nor to the world's unfeeling glance betray'd
The havoc grief and care and time had made.
Thy life was wreath'd round his, and that same blow
Which levell'd him, laid thee too, prostrate, low,
To waste and wither; the untimely prey
Of the fierce hand that fell'd thy parent stay.
Thou wert his all on earth,—and in that world
Where full-grown Joy's bright pinions are unfurl'd,
His spirit's lot were desolate and chill,
Unless thy gentle spirit shared it still.

Farewell, sweet sister! in those realms of peace
Where earthly passions, human troubles cease;
Where tyrant's savage scowl, where sorrow's storm
Shall never scare thy soul, or bow thy form;
Where child to parent, faithful heart to heart
Are join'd immortally, no more to part:
In those bless'd realms where happy spirits dwell,
Julia! sweet sainted sister! fare thou well.

L——xC.

THE SWISS PEASANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

Why is the mind of man so apt to be swayed by contraries? why does the imagination for ever paint the impossible in glittering tints, and the hearts of wayward mortals cling, with the greatest tenacity, to what, eel-like, is bent on escaping from their grasp? Why—to bring the matter home—is solitude abhorrent to me, now that I enjoy it in perfection? I have apostrophised the coy nymph in ball-rooms, when the bright lamps of heaven were shamed by brighter earth-stars, and lamented her absence at a picnic party, where the nightingale was silenced by the fiddle, and the flowery turf was strewed with the impertinent finery of ugly old women, and the greenwood shade made redolent with the fumes of roasted fowls.

And now, O solitude! I abjure thee, in thy fitting temple—in Switzerland—among cloud-piercing mountains, by the resounding waves of the isle-surrounding lake. I am beside the waters of Uri—where Tell lived—in Brunen, where the Swiss patriots swore to die for freedom. It rains—magic word to destroy the spell to which these words give rise—the clouds envelop the hills—the white mists veil the ravines—there is a roar and a splash in my ears—and now, and then, the vapours break and scatter themselves, and I see something dark between, which is the hoar side of a dark precipice, but which might as well be the turf stack or old wall that bounded Cumberland's view as he wrote the "Wheel of Fortune."

The sole book that I possess is the Prisoner of Chillon.

I have read it through three times within an hour.—Its noble author composed it to beguile weary hours like these when he remained rain-bound for three days in a little inn on the shores of the Lake of Geneva; and cannot I, following with unequal steps, so cheat the minutes in this dim spot? I never, by the by, could invent the commonest incident. As a man of honour, of course I never lie; but, as a nursery child and schoolboy, I never did; simply, as I remember, because I never could concoct one —but a true tale was lately narrated to me by its very heroine, the incidents of which haunt my memory, adorned as they were, by her animated looks and soft silvery accent. Let me try to record them, stripped though they must be of their greatest charm.

I was, but a week ago, travelling with my friend Ashburn in a coupée, in the district of Soubiaco, in the ecclesiastical territory. We were jolted along a rough ravine, through which the river Anio sped, and beetling mountains and shady trees, a distant convent and a picturesque cell on a hill, formed a view which so awoke the pictorial propensities of my friend, that he stopped the coupée (though we were assured that we should never reach our inn by nightfall, and that the road was dangerous in the dark), took out his portfolio, and began to sketch. As he drew I continued to speak in support of an argument we had entered upon before. I had been complaining of the commonplace and ennui of life. Ashburn insisted that our existence was only too full of variety and change—tragic variety and wondrous incredible change.—"Even," said the painter, "as sky, and earth, and water seem for ever the same to the vulgar eye, and yet to the gifted one assume a thousand various guises and hues—now robed in purple—now shrouded in black—now resplendent with

living gold—and anon sinking into sober and unobtrusive gray, so do our mortal lives change and vary. No living being among us but could tell a tale of soul-subduing joys and heart-consuming woes, worthy, had they their poet, of the imagination of Shakspeare or Goëthe. The veriest weather-worn cabin is a study for colouring, and the meanest peasant will offer all the acts of a drama in the apparently dull routine of his humble life."

"This is pure romance," I replied; "put it to the test. Let us take, for example, yonder woman descending the mountain-path."

"What a figure!" cried Ashburn; "oh that she would stay thus but one quarter of an hour!—she has come down to bathe her child—her upturned face—her dark hair—her picturesque costume—the little plump fellow bestriding her —the rude scenery around——"

"And the romantic tale she has to tell."

"I would wager a louis that hers has been no common fate. She steps a goddess—her attitude—her looks, are all filled with majesty."

I laughed at his enthusiasm, and accepted his bet. We hurried to join our fair peasantess, and thus formed acquaintance with Fanny Chaumont. A sudden storm, as we were engaged conversing with her, came, driven down from the tempest-bearing hills, and she gave us a cordial invitation to her cottage.

It was situated on a sunny slope, yet sheltered from the winds. There was a look of cheerfulness and *aisance* about it, beyond what is usually met in that part of Switzerland, reminding me of the cottages of the inhabitants of the free states. There, also, we found her husband. I always feel curious to know on whom a woman, who bears the stamp of superior intellect; who is beautiful and re-

fined—for peasant as she was, Fanny was both—has been induced to bestow herself.

Louis Chaumont was considerably older than his wife; he was handsome, with brown lively eyes, curly chesnut hair, a visage embrowned by the sun, bearing every mark of having led an active, even an adventurous life; there was, besides, an expression which, if it were not ferocity, resembled it nearly, in his vivacious glances, and in the sternness of his deeply-lined forehead; while she, in spite of her finely-formed brow, her majestic person, and her large expressive eyes, looked softness and patience itself. There was something incongruous in the pair, and more strangely matched they seemed when we heard their story. It lost me my louis, but proved Fanny at once to be a fitting heroine for romance, and was a lesson, moreover, to teach the strange pranks love can play with us, mingling fire and water, blending in one harmonious concord the harsh base, and melodious tenor of two differently stringed instruments. Though their child was five years old, Fanny and her husband were attached to each other with the tenderness and passion of early love; they were happy—his faults were tempered by her angel disposition, and her too melancholy and feeling-fraught spirit was enlivened and made plastic to the purposes of this world by his energy and activity.

Fanny was a Bernese by birth: she was the child of humble cottagers, one among a large family. They lived on the brow of one summit and at the foot of another. The snowy mountains were piled about them; thaw-fed torrents brawled around; during the night a sound like thunder, a crash among the tempest-beaten pines would tell of an avalanche; or the snow-drift, whirring past the lattice, threatened to bury the little fabric. Winter was the

season of peace in the deep vales, not so in the higher district. The peasant was often kept waking by the soft-falling snow which threatened insidiously to encroach on, and to overwhelm his habitation; or a straying cow would lead him far into the depths of the stormy hills, and his fearful family would count in agony the hours of his absence. Perpetual hardship and danger, however, rather brutify than exalt the soul of man; and those of the Swiss who are most deeply planted among the rocky wilds are often stultified and sullen.

Fanny opened her youthful eyes and observation on this scene. She was one of those lovely children only to be seen in Switzerland, whose beauty is heartfelt but indescribable: hers was the smooth candid brow, the large hazel eyes, half soft, half wild; the round dimpled cheek, the full sensitive mouth, the pointed chin, and (as frame-work to the picture) the luxuriant curly chesnut hair, and voice which is sweetest music. The exceeding beauty of little Fanny gained her the observation of the wife of the governor of the chateau which overlooked and commanded the district, and at ten years of age she became a frequent visitor there. Fanny's little soul was love, so she soon twined herself round the kind lady's heart, became a pet with the governor, and the favourite playmate of their only son.

One fête day Fanny had dined at the chateau. It had been fine warm spring weather, but wind and storm came on with the setting sun; the snow began to fall thickly, and it was decided that Fanny must pass the night in the chateau. She had been unusually eager to return home; and when the tempest came on, she crept near her protectress, and begged to be sent to her mother. *C'est impossible*—Fanny pressed no further, but she clambered

to a window, and looked out wistfully to where, hidden by the hills, her parents' cottage stood. It was a fatal night for her: the thunders of frequent avalanches, the roaring of torrents, the crash of trees, spoke of devastation, and her home was its chief prey. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, not one survived. Where, the day before, cottage and outhouse and flower-adorned garden had stood, the little lawn where she played, and the grove that sheltered her, there was now a monumental pile of snow, and the rocky path of a torrent; no trace remained, not one survivor to tell the tale. From that night Fanny became a constant inmate of the chateau.

It was Madame de Marville's project to give her a bourgeois education, which would raise her from the hardships of a peasant's life, and yet not elevate her above her natural position in society. She was brought up kindly, but humbly; it was the virtues of her disposition which raised her in the eyes of all around her, not any ill-judged favour of her benefactress. The night of the destruction of her family never passed away from her memory; it set a seal of untimely seriousness on her childish brow, awoke deep thoughts in her infant heart, and a strong resolve that while she lived, her beloved friends should find her, as far as her humble powers admitted, a source of good alone—a reason to rejoice that they had saved her from the destruction that had overwhelmed her family.

Thus Fanny grew up in beauty and in virtue. Her smiles were as the rainbows of her native torrents: her voice, her caresses, her light step, her unalterable sweetness and ceaseless devotion to the wishes of others, made her the idol of the family. Henry, the only child of her protectors, was of her own age, or but a few months her senior. Every time Henry returned from school to visit his

parents, he found Fanny more beautiful, more kind, more attractive than before; and the first passion his youthful heart knew was for the lovely peasant girl, whose virtues sanctified his home. A look, a gesture betrayed his secret to his mother; she turned a hasty glance on Fanny, and saw on her countenance innocence and confidence alone. Half reassured, yet still fearful, Madame de Marville began to reflect on some cure for the threatened evil. She could not bear to send away Fanny; she was solicitous that her son should for the present reside in his home. The lovely girl was perfectly unconscious of the sentiments of the young seigneur; but would she always continue so? and was the burning heart that warmed her gentle bosom to be for ever insensible to the despotic and absorbing emotions of love?

It was with wonder, and a curious mixture of disappointed maternal pride and real gladness, that the lady, at length, discovered a passion dawning in fair Fanny's heart for Louis Chaumont, a peasant some ten years older than herself. It was natural that one with such high wrought feelings as our heroine should love one to whom she could look up, and on whom to depend, rather than her childhood's playmate—the gay thoughtless Henry. Louis's family had been the victim of a moral ruin, as hers of a physical one. They had been oppressed, reduced to poverty, driven from their homes by some feudal tyrant, and had come poor and forlorn from a distant district. His mother, accustomed to a bourgeois' life, died broken-hearted: his father, a man of violent passions, nourished in his own and in his son's heart, sentiments of hatred and revenge against the "proud oppressors of the land." They were obliged to labour hard, yet in the intervals of work, father and son would read or discourse concerning the

ills attendant on humanity, and they traced all to the social system, which made the few, the tyrants of the many.

Louis was handsome, bold, and active; he excelled his compeers in every hardy exercise; his resolution, his eloquence, his daring, made him, in spite of his poverty, a kind of leader among them. He had many faults: he was too full of passion, of the spirit of resistance and revenge; but his heart was kind; his understanding, when not thwarted, strong; and the very depth of his feelings made him keenly susceptible to love. Fanny, in her simple but majestic beauty, in her soft kindness of manner, mingled with the profoundest sensibility, made a deep impression on the young man's heart. His converse, so different and so superior to those of his fellows, won her attention.

Hitherto Fanny had never given utterance to the secrets of her soul. Habitual respect held her silent with Madame, and Henry, as spirited and as heedless as a chamois, could ill understand her; but Louis became the depositary of the many feelings which, piled up in secresy and silence, were half awful to herself; he brought reason, or what he deemed such, to direct her heart-born conclusions. To have heard them talk of life and death, and all its shows, you would have wondered by what freak, philosophy had dressed herself in youth and a peasant's garb, and wandered from the schools to these untaught wilds.

Madame de Marville saw and encouraged this attachment. Louis was not exactly the person she would have selected for Fanny; but he was the only being for whom she had ever evinced a predilection; and, besides, the danger of a misalliance which threatened her own son, rendered her eager to build an insurmountable wall between him and the object of his affections. Thus Fanny enjoyed the heart-gladdening pride of hearing her choice

applauded and praised by the person she most respected and loved in the world. As yet, however, love had been covert; the soul but not the apparent body of their intercourse. Louis was kept in awe by this highminded girl, and Fanny had not yet learned her own secret. It was Henry who made the discovery for them;—Henry, who, with all the impetuosity of his vivacious character, contrived a thousand ways to come between them; who, stung by jealousy to injustice, reviled Louis for his ruin, his poverty, his opinions, and brought the spirit of dissension to disquiet a mind entirely bent, as she imagined, on holy and pure thoughts.

Under this clash of passion, the action of the drama rapidly developed itself, and, for nearly a year, a variety of scenes were acted among these secluded mountains of no interest save to the parties themselves, but to them fateful and engrossing. Louis and Fanny exchanged vows; but that sufficed not. Fanny insisted on the right of treating with uniform kindness the son of her best friend, in spite of his injustice and insolence. The young men were often, during the rural festivals, brought into angry collision. Fanny was the peace-maker: but a woman is the worst possible mediator between her rival lovers. Henry was sometimes irritated to complain to his father of Louis' presumption. The spirit of the French revolution then awakening, rendered a peasant's assumptions peculiarly grating; and it required Madame de Marville's impartial gentleness to prevent Fanny's betrothed, as now he was almost considered, from being farther oppressed.

At length it was decided that Henry should absent himself for a time, and visit Paris. He was enraged in the extreme by what he called his banishment. Noble and generous as he naturally was, love was the tyrant of his soul, and

drove him almost to crime. He entered into a fierce quarrel with his rival on the very eve of his departure: it ended in a scene of violence and bloodshed. No great real harm was done; but Monsieur de Marville, hitherto scarcely kept back from such a measure by his wife, suddenly obtained an order for Louis (his father had died a year before) to quit the territory within twelve hours. Fanny was commanded, as she valued the favour of her friends, to give him up. The young men were both gone before any intercession could avail; and that kind of peace which resembles desolation took possession of the chateau.

Aware of the part she had taken in encouraging Fanny's attachment to her peasant-lover, Madame de Marville did not make herself a party to the tyranny of her husband; she requested only of her protegée to defer any decisive step, and not to quit her guardianship until the return of her son, which was to take place the following year. Fanny consented to such a delay, although in doing so, she had to resist the angry representations of her lover, who exacted that she should quit the roof of his oppressors. It was galling to his proud spirit that she should continue to receive benefits from them, and injurious to his love that she should remain where his rival's name was the constant theme of discourse and the object of interest. Fanny in vain represented her debt of gratitude, the absence of Henry, the impossibility that she could feel any undue sentiment towards the young seigneur; not to hate him was a crime in Louis's eyes; yet how, in spite of his ill conduct, could Fanny hate her childhood's playmate—her brother? His violent passions excited to their utmost height—jealousy and the sense of impotent indignation raging in his heart—Louis swore to revenge himself on the Marvilles—to forget and to abhor his mistress!—his last words were a male-

diction on them, and a violent denunciation of scorn upon her.

"It will all be well yet," thought Fanny, as she strove to calm the tumultuous and painful emotions to which his intemperate passion gave rise. "Not only are storms the birth of the wild elements, but of the heart of man, and we can oppose patience and fortitude alone to their destructive violence. A year will pass—I shall quit the chateau; Louis will acknowledge my truth, and retract his frightful words."

She continued, therefore, to fulfil her duties cheerfully, not permitting her thoughts to dwell on the idea, that, in spite of her struggles, too painfully occupied her—the probability that Louis would in the end renounce or forget her; but committing her cause to the spirit of good, she trusted that its influence would in the end prevail.

She had, however, much to endure; for months passed, and no tidings reached her of Louis. Often she felt sick at heart; often she became the prey of the darkest despair; above all, her tender heart missed the fond attentions of love, the bliss of knowing that she bestowed happiness, and the unrestrained intercourse to which mutual affection had given rise. She cherished hope as a duty, and faith in love, rather than in her unjust and cruelly neglectful lover. It was a hard task, for she had nowhere to turn for consolation or encouragement. Madame de Marville marked with gladness the total separation between them. Now that the danger that threatened her son was averted, she repented having been influential in producing an attachment between Fanny and one whom she deemed unworthy of her. She redoubled her kindness, and, in the true continental fashion, tried to get up a match between her and

some one among her many and more prosperous admirers. She failed, but did not despair, till she saw the poor girl's cheek grow pale and her vivacity desert her, as month after month passed away, and the very name of Louis appeared to be forgotten by all except herself.

The stirring and terrible events that took place at this time in France added to Fanny's distress of mind. She had been familiarized to the discussion of the theories, now attempted to be put in practice, by the conversations of Chaumont. As each fresh account brought information of the guilty and sanguinary acts of men whose opinions were the same as those of her lover, her fears on his account increased. In a few words I shall hurry over this part of her story. Switzerland became agitated by the same commotions as tore the near kingdom. The peasantry rose in tumult; acts of violence and blood were committed; at first at a distance from her retired valley, but gradually approaching its precincts, until at last the tree of liberty was set up in the neighbouring village. Monsieur de Marville was an aristocrat of the most bigoted species. In vain was the danger represented to him, and the unwarlike state of his retinue. He armed them—he hurried down—he came unawares on the crowd who were proclaiming the triumph of liberty, rather by feasting than force. On the first attack, they were dispersed, and one or two among them were wounded; the pole they had gathered round was uprooted, the emblematic cap trampled to the earth. The governor returned victorious to his chateau.

This act of violence on his part seemed the match to fire a train of organized resistance to his authority, of which none had dreamt before. Strangers from other cantons thronged into the valley; rustic labours were cast aside;

popular assemblies were held, and the peasants exercised in the use of arms. One was coming to place himself at their head, it was said, who had been a party in the tumults at Geneva. Louis Chaumont was coming—the champion of liberty, the sworn enemy of M. de Marville. The influence of his presence soon became manifest. The inhabitants of the chateau were, as it were, besieged. If one ventured beyond a certain limit he was assailed by stones and knives. It was the resolve of Louis that all within its walls should surrender themselves to his mercy. What that might be, the proud curl of his lip and the fire that glanced from his dark eyes rendered scarcely problematic. Fanny would not believe the worst of her lover, but Monsieur and Madame de Marville, no longer restrained by any delicacy, spoke of the leveller in unmeasured terms of abhorrence, comparing him to the monsters who then reigned in France, while the danger they incurred through him added a bitter sting to their words. The peril grew each day; famine began to make its appearance in the chateau; while the intelligence which some of the more friendly peasants brought was indicative of preparations for a regular attack of the most formidable nature. A summons at last came from the insurgents. They were resolved to destroy the emblem of their slavery—the feudal halls of their tyrants. They declared their intention of firing the chateau the next day, and called on all within to deliver themselves up, if they would not be buried in its ruins. They offered their lives and free leave to depart to all, save the governor himself, who must place himself unconditionally at the mercy of their leader—"The wretch," exclaimed his lady, "who thirsts for your blood! Fly! if there is yet time for flight; we, you see, are safe. Fly! nor suffer these cruel dastards to boast of having murdered you."

M. de Marville yielded to these entreaties and representations. He had sent for a military force to aid him—it had been denied; he saw that he himself, as the detested person, was the cause of danger to his family. It was therefore agreed that he should seek a chalêt situated on a mountain ten leagues distant, where he might lie concealed till his family joined him. Accordingly, in a base disguise, he quitted at midnight the walls he was unable to defend; a miserable night for the unfortunate beings left behind. The coming day was to witness the destruction of their home; and they, beggars in the world, were to wander through the inhospitable mountains, till, with caution and terror, they could unobserved reach the remote and miserable chalêt, and learn the fate of the unhappy fugitive. It was a sleepless night for all. To add to Madame's agony, she knew that her son's life was in danger in Paris—that he had been denounced—and though yet untaken, his escape was still uncertain. From the turret of the castle, that, situated high on a rock, commanded the valley below, she sat the livelong night watching for every sound—fearful of some shout, some report of fire-arms, which would announce the capture of her husband. It was September; the nights were chill; pale and trembling, she saw day break over the hills. Fanny had busied herself during these anxious hours by preparing for their departure; the terrified domestics had already fled; she, the lady, and the old lame gardener were all that remained. At dawn she brought forth the mule, and harnessed him to the rude vehicle which was to convey them to their place of refuge. Whatever was most valuable in the chateau had already been sent away long before, or was secreted; a few necessaries alone she provided. And now she ascended the turret stairs, and stood before her protectress, announcing that all was ready,

and that they must depart. At this last moment, Madame de Marville appeared deprived of strength; she strove to rise—she sank to the ground in a fit. Forgetful of her deserted state, Fanny called aloud for help, and then her heart beat wildly, as a quick, youthful step was heard on the stairs. Who could he be? would *he* come to insult their wretchedness—he, the author of their wo? The first glance changed the object of her terror. Henry flew to his mother's side, and, with broken exclamations and agitated questions, demanded an explanation of what he saw. He had fled for safety to the habitation of his parents—he found it deserted; the first voice he heard was that of Fanny crying for help—the first sight that presented itself was his mother, to all appearance dead, lying on the floor of the turret. Her recovery was followed by brief explanations, and a consultation of how his safety was to be provided for. The name of Chaumont excited his bitterest execrations. With a soldier's haughty resolve, he was darting from the castle, to meet and to wreak vengeance on his rival. His mother threw herself at his feet, clasping his knees, calling wildly on him not to desert her. Fanny's gentle, sweet voice was of more avail to calm his passion. "Chevalier," she said, "it is not thus that you must display your courage or protect the helpless. To encounter yonder infuriated mob would be to run on certain death; you must preserve yourself for your family—you must have pity on your mother, who cannot survive you. Be guided by me, I beseech you."

Henry yielded to her voice, and a more reasonable arrangement took place. The departure of Madame de Marville and Fanny was expected at the village, and a pledge had been given that they should proceed unmolested. But deeply had the insurgents sworn, that if the governor

or his son (whose arrival in the chateau had been suspected) attempted to escape with them, they should be immediately sacrificed to *justice*. No disguise would suffice—the active observation of their enemies was known. Every inhabitant of the castle had been numbered—the fate of each ascertained, save that of the two most detested—the governor, whose flight had not been discovered, and his son, whose arrival was so unexpected and ill-timed. As still they consulted, a beat to arms was heard in the valley below: it was the signal that the attack on the empty castle walls would soon begin. There was no time for delay or hesitation; Henry placed himself at the bottom of the charrette; straw and a variety of articles were heaped upon him; the two women ascended in trepidation; and the old gardener sat in front and held the reins.

In consequence of the disturbed state of the districts through which they were to pass,—where the appearance of one of the upper classes excited the fiercest enmity, and frightful insult, if not death, was their sure welcome,—Madame and her friend assumed a peasant's garb. And thus they wound their way down the steep; the unhappy lady weeping bitterly—Fanny, with tearless eyes, but with pale cheek and compressed lips, gazing for the last time on the abode which had been her refuge when, in helpless infancy, she was left an orphan—where kindness and benevolence had waited on her, and where her days had passed in innocence and peace. "And he drives us away!—him, whom I loved—whom I love!—O misery!"

They reached the foot of the eminence on which the chateau was placed, and proceeded along the road which led directly through the village. With the approach of danger, vain regrets were exchanged for a lively sense of

fear in the bosom of the hapless mother, and for the exertion of her courage and forethought in Fanny's more energetic mind. They passed a peasant or two, who uttered a malediction or imprecation on them as they went; then groups of two or three, who were even more violent in gesture and menace; when suddenly the sound of many steps came on their ears, and, at a turn of the road, they met Chaumont with a band of about twenty disciplined men.

"Fear not," he said to Madame de Marville; "I will protect you from danger till you are beyond the village."

With a shriek, the lady, in answer, threw herself in Fanny's arms, crying, "He is here!—save me!—he will murder us."

"Fear not, Madame—he dares not injure you. Begone, Louis! insult us not by your presence. Begone! I say."

Fanny spoke angrily. She had not adopted this tone, but that the lady's terror, and the knowledge that even then the young soldier crouched at their feet, burnt to spring up and confront his enemy, made her use an authority which a woman always imagines that a lover dare not resist.

"I do not insult you," repeated Chaumont—"I save you. I have no quarrel with the lady; tyrants alone need fear me. You are not safe without my escort. Do not you, false girl, irritate me. I have ensured her escape; but yours—you are in my power."

A violent movement at the bottom of the charrette called forth all Fanny's terrors.

"Take me!" she cried; "do with me what you please; but you dare not, you cannot raise a finger against the innocent. Begone, I say! let me never see you more!"

"You are obeyed. On you fall the consequences."

Thus, after many months of separation, did Fanny and her lover meet. She had purposed when she should see him to make an appeal to his better nature—his reason; she had meant to use her all-persuasive voice to recall him from the dangerous path he was treading. Several times, indeed, since his arrival in the valley, she had endeavoured to obtain an interview with him, but he dreaded her influence: he had resolved on revenge, and he feared to be turned back. But now the unexpected presence of his rival robbed her of her self-possession, and forced her to change her plans. She saw frightful danger in their meeting, and all her endeavours were directed to the getting rid of her lover.

Louis and his companions proceeded towards the chateau, while the charrette of the fugitives moved on in the opposite direction. They met many a ferocious group, who were rushing forward to aid in the destruction of their home; and glad they were, in that awful hour, that any object had power to divert the minds of their enemies from attention to themselves. The road they pursued wound through the valley; the precipitous mountain on one side, a brawling stream on the other. Now they ascended higher and now again descended in their route, while the road, broken by the fall of rocks, intersected by torrents, which tore their way athwart it, made their progress slow. To get beyond the village was the aim of their desires; when, lo! just as they came upon it, and were in the very midst of its population, which was pouring towards the castle, suddenly the charrette sank in a deep rut; it half upset, and every spoke in the wheel giving way rendered the vehicle wholly useless.

"Mais, descendez donc, mesdames," said a peasant; "il faut bien marcher."

Fanny had indeed, already sprung to the ground to

examine what hope remained: there was none. "Grand Dieu! nous sommes perdues!" were the first words that escaped her, while her friend stood aghast, trembling, almost insensible, knowing that the hope of her life, the existence of her son, depended on these miserable moments.

A peasant who owed Fanny some kindness now advanced, and in a kind of cavalier way, as if to blemish as much as he could the matter of his offer by its manner, told them, that, for the pleasure of getting rid of the aristocrats, he would lend his car—there it was, let them quickly bestow their lading in it and pursue their way. As he spoke, he caught up a box, and began the transfer from one car to the other.

"No, no!" cried Madame de Marville, as, with a scream, she sprang forward and grasped the arm of the man as he was in the very act of discovering her son's hiding-place. "We will accept nothing from our base enemies!—Begone with your offers! we will die here, rather than accept any thing from such *canaille*."

The word was electric. The fierce passions of the mob, excited by the mischief they were about to perpetrate, now burst like a stream into this new channel. With violent execrations they rushed upon the unfortunate woman: they would have torn her from the car, but already her son had sprung from his hiding-place, and striking a violent blow at the foremost assailant, checked for a moment their brutal outrages. Then again, with a yell, such as the savage Indians alone could emulate, they rushed on their prey. Mother and son were torn asunder, and cries of "A bas les aristocrats!"—"A la lanterne!" declared too truly their sanguinary designs.

At this moment, Louis appeared—Louis, whose fears for Fanny had overcome his indignation, and who re-

turned to guard her; while she, perceiving him, with a burst of joy, called on him to rescue her friends. His cry of "Arretez-vous!" was loud and distinct amidst the uproar. It was obeyed; and then first he beheld his rival, his oppressor, his enemy in his power. At first, rage inflamed every feature, to be replaced by an expression of triumph and implacable hatred. Fanny caught the fierce glance of his eye, and grew pale. She trembled as, trying to be calm, she said, "Yes, you behold he is here.—And you must save him—and your own soul. Rescue him from death, and be blest that your evil career enables you at least to perform this one good action."

For a moment Louis seemed seeking for a word, as a man, meaning to stab, may fumble for his dagger's hilt, unable in his agitation to grasp his weapon.

"My friends," at length he said, "let the women depart—we have promised it. Ye may deal with the young aristocrat according to his merits."

"A la lanterne!" burst in response from a hundred voices.

"Let his mother first depart!"

Could it be Louis that spoke these words, and had she loved this man? To appeal to him was to rouse a tiger from his lair. Another thought darted into Fanny's mind; she scarcely knew what she said or did: but already knives were drawn; already, with a thrill of horror, she thought she saw the blood of her childhood's playmate spilt like water on the earth. She rushed forward—she caught the upraised arm of one—"He is no aristocrat!" she cried; "he is my husband!—Will you murder one who, forgetting his birth, his duty, his honour, has married a peasant girl—one of yourselves?"

Even this appeal had little effect upon the mob; but it strangely affected her cruel lover. Grasping her arm with

iron fingers, he cried, "Is this tale true? Art thou married to that man—his wife?"

"Even so!"—the words died on her lips as she strove to form them, terrified by their purport, and the effect they might produce. An inexplicable expression passed over Chaumont's face; the fierceness that jealousy had engendered for a moment was exalted almost to madness, and then faded wholly away. The stony heart within him softened at once. A tide of warm, human, and overpowering emotion flowed into his soul: he looked on her he had loved even to guilt and crime, on her whom he had lost for ever; and tears rushed into his eyes, as he saw her gasping, trembling before him—at his mercy.

"Fear not," at last he said; "fear neither for him nor yourself.—Poor girl! so young, you shall not lose all—so young, you shall not become a widow.—He shall be saved!"

Yet it was no easy task, even for him, to stem the awakened passions of the blood-thirsty mob. He had spent many an hour in exciting them against their seigneurs, and now at once to control the violence to which he had given rise seemed impossible. Yet his energy, his strong will overcame all opposition. They should pierce the chevalier's heart, he swore, through his alone. He prevailed—the fugitives were again seated in their car. He took the rein of their mule, and saying to his comrades "Attendez moi," he led them out of the village. All were silent; Fanny knew not what to say, and surprise held the others mute. Louis went with them until a turn in the road hid them from the view of the village. What his thoughts were, none could guess: he looked calm, as resigning the rein into the chevalier's hands, he gently wished them "Bon voyage," touching his hat in reply to their salutations.

They moved on, and Fanny looked back to catch a last view of her lover: he was standing where they left him, when suddenly, instead of returning on his steps into the village, she saw him with rapid strides ascend the mountain side, taking a well-known path that conducted him away from the scene of his late exploits. His pace was that of a man flying from pursuers—soon he was lost to sight.

Astonishment still kept the fugitives silent, as they pursued their way; and when at last joy broke forth, and Madame de Marville, rejoicing in their escape, embraced again and again her son, he with the softest tenderness thanked Fanny for his life: she answered not, but withdrawing to the furthest part of the charrette, wept bitterly.

Late that night, they reached the destined chalêt, and found Monsieur de Marville arrived. It was a half-ruined miserable habitation perched among the snows, cold and bare; food was ill to be obtained, and danger breathed around them. Fanny attended on them with assiduous care, but she never spoke of the scene in the village; and though she strove to look the same, Henry never addressed her but her cheeks grew white, and her voice trembled. She could not divine her distant lover's thoughts, but she knew that he believed her married to another; and that other, earnestly though she strove to rule her feelings, became an object of abhorrence to her.

Three weeks they passed in this wretched abode; three weeks replete with alarm, for the district around was in arms, and the life of Monsieur de Marville loudly threatened. They never slept but they dreaded the approach of the murderers; food they had little, and the inclement season visited them roughly. Fanny seemed to feel no inconvenience; her voice was cheerful: to console, en-

courage, and assist her friends appeared to occupy her whole heart. At length one night they were roused by a violent knocking at the door of their hut: Monsieur de Marville and Henry were on their feet in a moment, seizing their weapons as they rose. It was a domestic of their own, come to communicate the intelligence that the troubles were over, that the legal government had reasserted its authority, and invited the governor to return to Berne.

They descended from their mountain refuge, and the name of Louis hovered on Fanny's lips, but she spoke it not. He seemed everywhere forgotten. It was not until some time afterwards that she ascertained the fact, that he had never been seen or heard of, since he had parted from her on the morning of their escape. The villagers had waited for him in vain; they suspended their designs, for they all depended upon him; but he came not.

Monsieur and Madame de Marville returned to their chateau with their son, but Fanny remained behind. She would not inhabit the same roof as Henry; she recoiled even from receiving further benefits from his parents. What could she do? Louis would doubtless discover the falsehood of her marriage, but he dared not return; and even if he communicated with her, even though yet she loved him, could she unite herself with one accused too truly of the most frightful crimes? At first, these doubts agitated her, but by degrees they faded as oblivion closed over Chaumont's name—and he came not and she heard not of him, and he was as dead to her. Then the memory of the past revived in her heart; her love awoke with her despair; his mysterious flight became the sole occupation of her thoughts: time rolled on and brought its changes. Madame de Marville died—Henry was united to another—Fanny remained, to her own thoughts, alone in the world.

A relation, who lived at Soubiaco, sent for her, and there she went to take up her abode. In vain she strove to wean herself from the memory of Louis—her love for him haunted her soul.

There was war in Europe, and every man was converted into a soldier; the country was thinned of its inhabitants, and each victory or defeat brought a new conscription. At length peace came again, and its return was celebrated with rejoicing. Many a soldier returned to his home—and one came back who had no home. A man, evidently suffering from recent wounds, way-worn, and sick, asked for hospitality at Fanny's cottage; it was readily afforded, and he sat at her cottage fire, and removed his cap from his brows. His person was bent—his cheeks fallen in—yet those eyes of fire, that quick animated look, which almost brought the bright expression of youth back into his face, could never be forgotten. Fanny gazed almost in alarm, and then in joy, and at last, in her own sweet voice, she said, "Et toi, Louis—tu aussi es de retour."

Louis had endured many a sorrow and many a hardship, and, most of all, he had been called on to wage battle with his own fierce spirit. The rage and hate which he had sedulously nourished suddenly became his tormentors and his tyrants—at the moment that love, before too closely allied to them, emancipated itself from their control. Love, which is the source of all that is most generous and noble in our nature, of self-devotion and of high intent, separated from the alloy he had blended with it, asserted its undivided power over him—strange that it should be so, at the moment that he believed that he had lost her he loved for ever!

All his plans had been built for revenge. He would

destroy the family that oppressed him—unbuild, stone by stone, the proud abode of their inheritance—he would be the sole refuge and support of his mistress in exile and in poverty. He had entered upon his criminal career with this design alone, and with the anticipation of ending all by heaping benefits and the gifts of fortune upon Fanny. The very steps he had taken, he now believed to be those that occasioned his defeat. He had lost her—the lovely and the good—he had lost her by proving unworthy—yet not so unworthy was he as to make her the victim of his crimes. The family he had vowed to ruin was now hers, and every injury that befel them visited her; to save her he must unweave his pernicious webs—to keep her scatheless, his dearest designs must fall to the ground.

A veil seemed rent before his eyes—he had fled, for he would not assist in the destruction of her fortunes—he had not returned, for it was torture to him to know that she lived, the wife of another. He entered the French army—but in every change his altered feelings pursued him, and to prove himself worthy of her he had lost, was the constant aim of his ambition. His excellent conduct led to his promotion, and yet mishap still waited on him. He was wounded, even dangerously, and became so incapable of service as to be forced to solicit his dismission. This had occurred at the end of a hard campaign in Germany, and his intention was to pass into Italy, where a friend, with whom he had formed an intimacy in the army, promised to procure him some employment under government. He passed through Soubiaco in his way, and, ignorant of its occupiers, had asked for hospitality in his mistress's cottage.

If guilt can be expiated by repentance and reform, as is the best lesson of religion, Louis had expiated his. If con-

stancy in love deserve reward, these lovers deserved that, which they reaped, in the happiness consequent on their union. Her image, side by side with all that is good in our nature, had dwelt in his heart; which thus became a shrine at which he sacrificed every evil passion. It was a greater bliss than he had ever dared to anticipate, to find, that in so doing, he had at the same time been conducing to the welfare of her he loved, and that the lost and idolized being whom he worshipped founded the happiness of her life upon his return to virtue, and the constancy of his affection.

SONNET.

BY EDWARD MOXON.

My love she is a lowly but sweet flower,
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance and such modesty,
That I e'er sanctify that precious hour
When first my eyes her worshippers became.
He who hath mark'd the opening rose in spring
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For fortune if I struggle, or for fame,
'T is that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark black hair,
And darker eyes. My only wish to share
The sumless sums low sunk beneath the sea,
Is, that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

A NIGHT SCENE.

BY MARY S.

I SEE thee not, my gentlest Isabel;
Ambrosial night, with her mysterious spell,
Has woven shadows thick before thy face,
Drawing impervious veils athwart the space
That does divide us; thy bright eyes alone
A lucid beam into the dark have thrown,
Till the long lashes and the downcast lid
Quench it again, and the bright orbs are hid.
I see thee not: the touch of thy soft hand,
And thy deep sighs, fraught with emotion bland,
Are to my sense the only outward signs
That on that couch my Isabel reclines.
I see yon brilliant star and waving tree,
Through which its beams rain down inconstantly;
I see ten thousand of those radiant flowers
Which shed light on us in dim silver showers,
High in the glorious heavens; I see full well
All other forms—not thine, my Isabel.
Sweet Mystery! I know that thou art there—
I scent the fragrance of thy silken hair;
The lines that do encircle thee I trace;
That spot is hallow'd by thy lovely face;
Thy woman's form, in soft voluptuousness,
Enriches vacant air in yon recess;
Yet to my eyes no sign of thee appears,
And the drear blank suggests a thousand fears.

Speak, Isabel!—And yet not thus were broken
The cruel spell—for have not spirits spoken?
Are then thine eyes no nearer than that star,
Which unattainably doth shine afar?
Thy voice as immaterial as the wind
That murmurs past, yet leaves no form behind?
And is the visiting of this soft gale,
Rich with the odours of the flow'rets pale,
Which sweeps my bosom with delicious fanning,
My thrilling limbs with arms aerial spanning,
Is it as truly real, as warmly glowing
As thy dear form, rich with the life-tide flowing?
Ah, darling, quick thine arms around me throw,
Press thy warm lips upon my night-cool brow,
In thy dark eyes thy fair soul I must read—
One kiss, sweet heaven, 'tis Isabel indeed!

THE DEATH SONG.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

Are the roses all faded, that thus you should wear
A wreath from the dark cypress tree in your hair?
Are the violets wither'd, that funeral green
Should thus mid your long golden tresses be seen?

Come, maiden, the evening's last crimson has dyed
With the hue of its blushes the pearls at your side;
And wreath'd flowers like summer's are bright in each fold
Of the white robe whose border is heavy with gold.

Oh father, my father, now urge me no more;
No footstep of mine will be light on the floor;
The shroud cold and white is the robe I shall wear:
Now look on my face, is not death written there?

It came on the night wind, it came in the hour,
When the planet shines forth and the spirit has power:
I heard the sad music that wailing past by;
It call'd me, my father, it call'd me to die.

I heard that wild singing the night that she died,
My own gentle sister, her last sigh replied:
Again I have listen'd that funeral tone;
I knew 't was the death song, I knew 't was my own.

I am weeping, but not for this summons, my tears
They fall for your lonely, your desolate years:
I see the old hearth, but its gladness is gone;
I see the green forest, you walk there alone.

By the side of my sister's they 'll hang up my lute,
But, unless the wind wake them, henceforth to be mute.
Our vault will be open'd with torch-light and song;
We must part there, my father, we part not for long.

They say to the words of the dying are given
A spirit that is not of earth, but of heaven.
Be strong in thy sorrow, and meek in thy pain:
My father, we meet, and for ever, again.

REMORSE,

A FRAGMENT,

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

No weapon can such deadly wounds impart
As conscience, roused, inflicts upon the heart.

"Postilion," cried a feeble but sweet voice, "turn to your right when you have ascended the hill, and stop, as I intend to walk up the lane."

The postilion obeyed the command, and with more gentleness than is often to be met with in his station, opened the chaise door, and, having first given his hand to her female attendant to alight, assisted a pale and languid, but still eminently beautiful woman, whose trembling limbs seemed scarcely equal to the task of supporting her attenuated frame.

"Be so good as to remain here until I return," said the lady, who, leaning on the arm of her attendant, proceeded through the leafy lane, the branches of whose verdant boundaries were animated by a thousand warbling birds sending forth their notes of joy. But ill did those gay notes accord with the feelings of her who traced this rural walk, every turn of which recalled bitter remembrances.

On reaching the gate that opened into the pleasure-grounds of Clairville, the stranger was obliged to pause and take breath, in order to regain some degree of composure before she could enter it. There are some objects and incidents, which, though comparatively trifling, have

a powerful effect on the feelings, and this the unknown experienced when, pressing the secret spring of the gate, which readily yielded to her touch, with a hurried but tottering pace, she entered the grounds. Here, feeling the presence of her attendant a restraint—who, though an Italian utterly ignorant of English, as also of the early history of her mistress, was yet observant of her visible emotion, and affectionately anxious to soothe it—she desired her to remain at the gate until her return. In vain Francesca urged that the languid frame of her dear lady was unequal to support the exertion of walking without the assistance of her arm; with a firm but kind manner her mistress declared her intention of proceeding alone.

It was ten years since the feet of the wanderer had pressed the velvet turf over which they now slowly bent their course. She was then glowing with youth and health; happy, and dispensing happiness around; but, alas! Love, guilty Love! spread his bandage over her eyes, blinded her to the fatal realities of the abyss into which he was about to plunge her, and, in honied accents, whispered in her infatuated ear a thousand bland promises of bliss to come. How were those promises performed? and what was she now? She returned to this once cherished spot with a mind torn by remorse, and a form bowed down by disease. She returned with the internal conviction that death had laid his icy grasp on her heart, and that a few days at most, if not a few hours, must terminate her existence. But this conviction, far from giving her pain, was regarded by her as a source of consolation; and this last earthly indulgence—that of viewing the abode of her children—she did not feel herself worthy of enjoying, until conscious that her hours were numbered.

She proceeded through the beautiful grounds, every

mazy path and graceful bend of which was familiar to her, as if seen the day before. Many of the improvements suggested by her taste, and still preserved with care, brought back heart-sickening recollections of love and confidence, repaid with deception and ingratitude; and though supported by the consolations of religion, which led her humbly to hope that her remorse and penitence had been accepted by *Him* who has promised mercy to the repentant sinner; yet her heart shrunk within her, as memory presented her with the review of her transgressions, and she almost feared to hope for pardon.

When she had reached a point of the grounds that commanded a prospect of the house, how were her feelings excited by a view of that well known, well remembered scene! Every thing wore the same appearance as when that mansion owned her for its mistress; the house had still the same aspect of substantial grandeur and repose, and the level lawn the same velvet texture, and the trees, shrubs, and flowers, the same blooming freshness, as when she daily beheld their beauties. She, she alone was changed. Time was, that those doors would have been opened wide to receive her, and that her presence would have dispensed joy and pleasure to every individual beneath that roof; while now, her very name would excite only painful emotions, and its sound must be there heard no more. Another bore the title she once was proud to bear, supplying the place she had abandoned, and worthily discharging the duties she had left unperformed.

She gazed on the windows of the apartment in which she first became a mother, and all the tide of tenderness that then burst on her heart now came back to her, poisoned with the bitter consciousness of how she had fulfilled a mother's part. Those children dearer to her than

the life-drops that throbbed in her veins, were now beneath that roof, receiving from another that affection and instruction that it should have been her blissful task to have given them, and never, never must she hope to clasp them to her agonized heart.

At this moment she saw the door of the house open, and a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman crossed the lawn; he pressed the hand that reposed on his arm gently between his and raised it to his lips, while his fair companion placed her other hand on his with all the tender confidence of affection. In this apparently happy couple the agonised unknown recognised him whom she once joyed to call husband, the father of her children, the partner whom she had betrayed and deserted; and her, whom he had chosen for her successor, who now bore the name she once answered to, and who was now discharging the duties she had violated. Religion and repentance had in her so conquered the selfishness of human nature, that after the first pang, and it was a bitter one, had passed away, she returned thanks with heartfelt fervour to the Author of all good, that it was permitted her to see him, whose repose she feared she had for ever destroyed, enjoying that happiness he so well merited; and ardent was the prayer she offered up, that a long continuance of it might be his lot, and that his present partner might repay him for all the pain caused by her misconduct.

She now turned into a shady walk, anxious to regain the support of her attendant's arm, which she felt her exhausted frame required, when the sounds of approaching voices warned her to conceal herself. Scarcely had she retired behind the shade of a luxuriant mass of laurels, when a youthful group drew near, the very sight of whom agitated her almost to fainting, and sent

the blood back to her heart with a violence that threatened instant annihilation.

The group consisted of two lovely girls, their governess, and a blooming youth, on whom the two girls leant. Every turn of their healthful and beautiful countenances was expressive of joy and health; and their elastic and buoyant steps seemed scarcely to touch the turf, as, arm linked in arm, they passed along. The youngest, a rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years old, begged her companions to pause while she examined a bird's nest which she said she feared the parent-bird had forsaken; and this gave the heart-stricken mother, for those were the children of the unknown, an opportunity of regarding the treasures her soul yearned to embrace. How did her bosom throb at beholding those dear faces—faces so often presented to her in her troubled dreams!—Alas! they were now near her—she might, by extending her hand, touch them—she could almost feel their balmy breaths fan her feverish cheek, and yet it was denied her to approach them. All the pangs of maternal affection struck on her heart; her brain grew giddy, her respiration became oppressed, and, urged by all the frenzy of a distracted mother, she was on the point of rushing from her concealment, and prostrating herself before her children.

But this natural though selfish impulse was quickly subdued, when a moment's reflection whispered to her, will you purchase your own temporary gratification at the expense of those dear beings whom you have so deeply injured? Will you plant in their innocent breasts an impression bitter and indelible? The Mother triumphed over the Woman, and, trembling with emotion, she prayed that those cherished objects might pass from her view, while yet she had strength and courage to enable her to persevere in her self-denial.

At this moment the little girl exclaimed, "Ah! my fears were too true; the cruel bird has deserted her nest, and here are the poor little ones nearly dead! What shall we do with them?"

"Let us carry them to our dear mamma," said the elder girl; "she will be sure to take care of them, as she says we should always pity and protect the helpless and forsaken."

The words of the children struck daggers to the heart of their wretched mother. For a moment she struggled against the blow, and, making a last effort, tried to reach the spot where she had left her attendant; but nature was exhausted, and she had only tottered a few paces, when, uttering a groan of anguish, she fell to the earth bereft of life, just as Francesca arrived to see her unhappy mistress breathe her last sigh.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY A LADY.

The music springs from thy calm breast
  Like Venus from the sea;
Her birth lull'd storm and surge to rest,
  So might thy minstrelsy.

But yet that minstrelsy exerts
  More sweet, more solemn power,
Hushing the storms in human hearts,
  E'en in their mightiest hour.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHOM THE AUTHOR ADVISED TO POSTPONE HER INTENDED VISIT TO GERMANY.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER, D. D.

Cold, lady, comes the autumn shower,
And rudely howls the northern blast;
Close folds its breast each lingering flower,
While frailer leaves fall sere and fast.
Along the winding banks of Rhine
The fisher seeks his wintry shed;
Neglected crawls the cowering vine,
Like hope which time has withered.

Stay, then, till spring, with magic glow,
Those ever-changing banks relume;
And, joyous, leave her couch of snow
For violet beds and roses' bloom;
Then may you bend your rival way,
Mid scenes delighted Romans saw,
Through Bacharach's moon-lit ruins stray,
Or climb the hills of gay Nassau.

The airs that through those gardens break
Shall round your walk in odours sigh;
The pallid roses of your cheek
Shall blush with deeper, healthier dye.
And then shall meet your raptured view
A scene no mimic art can trace,
The mountains brown, the waters blue,
The shroudless charms of nature's face.

When evening dims yon haggard tower,
There will the bird of terror wail;
And here, in beauty's mantled bower,
Soft mourns the widow'd nightingale;

Light floats the bark from isle to isle,
  While from the chariot road above,
To willing ear and answering smile,
  The youthful poet pleads his love.

Sweet as they course along the Rhine,
  Dear lady, may thy life's course be;
Home's best affections still be thine,
  And peace for ever dwell with thee!

SONG.

BY MRS. GODWIN.

When I'm no more, this harp that rings
  With passion's tones profound,
Shall hang with mute and shiver'd strings
  O'er my sepulchral mound.

Then as the breeze of night steals o'er
  Its lone and ruin'd frame,
Seeking the music that of yore
  To greet its murmurs came,

Some voice amid the gay and great
  May heedlessly inquire,
If rumour's tongue e'er told the fate
  Of minstrel or of lyre.

Some spirit midst the festive throng
  May turn awhile from mirth,
To muse upon a child of song
  Departed from the earth.

O Memory! be thy unction blest
  Pour'd then around my bed,
Like balm that haunts the rose's breast
  When all her bloom hath fled.

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING HUSBAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

It is said, that there are realities in life more sad and wild than the boldest inventions of fancy; and when they occur at the gate almost of the calm dwelling, and near the happy fire-side, they startle us far more than if met with in wilder scenes, on the stormy wave, or on the desert shore. Yet the wave and the bold shore were not wanting in the strange scene of the following tale, which is perfectly authentic, and occurred in the year 1812, in the mining district of the west of Cornwall.

The shafts or excavations from which the rich ores were drawn, bordered, in some parts, so closely on the sea, as to be carried here and there even under its bed: the miners often heard the rushing of the waves above their heads, and the howling of the winds: these sounds changed according to the weather. It is surprising with what distinctness noises are wafted, even in the very bowels of the earth. When seated in their intervals of leisure on the rocks they had just hewn asunder, these lonely men could distinctly hear the murmur of the waves, a few fathoms only above them, and their quick dash on the cliffs. On the face of these lofty cliffs some of the workings were carried, by which the ore was borne above, and the weight was seen moving in mid air over the dizzy rocks, even when the tempest was wildest, for the men were fearless and enterprising: but the immediate scene of the tale lies a little remoter from the beach, and farther up the vale. The desert valley where Sindbad found his diamonds was not more unsightly

Painted by R. P. Bonnington.

Engraved by W. Miller.

SEA-SHORE, CORNWALL.

than this place. Nature was all withered up; the blackened piles that lay around were as cheerless as so many tombs; not the tombs where the wild flower and the grass have gathered, but like those of the suicide, cursed and forsaken. Crowds of human beings, from the child to the old man, were busily toiling here; the voices that rung around, and were echoed by the caverns in the rocks, were gay and loud; and many a song was sung, for dearly they loved their work. There was something fascinating, no doubt, to all their minds in this wild and bold pursuit of riches; for the miners prefer infinitely to hold the smallest share in the fruits of their discoveries, rather than accept the highest regular wages. I have seen the common men stand and point to the heaps thickening around them, with as much pride and triumph as a soldier would display in pointing to the field of his victory; then, folding his hands on his breast, the miner would gaze on the scene in silence, and calculate fondly the probable gains, while his little home, filled with added comforts and luxuries, his wife and children, handsomely attired, rose before his eye: it was a beautiful speculation!

In the mouth of August, one of the chief directors of this mine of Poldice, by name Captain William Nicholas, went under ground in his accustomed duty, to see how the work advanced, and view the several pitches or tracts of earth that were then being excavated. He had been to the bottom levels, and was on his way up, when he called at one of the pitches that was worked by two men: it was the last he had to enter, and was at the depth of about twenty-three fathoms from the surface.

There is generally in a mine, as in a ship's crew, one man at least, more noted for his wit and intelligence than his comrades, and a kind of oracle among them. Pascoe,

one of the two, was an old man, and celebrated for his almost inexhaustible fund of stories, and jokes, and conversation. His earlier life had been passed at sea, and he had wandered to many parts of the world, and his memory retained most that he had seen. Their habits of life, that often place these miners in lonely groups in the bowels of the earth during the whole day or night, of necessity make them social and communicative. Pascoe was a treasure to these men, and glad was the party who could get him among them.

The battle of Salamanca had just been fought, and Captain Nicholas was very desirous, ere he ascended, to have some talk with the old man, for he had been in Spain. Fate does not leave its victim sometimes without kindly whisperings, that if obeyed would save. More than once he felt a strange reluctance to stop, and again mounted the ladder to go to his home, where his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was expecting him. But curiosity prevailed, and he turned aside towards the spot, which he soon after entered, where the two miners were now eating their repast and conversing; he stuck his candle against the wall and sat down beside the old man. He bade the other go above ground; he was a young man, the son of Pascoe: and he said afterwards, that as he was leaving the spot at his captain's bidding, Nicholas turned to him with a singular smile, and observed, he did not know what was come over him, but believed that his dream the night before had brought a gloom upon his mind; that he thought he was buried in a vast tomb in the middle of the earth, and the waves were rushing all around him, and his lonely candle that he held in his hand never went out. The miners are a very superstitious people, and often have omens and warnings of their fatal mischances. He

had been married but one year to a young and handsome woman, and was himself in the prime of life, being much esteemed for the gentleness and kindness of his manners, and his skill in the conduct of the mine. His dwelling was on the side of the hill that fell abruptly into this wild valley: in spite of the sea-winds and the soil, he had raised a sweet little garden in front, and from his windows could overlook every part of the busy scene beneath. Here she was often seated, watching for his coming—for the moment when he rose out of the shaft, with his candle flickering in his hand at the sudden gleam of day, his large flannel garments dripping with water, and the face pallid with the damps of the region below.

Their attachment was of many years' duration, and was hopeless till he received this appointment; and then they repaired joyful to their lonely dwelling, to which the stranger's foot seldom came. A chance relative, or a friend, at long intervals, would call and taste of their hospitality, and look wistfully on the waste scene around: he did not envy them. The vale had few exciting sights or sounds, save that, in the dead of winter—for it was a dangerous shore—the signal-gun was fired, and the alarm-lights hoisted, of some vessel driving on the cliffs; and they could hear the shrieks of despair, and see the wreck drifting, not far from their walls. But for the excitement of his profession, and its strong contrasts, the mind of Nicholas might have wearied also of the scene; but no Arab of the desert felt keener joy, as the lonely palm and the fountain met his eye afar off, than Nicholas did, in the midst of his gloomy toils, as the hour of his ascent to his loved home approached. And when he sat there beside the fire, and his wife was nigh, and bent over him with warm kisses and endearing words, and evening was closing on the bleak cliffs, and on the restless deep,

that fell with a hollow sound on the beach—he felt that he was happy, inexpressibly happy. Such a moment was never more to come to the doomed man!

In the mean time he was still seated far beneath, by the side of Pascoe, conversing earnestly, when they suddenly heard a rumbling noise, as if the ground was giving way near them. There was an instant pause in the old man's talk—they looked wildly round for a moment on the gloomy sides of the cavern that enclosed them, and then on each other. The noise was like distant thunder, or the moan of the rising tempest; it lasted but a few moments, and then died utterly away. "It is only the men working on the opposite side of the shaft," said the old man, after listening intensely: his companion seemed of the same opinion, and they resumed their discourse with the same ardour. The mine, in the centre of which they were seated, is one of the oldest in Cornwall, and was worked some hundred years since. It happened that the noise they heard, instead of arising from the men working opposite, was occasioned by the ground beginning to run in at a level about ten fathoms under them; there was an ancient shaft of the former mine, unknown to any one, that yawned like a gulf to receive them. The sound now rose suddenly again, with a quick trembling of the earth on which they were seated: strongly alarmed, they sprang to their feet, but all too late. The noise was now incessant and awful: they saw the roof and sides of the cavern tremble on every side, as if by an earthquake. In all the horror which men feel for the last few moments which precede inevitable death, they ran to and fro, calling wildly for aid: no human power could save them in that hour. The earth that had given way slowly on every side beneath now sank at once, and the whole extent, of ten

Painted by H. Howard R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath

THE SWISS PEASANT.

London, Harst, Chance & Co. R. Jennings & W. Chapin, Shepherd & Croutch; Bowyer & Co. Paris.

fathoms deep, between the mouth of the ancient shaft and the spot where they had sat, glided down with the swiftness of an avalanche, bearing the unhappy men with it, while their candles, stuck in the wall above, still gave their light, as if in mockery. The abyss into which they fell was fifty fathoms deep, and half full of water: there was a faint struggle for life, a dying cry: the old man's voice rose louder than that of his companion—and then all was silent.

The son of the former, who was bade to go above ground, by his captain, lingered in the ascent; it was by his means the event was first known: he was at the moment of his parent's engulfment climbing slowly, and turning aside from time to time in search of discoveries, about fifty feet above the place where he had left his father and Nicholas seated. After the noise, the cause of which he could not divine, had subsided, he called out loudly to know if all was right; but was rather offended that he could not get them to answer him, as he could see their candles sticking fast to the walls underneath, and thought that his father and Williams were still seated beside them. He continued to pass over the brink of a tremendous precipice, not aware at first of his danger; but still receiving no answer to his calls, he scrambled nearer, and the dim horror of the scene was then opened to him: the two solitary lights cast their glare on that sudden grave: he could see but a small part of its depth: all below was the "blackness of darkness," up which came at intervals a sullen splash, caused by the falling of fragments of rock or stones into the water. Once he thought he heard a voice calling for mercy, and that it was his father's: he stayed not long to look there, but ascended fast to the summit, and shouted for succour.

The wife of captain Nicholas was anxiously waiting his coming: the dinner-hour, a very early one in these scenes,

was past: she thought some unexpected occurrence or discovery detained him: but as the time passed on, she stood at the window, whence every object in the mine was distinctly visible: suddenly she saw a man appear at the mouth of the shaft, with gestures of despair, and he cried with a loud and bitter cry: then there was a rushing of the people to the spot. And she, too, rushed from her dwelling, and descended the hill without a pause, and mingled with the crowd: their looks were all turned upon her, and she saw there was anguish in them, but no one told her the cause of it; on the contrary, they said a part of the ground had merely fallen in, and obstructed the ascent of her husband, and that they would quickly extricate him. It is easy to command our words, but untutored men cannot shroud the strong emotions of the heart; and in the gloomy and pitying eyes of the stern miners around her, the widow saw that all was over.

"My father—my father!" said the young man wildly, "will you not save him?—you loved him in life—will you not rescue the old man?"

Then a wild shriek passed over the crowd, and the words of the youth were hushed, and the men, and even the children turned from him to the wife, for all felt that the love of woman was more commanding than that of a son. She bent over the fatal gulf and shuddered: "My husband!—is *that* your grave?" then a sudden movement rose among the people, and they said one to another that all should be done that men could do for their captain; and seizing their heavy tools, they hastened under ground, by different ways, to the scene of death. And she stood at the mouth listening: each sound of the heavy pike as it struck, and then the rolling away of the earth and stones, came up the gulf faintly, yet horribly.

"O harm him not!" she said; "for God's sake, do not let the stones fall upon him!—Can you see him—can he move his hand?—take the black earth from his face that he may breathe."

It had been mercy had they found the body; but this last consolation was denied: they tried all that day, and the following days, but the unhappy men might as well have sunk in the heart of the ocean; it was not that the earth closed over and entombed them; but the water into which they fell was believed to have consumed them quickly, even like fire; such was the strong property of the mineral with which it was impregnated: the mundic water they called it. For experiment, they tied a piece of meat to a string, and throwing it down into the water, it was in a few days totally eaten away: then they were persuaded that the bodies also were consumed.

Soon after this, the working of the lower parts of the mine was suspended; a partial decay fell on the concern; many of the people sought other scenes of toil and speculation. The aspect of the valley was no longer the same. The cliffs rose as sublimely, and the sweep of ocean beyond was as glorious; but fortune dwelt no longer there.

The widow lived alone for some time in the desolate dwelling, the only good one in the region; the others were only cottages of the miners or fishermen. Beneath the bold precipices, the boats were moored during the day, and at eve they pushed to sea with the wind off-shore. The widow, still young and handsome, refused to forsake her husband's home. The garden went to decay, like the once busy scene beneath. It was observed that she always shunned to walk near the fatal place, but chose the summits of the cliffs; and would sit there for hours, looking at the vessels in full sail, or at the fishermen on the sands

beneath, pursuing their toil. It so happened that, after five years, this state of life grew irksome. There came a man, in the prime of life, and of some property, who sought her love; and she married him; and they continued in the same dwelling on the hill side. Whether she was happy there, was doubtful. A melancholy look settled on her countenance as well as her heart; and the tenderness of this second husband, who was strongly attached to her, could not dispel it.

Ten or eleven years after the fatal occurrence, it was determined to again work the mine to its full extent. Many of the old miners came eagerly back to the vale; for the red stream, the decayed heaps, the sea-beat cliffs, were dear to their eye. With great and prolonged efforts the water of the deep shaft was drawn away, for they sought to pursue their discoveries in that direction. The body of the old man was found first, and at last, standing in an upright posture, even as it fell, that of the unfortunate Nicholas was discovered. But instead of being dissolved, it was in a perfect state of preservation; the hand of corruption was not on it; the strange property of the water had congealed and preserved it. The limbs, the features, the clothes—all were there. The attitude was not that of a man who had died in horror. They looked on it in astonishment for some time, and then bore it to the surface. The men gathered strangely round the form of their ancient captain, and, after consulting briefly, resolved to bear it to his widow's dwelling. When they drew nigh, the people came in such numbers around, that it was difficult to pass through them.

The second husband and his wife were seated in their parlour, when a confused clamour, that grew louder every moment, approached their door, and at last they heard the voices

of many people, in pity, in wonder, and fear. But ere they could know the cause, the door opened, and the miners entered, and laid the dead husband at the feet of the living one. The wife looked wildly for a moment into the face of the latter, and then knelt beside the body. Those who witnessed it said it was an awful thing to see her dabbling with the hair and fingers, and kissing the cheek and lips of the dead, who had been the prey of the grave for twelve years. The love of woman has been called, by a great writer, "a fearful thing:" here it was a glorious and indelible thing, that could thus laugh the king of terrors to scorn, and gain the victory over him. The living husband did not think so; he sat in gloomy silence; he dared not speak his feelings, that second husband; but he could not bear this outpouring of tenderness—this bursting forth anew of affection, that he had thought buried in the tomb. Perhaps no man could support unmoved the sight of his wife's kisses lavished on the former husband of her bosom, and her tears falling in torrents on his cheeks, and her moans coming from a heart, tried almost more than it could bear, for he had been the love of her youth—a handsome, a gentle, a generous being: such was not the present partner of her life.

"William, my own William," she said, clasping his nerveless hand almost in frenzy in her own: "sent to me back again, thus! God has sent you back—in mercy! Oh! in mercy!"

The husband could endure no longer, and strove to lead her away; but she passionately refused, saying, that they had been parted twelve years—that the grave had been made to forsake its prey, and should *she* forsake it? And then she spoke wildly and hurriedly, as if addressing him —that his aged mother had died of grief—that their infant child, that she had borne after his loss——then she rose

suddenly, and rushed from the apartment. The friends and relatives, and the rest of the people who had looked on in strange surprise, and even horror, strove to prevent her design, and entreated her not to persist in it. But the mother was awake; and neither bars nor bolts, nor armed men, could withstand her power in this moment. She drew with her into the chamber her only child, a girl of nearly ten years of age, and, pointing to the body, made her kneel beside it, and said it was her father! The child shrieked and drew back, and refused to put its hand into the cold one of the dead, or to press her lips to his. The second husband was the only father she ever knew, and what was the lost to *her*? nothing but a fearful and ghastly object; she would not love it or embrace it, she said. But "the worms were not around it;" he could not say to them "thou art my mother and my sister." What a world of meaning is in this! We cannot know, perhaps, for we have never been tried, with what fondness, what ardour, we should hang over them we have loved and lost, if decay never came there: would the husband turn away from the wife of his youth, if the parting smile and look still slept on her face, and the beauty of that face fell not, and knew no change? Would the mother not lie down beside her lost one, and press the cold but imperishable form to her breast, as if life and joy could wake there again? So felt, no doubt, the tried and agonized woman. "Just as he fell!—O God! just as he fell!" she murmured, as her thoughts fled back to the vale by the sea, where they had lived so happily, till the morn when he dreamed of death ere it came, and took a sad and kind farewell of her, as if a foreboding even then was on his mind.

And now the husband sternly interposed, and said that he would endure no longer; that for years he had striven

to sooth her mind and chase away the gloomy remembrances of her loss, and the dreadful manner of it; and now the wound was opened afresh, and would never close; and the kindness of the living would be lost in the woman's heart in the love of the dead. They looked on him, and saw that his mind was greatly troubled, and that his passions were roused. Strange that jealousy of the dead should thus enter into the mind of the living!

He stooped and spoke some words to her as she knelt, that were not heard by those around; they seemed to move her strongly for the moment, for she looked wistfully in his face, the expression of which was sad and menacing; then she rose slowly, took her child by the hand, and left the apartment. Her relatives saw there was no time to be lost; that to leave the unperished form of her first husband beneath her roof would only sow dissension and useless sorrow: that it could not and must not be. What had he to do in this breathing and busy world? Why was he thus cast forth, after his time, when the wife could not claim, and the child would not own him? With all care and reverence, they removed the body to an upper chamber, where the same attentions and duties were given as if he had been newly slain: but no mourners came; no one wept over him: he was so long lost as to be almost forgotten: to the second husband he had ever been a stranger. The latter, after the form was removed from his sight, as well as the misery of his wife, behaved well and calmly. After a time he spoke, in words suited to the sad occasion, to those around, and said that the remains should be treated with as much honour as if they were those of his brother. There was another trial of his temper: the wife insisted that the body should be laid in their own bed—it was the

same in which she had slept with her first husband; the head rested on the same pillow. It was night when it was placed there, for many hours had now passed. He came and stood beside it a few moments in silence, but showed no emotion; her hands had strewed flowers around it, and placed lights at the head and feet; but nothing could ever induce him to sleep in that bed again.

On the third day after this, Nicholas was borne to the grave, followed by his wife and child, and a great concourse of people. Andrews also followed, but not as a mourner. The deceased was buried in the parish churchyard that stood solitary on the summit of a hill at no great distance: the gray tower could be seen far off at sea, and often served the mariners as a landmark. Three years after this, Andrews died also, and was buried in the same spot, but not in the same grave. The widow was again left desolate. This desolation was, however, less bitter than the first: she no more gave way to useless repinings; the dwelling on the hill-side, that overlooked the mine, was no longer that of despair; the garden was kept carefully neat, for Nicholas had loved it, and trimmed it every day with his own hand, when he ascended from the depths of the mine and his daily toil was over. The care of her child was a sweet and endless office; and now she could tell of her father; of his strange end and stranger restoration; how fond, how kind a man he had been; how suddenly he was taken away; and how God had restored him, but for a few moments only, to comfort her; and she wept bitterly on the neck of his first-born, and the child wept also. The stern eye of the second husband was no more upon them; he slept in peace: and to his grave the widow sometimes repaired—to the burial-ground on the hill—at evening; but not to *his* grave, at least the neighbours said so. There

was another beside it, planted with flowers, and a handsome tablet over it. The children of the hamlet, who sometimes played wildly in the cemetery, and chased each other over the fresh as well as the neglected graves, never dared to tread on *his;* they remembered his strange finding, and they looked on it with awe. She knelt there, and the child knelt beside her; her little hands were taught to pluck every stray weed away; and she gazed in silence and love on her mother, as she prayed, with clasped hands and tears fast falling. The prayer was too deep and heartfelt for words; but the moving of the lip, the heaving of the breast, the eager, agonizing expression of the eye, appeared as if a strange and wild hope mingled with her petition to heaven. To the stranger's eye she seemed to say, "Is corruption yet on thee, my husband? Wilt thou again burst the cerements of the grave? Ten years he lay undecayed!—Surely, surely, the worm is not on thee!"

She had many offers, even after this, to marry again. She was not yet more than thirty, and sorrow had not quite wasted her comeliness; but she never would listen to them, and continued to reside in the lonely dwelling on the hill-side, looked upon by all as a woman with whom Heaven had dealt strangely, yet mercifully. The rude fishermen, who plied their trade near the noble cliffs just beyond, would often bring to her door their choicest fish, ere they travelled inland to seek a market. The miners, whenever she passed by the scene of their toils, paid her marked respect, and looked curiously on the only child, who, as years passed away, grew to be a beautiful yet delicate girl: the women of the hamlet said how like she was to her father, yet that no good would come to her, born in such a way, and under so dark a doom.

LEGENDARY FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

The lady turn'd her weary from a world;
She needed time for penitence, and tears,
And earnest prayer might win for her lone cell
The peace a palace wanted. Solitude
Grew fill'd with gentle thoughts of other years;
And one whom she had left in early youth
Was now as dear as ever. Once her cheek
Was a sweet summer altar for the rose—
'T was now its tomb; and in her dim blue eye
Was death; but one tie bound her yet to earth—
She could not die till she had look'd again
In that beloved face: she sent a ring—
Strange she had kept that gift of plighted truth,
Though false to all it pledged. The midnight came,
And the red torchlight fell upon a knight
Who stood beside the dying.

"And meet we thus again?" he said;
"And meet we thus again?
And why should meeting be for those
Who only meet in vain?
Call others round your dying bed,
The loved of many years!
The eyes whose smiles were all your own,
Those are the eyes for tears.
You thought not of me in the hall,
When gayer knights were nigh;
You thought not of me when the stars
Wrote memory on the sky.
My heart has been with other thoughts,
Of council and of fight;

I 've bought forgetfulness with blood
  Of one so false, so light.
It is a dream of shame and scorn,
  That of your broken vow;
'T is with the vain frail hopes of youth,
  Why speak you of it now?"
He nerved him with remember'd wrongs,
  He grasp'd his heavy brand;
She raised her sweet eyes to his face,
  She raised her dying hand:
She strove to speak—on her faint lip
  The accents died unheard:
Ah! nothing could his heart have moved
  Like that unspoken word.
A sadness stole upon his brow,
  A softness to his eyes;
His heart was harden'd against smiles,
  It could not be to sighs.
It was not years that wrought the change—
  In life she yet was young;
Her locks of youth, her golden hair,
  In wild profusion hung.
But youth's sweet lights had left her eye,
  For from within they shine,
And pale her face, as those are carved
  Around some sacred shrine;—
On funeral marble carved, and worn
  With sorrow, sin, and shame;
Placed there in sign of penitence—
  And her face was the same.

* * * * *

"'T is written deep within—the vow
  We pledged in other years,

And all that vanity effaced
  Has long been fresh with tears.
The red torch held by yonder monk,
  He holds to see me die;
'T will sink before the morning, sure,
  And even so shall I.
And yet a voice is in my ear,
  A hope is in my heart;
And I must have them both from thee
  Before I can depart.
Alas! for festivals that leave
  But lassitude behind;
For feelings deaden'd, gifts misused,
  A worn and vacant mind,
That dreads its own thoughts, yet pursues
  The vanities of yore;
Seeks pleasure's shade, though pleasure's self
  Has long since been no more.
The weariness of future hours,
  The sorrow for the past,
Desire of change, craving for joys,
  Cling to us to the last.
I turn me to my days of youth,
  My last thoughts fain would be
Of purer feelings, better hopes—
  I dare not say of thee.
That beautiful, that blessed time,
  'Mid all that has been mine;
I never knew such happiness,
  Nor such a love as thine."

* * * * *

Her pale lips closed, inaudible
  The faint low accents came;

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

Yet the knight held his breath to hear—
  Her last word was his name.
He flung him by the pallet's side,
  He raised her fainting head;
Her fair hair fell around his arm,
  He gazed upon the dead.

* * * * *

'T is an old church, the Gothic aisles
  See but the evening sun;
All light, except a fading light,
  Would seem too glad a one.
For the dark pines close o'er the roof
  Which sanctifies the dead,
And on the dim and sculptured walls
  Only their names are read;
And in the midst a marble form
  Is laid, as if to rest;
And meekly are the graceful arms
  Folded upon the breast.
An old monk tells her history,
  And ends as I do now,
"Oh, never yet could happiness
  Dwell with a broken vow!"

MRS. ALLINGTON'S PIC NIC.

BY LORD NUGENT.

Thou hast *a* speculation in thine eyes.
MACBETH.—*Scene, a Feast—Lords, Ladies, &c.*

SHALL I own it at once, and at starting? Yes, I will. For it would be a shame to deceive people into supposing me better than I am, particularly those who are kindly disposed to read my story, and thus make acquaintance with me on my own terms. I certainly did deliberately set to work to listen to a conversation which was never intended for my ear, nay, worse, which was never intended for any ear except the conjugal, and rather reluctant, ear to which, in all the confidence of supposed privacy, it was addressed. I anticipate the animadversion.—It was a rascally, manifestly rascally, thing of me. But the temptation was strong; and I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, flesh is frail.

The day was sultry: the sun was still high. I had just assisted my hospitable friend and his lady and blooming progeny, below stairs, to despatch a substantial luncheon, and we were not to dine till six. I had retired to my own apartment, "as is my custom of an afternoon," for the declared purpose of severe study, but the real one of undisturbed idleness. My long chair (I hate French names for English furniture, and never use them) was at the open window. The window commanded a fine view of a country that smiled in its noontide slumber. The cattle slumbered too. An article on political economy

lay open on my knee: it had already disproved its own theory; for the demand, I felt, in no degree kept pace with the supply. The ivory knife had fallen from my hand, and the contagious repose was stealing fast over me, when the spirit-stirring voice of Mrs. Allington issued through the opened glass doors of the room beneath. The woman tempted me, and I listened. She was the wife of my host, honest John Allington; so he was called by all that knew him. Every body loved him for a plain, good, honourable man; and his house was popular with all persons of all ages, not less for the frankness of his character and of his welcome than for the sake of the never-failing amusements, and ever-thronging society, purveyed by the care of his adroit and busy lady. I will not say that to love her was an universal passion. Yet all were attentive to her, and all liked her dinners, and her suppers, and her dances, and her "little music parties," as ladies are wont very properly to denominate those occasions on which they open their houses for company, their windows for air, and their grand piano-fortes for "little music," God wot. And she had three pretty grown-up daughters, who——. But let the lady tell her own secrets in the following conversation, which I have already owned I overheard, and which, in strict confidence, ladies and gentlemen, I will repeat to you.

"Adey was twenty-two last March, though I call her two years younger; Maria will never see twenty again; and Julia will be nineteen to-morrow.—Something must be done," continued she, after a long pause, during which it appeared she had failed of the answer to which she considered herself entitled.—"Something must be done, Mr. A."

"And why?" answered the quiet man.

"Why?—Why because the little ones will be big ones soon; they are treading fast on their sisters' heels; and because my constitution is too weak to answer the claims of more than three daughters out at the same time. You never help me. Do, dear Mr. A.; think of something that may get the girls off."

"Let them alone, my love," replied Mr. Allington, "let them alone, and you 'll see they 'll go off of themselves."

"Yes," rejoined the lady somewhat pettishly, "I suppose they will, but not *by* themselves. You 'll have them go off with the tutor, Mr. Docet; or the curate, Mr. Proseit; or the bailiff's son, young Whistler; or——"

"I don't know a better man any where than our curate," said the unrelenting husband; "and as for the ——"

"Pray, hold your tongue, Mr. A., unless you wish me to go into a fit."

There was a pause on both sides, and no fit was gone into. And then the pause was broken (as is so seldom the case) by the lady. But her voice had a coaxing tone, as she resumed the subject.

"My dear, dear John, they are your own children—think of that. Surely you must feel a little anxiety to see them happy?"

"Thank God, I do see them happy!" replied the contented gentleman, and drew the window-blind quite up.—"And you shall see them happy too. Look at them, my dear: three, four, five, six, well grown, healthy girls, romping in the field there with their three little brothers. It's a fine sight, and I can't say I 'm in a hurry to lose it. If they were not happy they would not laugh so heartily, and run and jump so."

"Just like the rest of your obsolete notions," answered the prolific and provident mother. "Happy, indeed!—

Get them rich husbands, Mr. A., and then you *might* see them happy, and have something to be proud of.—Adelaide! Maria! Julia!" she screamed, putting her head so far out of the lower window that I thought it prudent to make a corresponding movement of mine in the inverse ratio of the upper; "come in directly!—You'll be ruined in the sun there without your bonnets!—My dear Mr. A.," lowering her voice, and resuming the dialogue, "we must think of something for them: we must get some of them married."

"Nothing is easier," replied the husband in a dry, business-like tone, lowered, whether by design or not, to a whimsical unison with that in which her last words were spoken; "nothing is easier, my dear Mrs. A. Surely, surely you were not asleep last night—no, I am sure you were not—when I told you that I had had a good offer for Adey. Our neighbour, Tom Burton, proposed to me for her yesterday. If she were to marry him, she would only go a couple of miles from us. We might see her every day—lovely, and happy, and dear to us, even as in this happy hour, with sunshine and home all around her, only with one more affection to sweeten the long life which, please God, is before her; and that need not make us jealous, my dear Mrs. A. She has known him from infancy, and I am sure she likes him."

"I flatter myself a daughter of mine can like any man when I tell her he is a proper match for her," said the justly proud mother. "But Mr. Burton won't do, Mr. A., and you know it, and it is provoking of you. He is too poor: his rich cousin is the *partie;* it is he that swallows up the wealth and real respectability of the family. If we could manage Sir James Burton now!"

"God forbid!" said Mr. Allington. "Swallows them

up, indeed!—Why, he drinks and he plays;—a drunkard and a sharper ——"

"Some ill-natured people do hint that he *does* sometimes drink a little more than is good for his health, and *does* play a *leetle* bit more than necessary, but I don't believe a word of it:—I won't believe ——"

"And a glutton," continued Mr. A., as if in a humour to proceed in the statement of a sum in which the unit's place was still far distant, "and a ——"

"A glutton, Mr. A.!—What can you possibly mean?—Don't you know that there never was a time when it was so absolutely essential a quality of a gentleman to understand cookery thoroughly?—But now, dear Mr. A., I wish you would be serious. If we could get *him,* indeed it would be something like a match. But the world has given him away already, and I fear there is nothing very likely to break it off. Well, what a lucky woman Mrs. Carleton is, to get such a marriage for her ugly daughter!"

"Ugly daughter!" said Mr. Allington.

"Decidedly ugly," replied his wife: "as long and as pale as ——"

"Pale!" said Mr. Allington.

"Pray don't repeat my words, sir—it is not well bred. I said pale, and I say so again. She is as pale as a sheet, except when she speaks or sings, and then she is altogether as much too red. I hate your changeable complexions and your bashful girls: just as if they had never been anywhere, and knew nobody but their own papas: I can't abide it. We were speaking of Mr. Burton: he's too poor. But we mustn't offend him neither; for you know the title and property are on the cards still, Mr. A. Tell him Adey is much too young. Say it would be the death of me to part with her, and that you must have time to

break the offer to me. Leave it so; and then, in a year, suppose, if nothing better should turn up ——"

"No, Mrs. Allington!" said honest John, rising: "no—I will refuse him, if you really desire it. If, indeed, I were allowed to please myself, and, as I verily believe, Adey too, I should accept his offer directly. But, as for playing with the feelings of an honourable and frank-hearted young man, and gambling with his happiness as well as with our daughter's, it is what I will not do; so I will go and tell him the truth, and ——"

"Tell him what?" shrieked Mrs. Allington in a voice of the utmost consternation, and then, bringing her husband back to within confidential distance of my ear—"Tell him nothing, Mr. A.—dear Mr. A., if you love me, tell him nothing! Since you are determined not to be guided by my prudent tenderness for our child's best interests, do at least only refuse him; but tell him nothing. Oh, my dear Mr. A., how your indiscretion alarms me! But now that I have got your attention for a moment, do just sit down again, and let us consult a little farther as to what 's to be done for our other poor dear girls. There 's Maria and Julia, as well as Adey, plenty old enough and to spare. We *must* look about us."

Here there was so large a blank in the dialogue that I began to fear I should learn no more of the secrets of the family. At length Mr. Allington for once broke silence, and in a more animated key than was usual with him.

"My dear," said he, "I have been thinking over all the young men who visit here, and I do believe I have my eye on one who would be a good husband for Maria.—Guess!—He 's not far off. Of all the birds in the air, what do you say of young H******?"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a particular reason,

which I may explain hereafter, for not mentioning more than the initial of this very respectable name.

"I say he is a poor, pitiful, fool," sharply replied the odious matron, "and that he shall have no daughter of mine. He spends on himself all he has, and only thinks how to maintain his idle profusion, instead of how to get on in the world by means of his excellent connexions. He is overhead in debt already, and his income is not so good by one half as he is unprincipled enough to represent it to those who, like us, Mr. A., have an interest in knowing. But still the creature has his use. He brings others, and will do no harm to the girls, for he philanders only with married women. He does not want a wife—that is to say, not a wife of his own; and, moreover, I know it, Mr. A., if he does like one of our girls better than another, it is Adey, and not Maria. Take my word for that."

I said I had a particular reason for not mentioning more than the initial of this last described gentleman's name. Out upon the malicious old witch!—I, ladies and gentlemen, I—the blushing author—am young H******. There is an English proverb touching the nature of the personal topics which listeners are oftenest fated to hear. There is also a French one which says, that "only truth can wound." Every word this detestable woman said is true. I *do* spend more than I shall ever be able to pay. I *am* given to talk mysterious nonsense to married persons of the other sex. For I find I cannot hold my tongue; and I have, in my time, discovered that, if one talks much to a young unmarried lady (and I have not much fancy for talking to old ones), one's discourse is apt to be noted down with a degree of precision quite disagreeable by a certain married lady of great authority in these matters—

Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Engraved by Chas Heath

ADELAIDE.

London. Hurst, Chance & Co. R. Jennings & W. Chaplin, Cheapside & Chraldon. Bovinet & Co. Paris

her mother. But, if ever I *could* think of sacrificing myself to matrimony—if ever I *could* think of "altars and homes," in any but the widely patriotic sense—if I *could* reconcile myself to give up all the thousand indulgences of celibacy—if, as Alcides did when he married, I *could* surrender my Club—if I *could* compromise my love of ascension turtle, and mock turtle, and of every other turtle for that of one faithful turtle, of one little happy nest—oh! how I *should* jump at that respectable way of life, shared with the pretty, and amiable, and good, and dear Adelaide Allington.

But, albeit this is true, too true, how could that plaguy woman, her mother, have known it? For I have never breathed it to mortal.—I do not talk, that I know of, in my sleep. And if I did, how should *that* have enlightened Mrs. Allington? Adelaide herself never, but once, caught me off my guard; and I have no knowledge of Adelaide's character, if her mother could have obtained from *her* any sanction to her surmises.

Ladies and gentlemen, I must digress. Digress, if you please, with me. If you don't like my goings on, shut me, leave me, and there 's no harm done.

In honest John's own den in Allington House there is a picture of his dear—my dear, dear Adelaide, when she was but a child. "How I do love," says the Ettrick Shepherd (and how I do agree with him), "how I do love a well-educated little girl of twelve." It is an age worth so much more than all other ages;—when the young heart is so entirely occupied with the warm visitings of its own innocent gladness, (and at that age the tenderest heart is always the most joyous, for it has never known a stain or a sorrow). It is a merry, because a pure and honest age, and because its affections seem to it to be immortal;—death

has never severed, nor unkindness blighted, one bud of their sweet stock. Alas! that such an age should ever lose its charm,—for lose that charm it will and must. There is the presence, and the consciousness, and the love, of all good—and the absence and the ignorance of all ill. There is the fair and full promise of all that hope can paint (and hope paints well); there is the fair and full apology (and how seldom is the apology required!), for that mystic, undisputed, power, which, never claimed by the feebler sex as a right, is sure to be yielded by the other, as much from impulse as from courtesy. At that age the features repeat, with ready truth, the blameless story of the eager mind. How modestly are the outpourings of a buoyant spirit tempered by the deepening tinge of that bashful yet dimpled cheek, and how eloquently are they pleaded for in the stealthy glance of that half-penitent, half-laughing eye. There is nothing under the sky like the clear deep beauty of the eye which I am thinking of, unless it be the ocean when it lies calm and open to the sunshine, and reflects only the brightness and the colours of heaven, on which it looks.

Do you understand me, ladies and gentlemen? If you do not, I pity you, all, and equally.

It was from a long, stedfast gaze upon this picture that I was one day roused by the gentle voice of the original herself, then but a few years older, who had been sent by her father to desire my company during his ride. She had approached quite close to me before I perceived her; and probably she had already spoken unheeded. A playful but diffident look claimed identity with that recorded on the canvas, and, as her eye followed mine to what had been the cause of my abstraction, the glow on her cheek became as deep as in childhood. We were silent. I felt

like a detected thief—yet why?—It was no offence;—and if it were, surely I was before a judge who had no great reason to be severe. At length, with a sigh, she said, "Do you know I was very happy when that was painted? A dear friend, a very dear friend, the companion of my infancy, was drawn at the same time. They were romps, I believe, rather than sittings, and we were sorry when they ended."

"And who was your very dear friend, Adelaide?" quoth I, with an awkward prophetic anxiety.

"Our neighbour, Mr. Burton," she half whispered.—It was enough. The tone and look told me the secret of her ingenuous heart, and the hopelessness of what mine had begun to cherish;—and fie on the heart which, from that hour, could beat for her with any but a brother's love.

She put her arm within mine, and led me to her father.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, suffer me to lead you back to Mrs. Allington and the window. I was in the act of leaving my ambuscade, from very anger at the discovery which that perspicacious lady had thus made of my best secret, and her pitiless disclosure of it to her husband, when honest John again riveted me to my chair by asking, with his wonted simplicity, the very question I longed to put.

"And how do you know all this?" said he.

"I know it," replied his obliging partner, "I know it all beyond a doubt. For Mademoiselle questioned Mr. H.'s confidential Swiss, by my direction, about his master's habits and fortune. Broullion affected to be diplomatic with her, but La Crepe was too much for him, and out it all came. Every one with eyes can see how it is, and I myself spent half a morning joining together some torn bits of paper which I watched him throw under the great

library table, and they turned out to be some very bad verses entitled ' The Irresolute, addressed to A. A.' Now don't fly off, Mr. A.," continued she, in a tone of soothing remonstrance, " for now I think of it, I must have a little quarrel with you. When we were discussing my projected little pic nic last night, I fancied you inclined to throw a little cold water upon my little scheme. Now wasn't that a leetle unkind?"

" Mrs. Allington," her husband answered gravely, " it is long since I ventured to have a voice in such matters. You may still do, as I believe you will own you have ever done, pretty much as you like, respecting your own amusements; but I must be permitted at least a remark, when I see my girls put into disadvantageous positions, and made to form indiscreet intimacies. In the first place, you must know I have no particular fondness for your pic nics, Mrs. Allington; they are generally (forgive me) apt to be composed of good, bad, and indifferent, which you will allow to be odds, my dear, of just two to one in favour of not very desirable society. (Be kind enough, my love, to hear me out.) They generally end in a romp; and I have as yet never seen any remarkable advantage accrue from the practice of romping among grown people. (One word more, and I have done.) I think that you said your new acquaintance, Mrs. Eglantine, was to have the direction of your party."

" Well!" said Mrs. Allington, " now you have done."

" No, I haven't."

" Yes, you have; and now hear my reply. As for romping, oh, Mr. A., how often have I been obliged to tell you you know nothing at all about it; and as for my new acquaintance, as you choose to call Mrs. Eglantine, she happens to be my very dear friend; a young, innocent, inte-

resting, unprotected widow, whose situation is singularly romantic. A husband, whom she adored, left her, for his health, to travel in Italy. He was taken by banditti, robbed and murdered—poor little sufferer! she looks up to me for direction. Indeed, my chief object in giving a party at all, next to showing my own girls, is to find some amusement for that dear little woman, who never means to take off her mourning (how well she looks in it!), and, if she had her own way, would shut herself up for the rest of her life. She is too young to do it, Mr. A.——"

"Nor does she do it, Mrs. A. All the officers from the barracks at B. go tame about her house. There is the German colonel, Baron Oldmansogle, with the white whiskers, and the red-headed Irish riding-master, Macgillycuddy, with the black whiskers, and bald Lieutenant Coot with the false whiskers, and Cornet Macassar with the little whisker on his under-lip, and Cornet Rosebud with no whiskers at all, and there is ———"

"Poor, dear, little, injured, disconsolate creature!" whined Mrs. Allington, in interruption of the muster-roll. "Oh, Mr. A., you know not your own ingratitude; she does that merely to oblige you and me—(as for those pretty, pretty moustaches, by the way, I can only vow and protest I hope we may never have a king of this country who will have the barbarity to cut them off, and make those dear officers look like mere Englishmen.) Her house is one of the few where our girls can make a new acquaintance, and for their sakes she does admit these pleasing persons of a morning."

"She admits that dissipated boy of a lord of an evening," said Mr. Allington, drily.

"She does," returned the lady; "but, as you say, he is but a boy. She protects the poor young man; she sees

him entering an evil world exposed to temptations: she makes him occupy his time; she gives him good advice; she gives him good books: he is safe when at Eglantine Bower. And, to tell you the honest truth (but do not compromise us), she and I think he will do for our Adey. And now you have the whole secret: I am to give a pic nic. Mrs. Eglantine will bring Lord D., and you must ask the other officers from B. barracks."

"I'll see B. barracks and all the officers at the ——"

"For shame, for shame, Mr. A.!" interrupted his helpmate.

"I'll be hanged first!" proceeded honest John, out of all patience; and his helpmate was silent; "and I'll write by this day's post to Lord D.'s guardians; and I'll tell them what I think of the widow Eglantine; and I'll speak with my dear Adey my own self,"—and slap went the door.

"Stop, stop!" roared his helpmate; but her far better half was far beyond her voice, or deaf to it. "Go, then," continued she, "for an old obstinate fool, with your stupid, troublesome honesty. I'm not afraid. The guardians are both abroad: France—Italy.—My pic nic;—I'll hurry it.—Sir James Burton—not married yet!—here—Adey!—Maria!—where are you?—Get some pink notepaper and blue sealing-wax directly—out of the perfumed case,—and come to my boudoir to write invitations."

And so the pic nic was launched. And there's the first half of my story. I have an invincible repugnance to a long story, and therefore I have given a long dialogue, which tells the story rather more glibly than I could have done. But what remains must needs be narrated in the style called the pure historical;—heaven help me!

Now might it not be reasonable to conclude that the

good man's objections were treated with a little respect in the course of the arrangements—that the widow and the young lord, at least, and perhaps a few of the officers from B. barracks were surrendered, however reluctantly, as a peace-offering to the master of the feast? Not a bit of it. Mrs. Allington was one of those strong-minded ladies who act on principle, and who owe it to their consciences and to themselves (and very punctual they are in those payments), to do to the full all that their strong minds tell them ought to be done, at no matter what sacrifice of others' feelings, to mark their discountenance of opinions they disapprove. So the invitations were sent, and accepted. Few could refuse Mrs. Allington. Mrs. Eglantine was consulted daily, hourly; Adelaide was sent backwards and forwards with hints and suggestions; and, on more than one occasion, it was voted a wonder by the widow that Miss Allington had been allowed to walk alone from Allington Park to Eglantine Bower, and so Lord D. walked back with her from Eglantine Bower to Allington Park. I saw the whole game. I watched Mrs. Allington with all the keenness of deep dislike, and vowed the discomfiture of her. My own conscience had been seared from the moment at which I heard her confess the countless meannesses she had been guilty of, aggravated, perhaps, in my estimation, by the seduction she had practised upon the virtue of my confidential Swiss, and by the punishment she had inflicted upon my vice of listening, and I now resolved upon setting my wits fairly against hers. Fairly, did I say?—No! By all means, fair, and the reverse. To abet in whatever could annoy and expose her; to listen and peep wherever an occasion should present itself, and even to betray her without ruth or remorse, should it ever happen to suit my convenience. It is astonishing to one who has ever made it his amiable occupation,

how short a time will acquaint one with all the whites and blacks of a vain and ambitious heart, and with the game which skilful players, who have a stake in it, may play, for their own advantage or amusement, on that chequered board. Vain and ambitious was the heart of Mrs. Allington, and a very few days' private practice enabled me to thoroughly dissect, anatomize, and lecture upon, it. Thought, design, suspicion, all, all were laid bare to me, before she, in whom they rose, sunk, and rankled, was aware of even their existence. I had little leisure to speculate upon the acts of the rest of the family, or to resolve them to their hidden motives. Yet I was angry with Adelaide. Her heart had suddenly become to me a sealed book; and (hang it!) as is the case with many wiser men in greater affairs, I mystified myself by looking too deep for what I have since had reason to believe lay very much on the surface. She seemed to allow herself to be played upon in ways which to me, who knew her good sense, and, above all, who knew her large share of that on which all good sense is founded, good feeling, were quite unintelligible. Her good humour was impenetrable. She smiled without distinction or measure on all the world; even on young Lord D. But I was absolutely mad with honest John. There he sat in his great leathern chair, with his younger children crowding round him and climbing over him, amusing himself with their babble, and seemingly deaf and blind to all the politics of his indefatigable wife, and of Lord D., who flirted with his daughter before his very face, and of the widow Eglantine, who came every day to dinner. A stranger, who knew nothing about it, would have said, "How Mr. Allington does enjoy Mrs. Allington's preparations for one of her delightful pic nics!"

And so the day arrived on which Mrs. Allington was to

make her grand display of hospitality, taste, and daughters. The morning was fine, "the day unclouded, the earth all verdure, and the sky all song," as Sir Namby Pamby improvised, who had occupied himself through a whole wet St. Swithin's in composing this delicious sentence. In short, "had Mrs. Allington selected it out of all the days of the year," as old Mrs. Emery laboured to tell her, whose trade it was to brighten all things, "she could not have made a more favourable choice." The same laudatory lady was heard to declare—"That Mrs. Allington was the most fortunate of women; not only in having the finest days for her parties (although that alone was a great blessing), but in every thing. She had the best and easiest husband in the world, and nobody's daughters were so popular; she was sure to get rid of them. All she undertook succeeded to her utmost wish. Who but Mrs. Allington, in that scanty neighbourhood, could have assembled so many people? and such good society too! All B. barracks! and, besides Mr. Wortly the great brewer, and Sir Twaddly Maresnest, the colonial judge, she had herself counted at one time five baronets, and two lords, young Lord D. and old Lord E.!"

Mrs. Allington was indeed a lady eminently qualified to give effect to the social principle. Happiness, according to Byron, was born a twin. Happiness, according to Mrs. Allington, lives in an Omnibus.

The festivities began with an excursion to a very romantic spot, only four miles from Allington Park. Here an old ivied castle lingered in the last, the longest, and most picturesque stage of its being, repaying with its beautiful frowns the lady of Allington, who had not failed, by judicious props and repairs, to stay the dilapidations of time and wintry weather among her favourite ruins. A

low rough range, of modern growth, nestled under its walls. This was built, in good unobtrusive taste, out of fragments of the fallen parts, and clinging, like a faithful nursling to the ancient pile, served to buttress with its kindred strength the shelter of the parental roof. It formed two rooms. One spacious enough for a large party to dine in. The other a sort of boudoir. I cannot tell what that was fit for; there was scarcely room for more than two persons. A lawn of fine turf was kept short and smooth as velvet for dancing; and, at a small distance, concealed by an intervening wood, was a farm-house, which afforded cantonments and picketings for grooms and horses.

The company had been invited to meet at the ruins by two o'clock, there to open the solemnities with a sort of a meal, which is on the cards of fashionable people expressed by four emphatic French words, signifying that one is expected to eat not with one's fingers only. "War to the knife!" was the memorable exclamation of the defenders of Saragossa: "Breakfast to the fork!" was the no less determined proposal of Mrs. Allington. Each lady had provided, as directed, one cold dish; each gentleman two bottles of wine. Intemperately proportioned feast! Of course all the usual calamities happened, were lamented, and straightway subsided into jest. There was a remarkable preponderance of pigeon pies; hams were seen, a scarcely less stupendous assemblage, pointing at each other through their paper ruffles, from one end to the other of the table; "every leaf had a tongue," (as a living poet says); and there was a "beggarly account," (as an immortal one says), of countervailing chickens. Salad, salt, and bread, had been forgotten, and all the wine was champaign. But Mrs. Allington had thought of every thing. Deficiencies were allowed to appear only as long as they

were voted a good joke, and presently all were repaired from an unexpected depôt at the farm; and honest John's wines had as good a flavour, and were in as great variety and plenty, amongst the ruins as at his own hospitable board at Allington Park.

While Mrs. Allington was playing the "most kind hostess" to all, all were variously engaged. Many in their own little businesses; more on the little businesses of others. Some speculating on the largest and solemnest considerations of county politics; many making matches for their neighbours, a few making matches for themselves. While at a side table, and happy in their convivial seclusion, sat the colonial judge, with Mr. Docet the tutor and Mr. Proseit the curate, making common cause in a reversionary pigeon pie, with the next presentation of a peregaux in prospect, and an actual incumbency over three long-necked bottles, which stood, unnoticed of the multitude, in a corner. Not far off, Doctor Shudderpool, M.D., smit with the horrid mysteries of the Regent-street Solar Microscope, and solicitous equally for the general health and for his own, was occupied in passing through a process of purification the water of a beauteous spring which bubbled by, and which came improved from Mr. George Robins' smallest-sized patent royal filter, which costs but 1*l.* 5*s.*, and "renders crystal the worst water, at the rate of twelve gallons per day *." Of the other sex, crouching in an ivied window, and single, as she long had lived, sat Lady Venena Adderly, compounding pencil notes for a descriptive letter to Poet Peeper, who furnished lampoons to a Sunday paper. "Memoranda of some of the *voted pretty persons*.—The three Miss S——s, crooked in three different ways (deformity voted a *petite figure*.) Miss W. a beard (voted a *duvet*

* See advertisement.

or *shade*). And little red Miss T. (voted *auburn, and like Jane Shore*) runs about chattering like a magpie that has finished its education in the back yard of an ill-managed boarding-school." Thus wrote this detestable woman; for, in my character of overlooker as well as overhearer, I stood behind the window at which she drove her abominable trade.

But let us turn to happier parts of the scene. Eating, drinking, laughing, syllabubing under the cow, and dancing, occupied the time till dusk. Then the whole party adjourned to Allington Park, to spend the evening and beguile the night, amidst the varied charms of tea, music, supper, more dancing, fireworks, and moon-lit rambles.

And you, Mrs. Allington, you were a prosperous gentlewoman! Every thing went on according to your fondest wish. The realities of the present hour, the prospects of an indistinct future, all, all were of the rosiest rose-colour. At the dawn of this auspicious day your looks had commerced with the opening uncertain sky. Hope was then balanced by fear on your careful brow. But, when you had thought and rethought, reviewed your mines, and in fancy baffled the countermines of the foe, and with wonderous skill had placed and ordered every thing and every body to your own liking, then, in your meridian joy, did there seem a rivalry between the broad sun and your expanded countenance, which should shine the brighter, and spread the greater gladness around.

And Mrs. Eglantine took possession of old Lord E., and gave her chaperonage to Adelaide and young Lord D. Miss Carleton, whose marriage was fixed for the following day, sent an excuse; but she sent it by the hands of her intended, Sir James Burton, who was never known to absent himself from an occasion of good eating and drink-

ing. It is important to mention, as it was much remarked upon, that, whether out of civility to the hostess, or out of pure carelessness, or for some other reason, and many were the probable reasons that underwent discussion, Sir James Burton did actually offer, and some did say with a significant look, his arm for the day to Miss Maria Allington.

The concerns of the rest of the company were soon arranged, and apparently to general satisfaction; for the majority were pleased, and who ever cared for the feelings of a minority? Who had leisure to attend to the history of a pouting quivering lip, or an anxious wandering eye? I was one, probably of the very few, sufficiently disengaged to admit the consciousness that such things were. There is a forward communicativeness in Joy which ever makes it seen.—It is at once known by its mien from every thing but what it is; it looks around for sharers, and (thank Heaven!) seldom looks in vain; while Disappointment hangs back from the crowd, is doomed often to be mistaken for moroseness or for petulance, and never to find a willing sympathy. In the rear of even this merry party there were looks, and I saw them, which bore no testimony to Mrs. Emery's repeated declaration, that "every creature there *must* be pleased and satisfied." Alas! this was not assented to by the poor, timid, mortified girl, who, in her desertedness, sees one whom she expected (perhaps very tenderly wished) to be her partner, laughing, shrieking, and whisking, with another; while deep and cankering envy of the blue-bodiced rival who has displaced her, and perhaps as deep resentment against Mrs. Allington for the thwarting officiousness of an ill-timed introduction, now first found entrance into her hitherto peaceful bosom.—Ay, now for the first time. But

who shall say that the malignant passions of such a day will cease with the exciting cause? And who shall say that the home of that pensive husband will ever again shine upon him as it did before, sad man, with nods, and winks, and becks, he dissented from the proposal of his pretty vain wife, to take a seat in that phaeton to Allington Park? Of small account were nods, and winks, and becks, when weighed against such considerations as a phaeton, a bearded captain, and his wild horses, acting on a mind already heated with waltzing and champaign. And who will assert that old Mr. Creeper, whom a rheumatic gout had imprisoned at home, really felt the obligations he expressed to Mr. H., of the Priory, for his special care of little Mrs. Creeper, who was never known to take care of herself? And small comfort was it to him that Mrs. H., of the Priory, in a fit of what might be mistaken for jealousy, bestowed her company, and all the smiles she could summon, upon that dissipated wretch Mr. G. of the Deanery.

But let us leave the melancholy minority. *Retournons à nous moutons.*—"Look at that dear interesting creature! Look at Mrs. Eglantine," said our hostess. "How lovely she is! Whose appearance but hers could stand it in that deep, deep mourning? How kindly she forces her spirits and strength to aid to make our little *projèt* agreeable! I never can be sufficiently grateful!" Mrs. Eglantine did indeed seem to justify these praises, and merit this gratitude. There she sat, in weeds; weeds of grace indeed! And who, if that were mourning, could ever regret to see the loveliest of that sex in the garb of grief? it looked so like joy. Sweet is the weeping willow, when all its long, graceful, leaves are laughing and dancing in the brisk and buxom breeze, and, in their turn, stooping to

sweep into dimples the river that flows by. Sweet the sunbeam that glimmers and sports through the glades of the cypress grove; and sweet the window of the privileged Jarrin*, where, during the hours of divine service, or the season of a more general mourning than that of Mrs. Eglantine, between the half-closed shutters, symbols at once of interdicted traffic, or of decent woe, is seen the wonted display of gewgaws and of sweets—the confectionery, the flowers, the alabaster, the mirror, and the plateau. So the Widow; for here and there, through a smiling crevice of the sober black, might yet be spied the lurking locket and the glittering gem, memorials, haply, of him she mourns, but yet which, blending in kindest union with some recent tribute from the hand of living friendship, say, or seem to say, that bosom is not yet a desert in the midst of a world which its mistress is born to enjoy and to adorn.

There she sat, "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," placed between two of them, and ministering to each with a pretty equal grace; although I fancied I could read a meaning in the glance she, not rarely, cast upon the younger of the two, amid his attentions to her inseparable Adelaide Allington.

Mrs. Eglantine (I borrow the eloquent words of her friend,

* To whom is the shop of Jarrin, prince of confectioners, New Bond-street, and to whom are the comely dimensions of Madame Jarrin, at whom a man once fired a pistol, through pure love and a pane of glass, unknown? Of all the confectionary wonders ever presented to the eye, the most admirable ever seen was that which attracted crowds to Jarrin's window all last winter. A billowy sea of sugar, which it scared the stoutest heart to look upon, and a boat, and a lighthouse, and a rock, whereupon stood "the noblest work of God, an honest man," rather larger than the light-house, which I suppose was right, but much larger than the boat that brought him there, which I think was wrong.

Sir Namby Pamby) "is one of those sensitive beings, the children of impulse, unable to control her sympathies, and varying ever under the varying influences of gleam and shadow." She complains of weak health and uncertain spirits. She describes to you her griefs, and she describes to you her medicines; neither of them of the vulgar sort. Her all is in the tomb, or rather worse, out of the tomb; for it lies murdered and a-bleaching in the Pyrennees. But she *must* do her duty to society. For Mrs. Allington (and who knows and feels these things better?) says so, and tells her she must not bury herself in her loved retirement. Mrs. A. hopes indeed to see her make a second choice. But that is impossible, absolutely impossible. Mrs. Eglantine fulfils, therefore, a generous, painful, task to the public, and permits herself to be led forth before it. She begins the day, languid, and lounging, plaintive, and platonic. As it advances her spirits improve. By dinner-time she assumes the attractive, retaining still much of the abstracted, the inconsequent, and the simple. But, during that exhilarating season, her reserve subsides, and she becomes very agreeable, and loves her neighbour. After dinner she is exceedingly confidential, and from that time she frankly takes her part in whatever may be the amusement of the evening.

"There is nae white but hath its black." And this, even Mrs. Allington was doomed to find. Her pic nic was tending to its close—her schemes all promising to take effect—when something, one of the few things over which she had no control, came to damp the general joy. The time for the fireworks had arrived. They were displayed at a distance from the house, on the opposite bank of a fine piece of water. Fireworks never show so well as when, repeated in that element, they "float double," as the poet says,

"squib and shadow." Water is the real place, where, according to the suggested Eton inscription, the pyrotechnist's "own fireworks are excelled*." But another and a greater motive occupied the ample bosom of the hostess, and directed her in the choice of this spot. To this motive Mrs. Eglantine was party, and so indeed was I. By much listening and prying I had discovered, and had in vain tried my best to circumvent, it. It was agreed between Mrs. Allington and her friend that the latter should arrange matters with Lord D. for his elopement with Adelaide. And now, as I heard it whispered, the travelling chaise and four was waiting at the park gate nearest to the lake. The fond and careful mother was but to shut her eyes, and leave all to the widow. The other parent was supposed to be sufficiently secured by his ignorance of the plot, and by the habitual uninquiring indolence of his nature. But, whether from hatred of Mrs. Allington, or from jealousy of Adelaide, or from a real good and upright feeling towards honest John, I know not; this I know, that I had not failed to open his eyes and rouse his mind to all that was going on. And what got I for it? Thanks—yes, thanks, after a fashion; but absolutely nothing more. Honest John seemed scarce to hear me; and, when urged to comprehend the whole extent and force of the informa-

* A firework-maker's widow at Eton applied to the captain of the school, the late Mr. ——, to be good enough to furnish her with an epitaph for her defunct husband. He undertook it. "One of the neatest and most touching epitaphs, to my fancy, in our language," said he, "is that upon the monument of Purcell, the musical composer, in Westminster Abbey: 'He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be excelled.' Now, what do you think of adopting that inscription (and you cannot have a better), with merely this necessary alteration—'He is gone to that place where only his own fireworks can be excelled?'"

tion, little seemed it to interest him. Was it then possible he could indeed countenance by his criminal neglect so disgraceful a proceeding?

The exhibition had begun. The first few bars of "God save the king" (imposing overture! which, much to the credit of our loyalty, is always appropriate on every occasion of public rejoicing, from the election of a churchwarden, upwards) sounded from the full band of B. barracks; and, already, among the shouts of the peasantry, the first rockets rushed upward to the sky. But they were the signals only of disappointment. The night had become unusually dark, the air unusually still and sultry. By short-sighted and sanguine mortals the latter circumstance had been hailed as one of comfort to the spectators; the former as favourable to the effect of what they were soon to be dazzled withal. But after a vivid flash or two of sheeted lightning, which embraced and shamed all that man could do in the way of coruscation, the thunder began to growl, and large, heavy drops were now heard to plash upon the calm, blackened water. And scarcely had the band, surmounting its second stanza, begun to give effect to the prayer of the third, "On him be pleased to pour; long may he reign;" when rain it did in right earnest; and it soon poured.

All thoughts were turned, instantly and eagerly, towards the house. But fear misleads judgment, and the greater part of the company hurried in directions wide of that which led to shelter. Mrs. Allington was standing in her Gothic porch distributing umbrellas, shawls, and cloaks, to go she knew not whither; and long was it ere she was joined by more than a very inconsiderable number of her friends. Nor was her solicitude for the general welfare more remarkable than her entire disinterestedness touching the fate of her husband and daughter. Not once did

the name of honest John escape those lips which once had vowed to him so much of cherishing and of obedience; and when not a few friends offered to search for the general favourite, Adelaide, their services were declined by the mother, with an assurance that Adelaide was quite safe; that Maria was comfortable in a summer-house with Sir James Burton, and Julia snug under a tree with several young men, who would of course take care of her. In the general need, sundry and various were the destinies of each; and tedious it were to recount them. Suffice it to say that the Reverend Mr. Proseit, and his friend the Colonial Jurist, faithful now in their partnership of water, as before of wine, were seen, together still, slowly returning, midway of the lawn, disdaining the pudder o'er their heads, each imprisoning, with tenacious gripe, a button of the other, as in act of argument, as he enforced, with the protruded finger of the other hand, his still unfinished syllogism. Lady Venena, alone still, and shunned of all, was providing singly for the refuge of that hated self, in whose comfort none but self bore any interest; and Mr. Docet, the tutor, mindful of classic precedent, had fled, like another Æneas,

"as Love or Fortune guides,"

with the elderly Miss Di Doleman, to the inviting shelter of Dripstone Cave.

At last the storm subsided, and the victims began to arrive, wet to the skin, and draggled with dirt. But that was now past all help. And if hot blankets, dry clothes, negus, and punch, had any restorative virtue, every restorative was there, and in plenty. Then began inquiries concerning absentees. Then did Mrs. Emery, maugre Mrs. Allington's considerate efforts to stop her, lest she

should needlessly alarm fond parents by proclaiming who was missing, insist on calling over the muster-roll. All, save three, answered to their names. These three were Adelaide, Mrs. Eglantine, and young Lord D.

Every eye turned to Mrs. Allington—every tongue conjured her not to be uneasy. But she, "mistress of their passions and her own," was perfectly at ease, and retaliated their entreaties to her to be composed with a corresponding command to them to think nothing at all about it: "Lord D. was so good-natured; he would take care of her dear child, who was as safe as with her;—and was not Mrs. Eglantine there?" She even proposed that the dancing should recommence, if it were only to remove all chance of chill from the rain. The music was summoned into the hall for the young ones, and more shawls and more negus for the chaperons. But it would not do. The effort to renew the festivities was vain. No Adelaide appeared, and no Lord D.; and, what seemed really to surprise and annoy Mrs. Allington, no Mrs. Eglantine. "She must be gone home to the bower," said Mrs. Allington; "and she has taken her companions with her. Her judgment is so correct, I cannot be uneasy."

Morning dawned. All were tired, and glad to get home. So all departed, kindly hoping that nothing fatal had happened; and several, in their solicitude, suggesting for consideration well authenticated histories of death by lightning. It was clear that Mrs. Allington had her own springs of comfort in her own strong mind. How she slept I know not, but slumber was a stranger to me. The more I reflected on what I had seen, the more was I astonished at the conduct of each of the parties concerned. I was at a loss which most to admire: the daring reach of the mother's ambition—the criminal supineness of the father—

the heartless vanity and inconstancy of the daughter, or the officious interference of the female friend, for mere mischief's sake. I was, however, so thoroughly out of temper with all things and persons, that I felt ill prepared for the scene of deep dissimulation which awaited me at the family breakfast. So I walked out, early, and alone, to indulge myself in bad humour and useless meditation.

I returned about the middle of the day. More wonders: Mrs. Allington was in fits. Her younger daughters ministering salts and sympathies. Adelaide, on both knees, smiling, weeping, blushing, and begging pardon and a blessing, all together. Accompanied she was, and supported by a husband—not Lord D., but the playmate of her infancy, and the lover of her choice, Tom Burton.

And all was soon explained. Honest John had known a trick worth two at least of his wife's. He had received her peremptory orders to shut his eyes to the elopement of his daughter. He had done more—he had abetted in it. He had played the practical diplomatist. He had procured a licence, and had given his formal consent to the two parties the most interested, that the marriage should be solemnized privately, but very thoroughly, that morning in his own parish church. Adelaide, on the preceding night, had only appeared to elope. She had, indeed, left the house with Lord D. and the widow, but had returned alone, before the storm, and had taken refuge in her father's study, where she remained, alone with her father, till the canonical hours of the morning enabled him to give away, to his young friend and neighbour, a hand almost as dear to the giver as to the receiver.

Poor Mrs. Allington! On the same morning, but a few hours later, another marriage was performed in the same church—Sir James Burton with Miss Carleton. Still later,

in that eventful day, news of Mrs. Eglantine reached her dear friend at Allington Park. She and young Lord D. were far on their road to Scotland. Poor Mrs. Allington! —her fits returned. "Well, who would have thought it! Oh! never, never was I so deceived in woman! And yet, somehow, I always saw *that* in her which made me think it prudent not to repose too much confidence in her—the artful, unprincipled, poor, despicable, creature!" And then, so sincerely did Mrs. Allington pity the poor, despicable, creature, that she stamped and burst into a passion of tears.

But Mrs. Allington was not wholly unfortunate. She had a little feeling of gratified vengeance to enjoy. After the first transports of her mortification were past, she had the merit of sufficiently subduing her anger to write some good news, and she was the first to communicate it, to her dear, sensitive, friend. Very late on the evening of that same day a most unexpected visitor arrived at Eglantine Bower, the report of whose arrival spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood—Mr. Eglantine of that Ilk;—the supposed defunct, happily restored, lord of that bower; —never having been murdered at all, only detained, and a little the worse for a few wounds and other slight severities, from which, with a few months' assiduous nursing, there was every prospect of an entire recovery, and a long life. There, in the midst of his own bower, he sat him down, awaiting, with commendable patience, and, as the civilians have it, *in animo maritali*, the return of his lady from her premature and now unprofitable journey to the connubial border of North Britain.

And Mrs. Allington has not given a pic nic since.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I HAVE no early flowers to fling
  O'er thy yet earlier grave;
O'er it the morning lark may sing,
  By it the bright rose wave;
The very night dew disappears
Too soon, as if it spared its tears.

Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
  Were listen'd for like song!
They used to call thy voice so sweet;—
  It did not haunt them long.
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth!

There is no picture to recall
  Thy glad and open brow;
No profiled outline on the wall
  Seems like thy shadow now;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last appears
  But just like yesterday;
It startles me to think that years
  Since then are past away.
The old oak tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
  Drove us beneath the shade;
A beautiful and greenwood bower—
  The spreading branches made.
The raindrops shine upon the bough,
The passing rain—but where art thou?

But I forget how many showers
  Have wash'd this old oak tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
  Since I stood here with thee.
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
  As if they still should weep;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
  As if it could not sleep;
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness,
Have I, myself, forgotten less?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
  Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
  In silence and in shade.
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine?

Ah! it is well we can forget,
  Or who could linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
  On earth whose flowers are gone?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear,

Our early friends, those of our youth?
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then.
We grow suspicious, careless, cold;
We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and beloving we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to trust and share
The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time;
And now that it is past
It breathes as of a purer clime
Than where my lot is cast.
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.

It shock'd me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb;
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom.
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recall'd its own;
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone.
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.

Farewell! the early dews that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed
Are like the thoughts that now recall
Thine image from the dead.
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell!

LINES.

BY THE HON. HOBART CRADOCK, M. P.

WRITTEN ON THE REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT MOUNT ERYX IN SICILY, MAY, 1824.

When Time, despiser of enchanted ground,
Bade towns, and towers, and temples fall around,
Could thine, fair goddess, claim no gentler lot?
Like others throng'd, insulted, and forgot!
Time, o'er whose path thy hands so oft have shed
Thy greenest myrtle for his foot to tread,
Thrown rainbow chains around his flying hours,
Curl'd his gray lock, and hid his scythe in flowers!
Each fabled mountain, and each storied plain,
Boasts some huge remnant of a mould'ring fane;
While these rich relics of a victor's art
Astound the mind, they leave untouch'd the heart,
And tired with all the haughty gods we see,
Turn with impatient tenderness to thee.
Oh! when the golden glory of thy smiles
Cast their long radiance o'er thy subject isles—
When, throned in dreadless state, thou sat'st above,
Scattering exhaustless showers of light and love—
Could war, could years, against thy sway combine,
Or votaries vanish from so dear a shrine?

THE BOUDOIR.

"Where all, save the spirit of MAN, is divine!"

LORD BYRON.

"MAMMA!" exclaimed the little Lady Laura Llangollin one morning, to the beautiful Countess of Chepstow, "what is a boudoir?"

"This room, my love," replied her mother, "in which we are now sitting, is a boudoir."

"Yes, mamma, I know that; but *why* is it a boudoir? what is the meaning of the word? I asked my governess the other morning to tell me; and she said, it is something you will perhaps know more about, Lady Laura, when you are older; at present, you are too young to enter into a definition of difficulties."

"And a very sensible answer it was, my love."

"Only that I don't think she knew much about it herself, mamma; for she appeared confused, I thought, when I asked her, and hesitated in giving me an answer; and she had quite a colour in her cheek when she spoke; and you know she is in general very pale."

"And did she say any thing more, Laura?"

"She merely added, 'You had better not;' and then she paused, and said it was time to take a few turns in the square; and so we went out to walk. But, mamma, will you tell me what a boudoir means, or shall I ask papa when he comes home?"

"No, my dear, you had better not ask your papa about it; perhaps he may be tired, and he hates being troubled with trifles of that sort. A boudoir means a room fitted up with much taste, and still more tact, appropriated exclusively to the lady of the house for the performance of her own little peculiar privileges. Something like your

papa's *own* room, you know, below, where he is left to himself to look after his *own* affairs, answer letters, grant leases, discharge tenants, get by heart his next parliamentary attempt, or receive any friend he may wish to see in private."

"Does papa often come up here?"

"As often as he feels inclined," replied the countess.

"The other day, mamma, as I was going to the schoolroom, I met papa on the stairs, and he said, 'Where is your mamma, Laura?' and I told him you were here, and he asked if any one was with you."

"And what did you say, my love?"

"'Only Sir Charles Pembroke, papa,' I replied."

"And did your papa make any answer?"

"He merely repeated the words, '*Only* Sir Charles Pembroke is there!' and there was a sort of smile I thought on his countenance as he turned and went down stairs again."

"I do wish your papa would not be so very inquisitive, nor ask silly questions about what cannot possibly concern him. People (especially men) should never be curious, Laura; mind that."

"Mamma, shall I be an Exclusive when I grow up?" continued her little ladyship, taking up a volume with that title.

"I don't know, my love; that must depend in a great measure on how you conduct yourself *in* society."

"What does an Exclusive mean, mamma?"

"A being different from the generality of the world."

"But in what respect different?"

"In the *tout ensemble* of life, my love."

"Should you like me to be an Exclusive?"

"I am not sure that I should altogether."

"But why, mamma?—You are one yourself, are you not?"

"I suppose I am, Laura; but then, you know, I should hope you would be much wiser than I am."

"Does the being an Exclusive depend on being wise?"

"No, not exactly," replied the countess: "not invariably."

"On what does it depend then, mamma?"

"Sometimes on being the contrary, I fear, Laura," said her mother, smiling.

"Who first established Exclusive society?"

"You had better ask your papa that question, my love."

"People seem to make a great fuss, mamma, about Exclusives; it is a word every body makes use of now. The other evening, I heard Lady Malvern ask Sir Charles Pembroke what sort of a person he should like his wife to be, and he replied, 'I should *rather* prefer an Exclusive:' and some nights ago, as I was going up to my room, I heard Tabinette asking Powderpuff, over the banisters of the back stairs, 'What kind of man is he?' 'Oh, quite an *H*exclusive!' he replied."

"Yes, my love, it is a term just at present in general repute. But now go to the schoolroom, and tell Mademoiselle La Flinte you may have a holyday, and then put on your things to accompany me to Howell and James, where I have some *exclusive* commissions to transact."

"Will papa go with us, mamma?"

"No, my love; how can you talk such nonsense? Papas have no business there, but *once* in three years, and not then, if they are only *liberal* in other matters. But the carriage is announced, so go and get ready;"—and the little Lady Laura tripped, *à la* Brocard, out of "THE BOUDOIR."

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I DREAM'D in my desolate prison room
A dream of joy in the lonely night;
I had burst from captivity's sorrows and gloom,
And my bosom o'erflow'd with a gush of delight,
As in freedom I stood on my own native shore,
And beheld the dear home of my childhood once more.

I gather'd fresh flowers by the beautiful stream
Where I wove the bright garlands in youth's early day;
I saw the blue skies and the sun's glorious beam,
And tasted the fresh genial breezes of May:
Oh! never before had such rapture been mine,
Or suns and blue skies appear'd half so divine.

And never had Nature's young livery of green
Seem'd so fair as the verdure I gazed upon then;
I would not have exchanged for the gems of a queen,
One bud of the violets that bloom'd in that glen;
For the lowliest herb that grew wildly and free
Had a charm that before was ne'er reck'd of by me.

And friends were around me—the friends of my youth,
And he the beloved and lamented of years,
Devoted as when he first pledged his fond truth,
I gazed on once more through my fast flowing tears;
But my dream was dispell'd as his soul-thrilling tone
In my sleeping ear whisper'd, "I still am thy own!"

MORAL SONG.

BY F. MANSEL REYNOLDS.

"Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas."

I.

THOUGH from certain crimes exempt,
Don't indulge in those that tempt;
True, no doubt, you spill no blood—
You 're not, therefore, very good:
Those who, bless'd with fortune, can't
Feel the cruel power of want,
Cannot either in this day
Even *wish* to rob or slay:
Vaunt not, then, that you 're exempt
From the crimes that *do not* tempt!
They that with but slight temptation
Give the rein to inclination,
And destroy dependents' peace,
To indulge their own caprice,
Now, are greatly worse than they
Who, in times of feudal sway,
Yielding to temptation strong,
Wrought a fell and mortal wrong!
If dependents then should grieve you,
If a friend or foe deceive you,
Let it pass;
For, alas!
We are transient as the grass,
Fragile as the frailest glass;
And we must
Turn to dust,
Whether we 're corrupt or just!

II.

Life is much too short for wrangling,
Death will come and catch us jangling;
Quarrel not, then, through the days
You should pass in winning praise.
Prithee, fractious mortals, know,
That 'tis *temper* makes your wo;
This it is, and only this,
Mars the mass of social bliss!
Tell me not of love and beauty,
Gold, and wine, and lack of duty;
Temper, in domestic life,
Has engender'd more of strife,
More of error and compunction,
Than the others in conjunction.
Let it somewhat though console
Those who suffer the control
Of a captious, harsh oppressor,
Temper *tortures* its possessor!
Life is much too short for jangling;
If you find a cause for wrangling,
Let it pass;
For, alas!
We are transient as the grass,
Fragile as the frailest glass!

III.

Sons of dust! unbend so far
As to know the things ye are!
Condescend for once to try
To remember ye must die;
In an instant be as not;
Lie beneath the earth and rot!

See—that pretty, laughing fair—
Beauty reigns triumphant there:
Soft that cheek of roseate hue,
Bright that eye of heavenly blue,
Brighter than the brightest gem
On an eastern diadem.
Look again—what strikes you now?—
Haggard form and wrinkled brow,
Sightless eye, and shrivell'd bust;
Age approaching dust to dust!
See! that prince is not alone—
Death is with him on his throne!
Hark!—the fatal word is said;
Now—the spark of life is fled!
Thus we pass!
For, alas!
We are transient as the grass,
Fragile as the frailest glass!
And we must
Turn to dust,
Whether we 're corrupt or just!

HAIDEE;

OR, A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY LORD PORCHESTER.

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS NOT ONLY FOUNDED ON FACT, BUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES RECORDED ARE STRICTLY TRUE. THIS IS PERHAPS ITS SOLE MERIT.

A broidered cap was on her brow; beneath,
Her parted hair in rich profusion fell
Over a neck of snow. The orient pearl,
Pure emblem of her spotless mind; the flower,
Bright symbol of her joyous path, were twined
Amid those flowing tresses. Night and morn
Seem'd mingling there, so sable were her locks,
So pale her marble brow. How fair she was!
How envied, and how rich!—Rich in the gifts
That art yields not, that gold can never buy!
Rich in the faultless features of her race!
Rich, if the fervent love of faithful friends
Could make her wealthy! On that heavenly brow
The high-born chieftain turn'd his rapturous gaze;
The traveller felt the sunshine of her smile
Light up his weary way; and, as she passed,
The lowly hind forgot his wonted toil
To greet her with his humble benison.

Such was the beautiful object which called forth this hasty effusion, as I saw her for the first time by the glorious light of a southern sun, on the 4th of September, 1827. I met her shortly after my departure from Ovar; she was journeying towards Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and, as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted; they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and ear-rings of solid gold. The

curious mixture of familiar dialogue and good-natured authority which appeared in her intercourse with them excited classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realize the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. She was herself probably aware of the peculiar style of her beauty, for her costume might in some degree be considered classical, and unlike that usually worn in her country. It was, indeed, most admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met every evening under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family, and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would be speedily united to part no more, but from that hour they never met again, either in

sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested and conveyed to a place of strict confinement. There he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in the course of a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in persons of deeply rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child—from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise to banish former regrets, and

> "She who lately loved the best,
> Too soon forgets she loved at all."

I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling, which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union; yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert with undiminished affection to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced, that while it lasted she would have renounced every human being, to be restored to the unforgotten youth who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.

LINES

BY THE HONOURABLE HOBART CRADOCK, M.P.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF TRAVELLERS AT CHAMOUNY, AUGUST, 1821*.

How many number'd, and how few agreed
In age, or clime, or character, or creed!
Here unknown genius dwindles to a name,
And dulness writes, for others do the same.
Italian treachery and English pride
Sit with the heavy German, side by side;
The hardy Russian hails congenial snow;
The Spaniard shivers as these breezes blow.
Knew we the objects of this varied crew,
To *stare* how many, and to *feel* how few!
Here, Nature's child, ecstatic from her school,
Here travelling problems that admire by rule;
Here the poor poet woos his modest muse,
And thanks his stars he 's safe from all reviews;
The pedant drags from out his motley store
A line some hundred hills have heard before:
And critics too—for where 's the happy spot
So blest by Nature as to have them not?—
Spit their vile slaver o'er a simple phrase,
Of foolish wonder, or of honest praise,
Some pompous hint, some comment on mine host,
Some direful failure, or some harmless boast:
Not blacker spleen could urge these furious men,
If Jeffery's soul had perch'd on Gifford's pen.
Here Envy, Hatred, and the Fool of Fame
Join'd in one act of wonder when they came.

* Incomplete and incorrect copies of these lines have been falsely published as Lord Byron's.—ED.

Here Beauty's worshipper, in flesh or rock,
The blushing canvas, or the breathing block,
Sees the white giant, in his robe of light,
Stretch his huge form to look o'er Jura's height,
And stays, while hastening to the blest remains
And calmer beauties of the classic plains.
Perhaps some exile, with enraptured eye,
Saw one dear name within these pages lie;
Felt life rebounding, and a warmer light
Mantle all nature in his gladden'd sight,
To scenes enchanted by her step awoke,
Which heal'd his heart a moment ere it broke.
And here, whom Hope beguiling bids to seek
Ease for his breast, and colour for his cheek,
Still steals a moment from Ausonia's sky,
And views, and worships, on his way to die.
Youth's youngest hour will sicken with disease,
And nothing charm when all things ought to please;
On boyhood's brow an iron hand may place
The scathe of sorrow with a beardless face;
And Care may fold within its giant clasp
Some young Laocoon, writhing in its grasp.
Love, and his chequer'd hours, are all of youth,
And his own madness will confess his truth;
But, once destroy'd, what farther scenes remain?—
A deeper desert and more dreary plain.
The fine perception, which o'er Beauty flings
The rose's hue, and tenfold fragrance brings,
Gives added venom to the poison'd dart,
And makes it fester deeper in the heart.
But he, the author of these idle lines—
What passion rules him, or what tie confines?
For him what friend is true, what mistress blooms?
What joy elates him, or what grief consumes?

Impassion'd, senseless, vigorous, or old,
What matters?—bootless were his story told.
Some praise, at least, one act of sense may claim—
He wrote these verses, but conceal'd his name.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

The dream, the dream of life is fled!
Youth's glittering spell that bound us,
The hope of those bright days to *come*,
No longer beam around us.

The sunshine of the soul is o'er
That told a brighter morrow;
The tide which oft would flow in bliss
Now oft'ner ebbs in sorrow.

Who can look back on those loved scenes,
When life was all before him,
Nor sigh for feelings faded now,
As earlier thoughts come o'er him?

Who can retrace each joyous step,
When those we loved were near us,
Nor weep o'er some, alas! now gone,
Whose love no more will cheer us?

Oh! who would pause on mem'ry's track
To smile o'er throbs once cherish'd?
Or turn to hopes which yet remain,
Nor sigh o'er some which perish'd?

Who to the tomb can be allied
With links time scarce can sever,
Nor feel, when lost, the heart must mourn
Life's *earliest* tie for *ever?*

SAUMUR.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

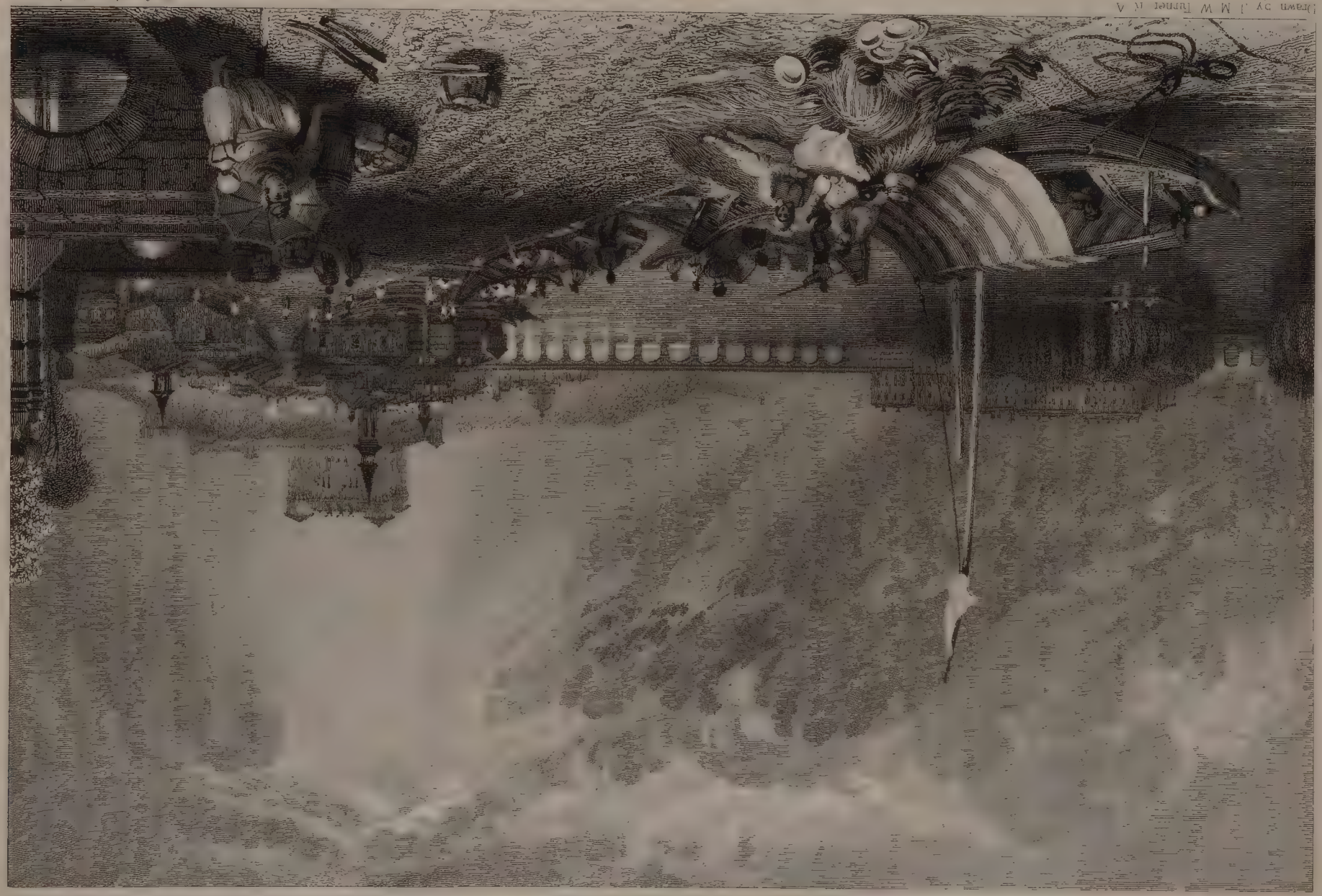
BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

"FRANCE! la belle France! how delightful are thy skies, and how beautiful are thy vine-covered hills!" was the heartfelt exclamation uttered by a young Englishman with all the energy and vivacity of twenty-one, as he sat in the cabriolet of the Orleans *diligence* while it rolled into Saumur over the long and handsome bridge* leading to that town: and no one would reasonably be surprised at the enthusiasm of a youth of ardent mind and feelings on his first visit to France, when beneath his feet the gay and smiling Loire, winding its fertilizing course through the valley of Saumur, sparkled in the beams of an autumnal sun, and reflected in its clear and ample waters, some of the loveliest features of nature. The diligence stopped at the auberge (I beg pardon) at the *Hotel* de l'Epée, and there unburthened itself of all its animate and inanimate load. Our traveller alighting, deposited a liberal fee in the extended hand of the *conducteur*, who repaid him with many gracious compliments and parting salutations. The

* This bridge, which was finished in the year 1768, was eight hundred and fifty-two feet in length (French measure), and had twelve arches of sixty feet each in the span. The Loire, by Saumur, is divided into several branches, forming different islets, the communication between which was formerly kept up by as many bridges, of which the one above alluded to was the principal.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Engraved by Rhodes, Wallis



Hotel de l'Epée faces the river, and but a few yards intervene between its door and the agreeable quay, or promenade, shaded by trees, which runs for some distance along the banks of the Loire. Thither, the Englishman directed his steps, tempted by the pleasing liveliness of the scene, and somewhat disposed to avoid the confusion of tongues and the incomplete and steaming odours of the kitchen, generally consequent on so striking an event as the arrival of the Orleans *diligence*.

Nothing, perhaps, tends more directly to that delicious state of mental quiescence, termed reverie, than the total absence of restraint and occupation; and certain it is, that one of the best and easiest modes of prolonging this temporary happiness, is the act of gazing on sky and water, while the sun shines bright and unclouded. The youth appeared determined to exhibit, in the present instance, an incontestable proof of this position; and it would have been difficult to have calculated how long he might have remained in abstracted contemplation of the flowing Loire, if a gentle tap on the arm, and the shrill address of the *fille* of the hotel—"*Monsieur, on va servir,*" had not reminded him, that philosophers who travel, have appetites in common with their fellow-mortals.

And who was our traveller? what had led him to visit such an out of the way place as Saumur? and where was he going to? are questions that may naturally arise, and may lawfully require answers, for we are not in the smallest degree desirous of introducing him as the paladin of any romance. Our hero had not ventured into the Touraine with either of the hackneyed purposes of exploring the picturesque, or of purifying his French accent; nor had he been induced by the more ignoble object of speculating on the forthcoming produce of the vineyards surrounding the

district of Saumur; nevertheless he had visited France for reasons of the most matter of fact kind.

By the decease and under the will of a maternal uncle, Charles Elliot, a lieutenant in a regiment of the line, with but slender means, became unexpectedly the possessor of a yearly income of fifteen hundred pounds. Amongst other matters bequeathed to him, mention was particularly made in the will, of a debt, amounting to nearly 2000*l.*, which remained due to the testator, with interest, on a bond of some years standing, from a Monsieur de Rosanne, described as being resident at Saumur. Elliot, who before this important change in his worldly prospects, could hardly boast of enjoying a larger income, in addition to his pay, than the sum of fifteen hundred shillings, soon, under his altered circumstances, began to find the depôt station of his regiment at Chatham rather more dull and irksome than heretofore. He justly conceived that the amount of this bond debt was worth looking after, and (the weather proving singularly inviting) he obtained a short leave of absence, and with these motives undertook the journey to Saumur.

But we must return to the Hotel de l'Epée, where Elliot having taken his place at the table d'hôte, was disposed to be pleased not only with himself and with every guest present, but also with every dish served up at the dinner, fairly rivalling all his Gallic companions in the incessant and inseparable occupations of eating and talking. The meagre and tasteless *potage*, with its floating islands of stale bread, was pronounced to be excellent! The eternal and unchangeable *fricandeau*, with its pillow of sorrel, was declared to be both novel and capital! The bigoted and antiquated opinions on the degeneracy of the modern French nation, drawled out with all due precision and solemnity,

by an old and wrinkled countess (who was on her road to Nantes, and made one of the dinner party), were listened to, by Elliot, with apparent interest and attention. In short, no trifling matter occurred, which did not prove agreeable, and fully imbued with the true *couleur de rose*.

What a charming epoch in human life, is the age of twenty-one! and how much more charming, when he who has attained it, possesses an adequate competence of good fortune, good health, and good spirits! Vivid anticipations all unite, then, to render the most barren path interesting; the passing day is happier than its predecessor; and fancy cannot possibly define any bounds whatever to its prospects of continual enjoyment. So thought Elliot, when, at the close of his amusing repast, he willingly accepted the polite offer of an elderly and intelligent French gentleman to accompany him in a stroll through the town. Under such guidance, all the lions of Saumur were thoroughly examined and appreciated; its neat theatre, commodious baths, and extensive promenades, the superb cavalry barracks and manège*: and having climbed the hill which commands the town, the two explorers proceeded to view the ancient château†, which frowns in so very imposing and warlike an attitude over a country regarded as the garden of France. As the afternoon advanced, his friendly guide was com-

* The manège was esteemed one of the finest establishments of the kind throughout France.

† This château, the building of which was commenced by King Pepin, was formerly maintained as a fortress, and for a long time served as a state prison. During the revolutionary wars, and in the year 1793, the royalist army of La Vendée obtained possession of it. In later times it has been occupied as a considerable arsenal. As connected with this castle, the attempt and designs of General Berton, some few years back, will no doubt be remembered.

pelled to take leave, when Elliot, nothing fatigued, and easily tempted by the fairness of the evening, prolonged his walk without the limits of the town. Many objects attracted his attention in the course of his ramble, but none so much as a small country villa of the neatest appearance, which, with its green *jalousies* and perfectly white front, stood in the centre of a rich flower-garden laid out in the English style. Our young lieutenant could not refrain from leaning upon the palings surrounding it, to admire the elegant arrangement of the enclosed ground; and in this, he was not intentionally guilty of any rudeness, not a person being visible, though the doors and windows of the house were thrown wide open, as if to invite the entrance of the cool evening breeze. He had not long indulged in his observation, when the full sound of the chords of a harp, struck with brilliancy and skill, came floating upon his ear; and after a short and appropriate symphony, a female voice sang, with perfect taste and feeling, that old but affecting ballad,

> " Pauvre Jacques, quand j'etois près de toi,
> Je ne sentis pas ma misère;
> Mais à present que tu vis loin de moi,
> Tout me paroit triste sur la terre," &c.

To express, that Elliot was charmed with this sudden flow of melody, would be but a cold attempt to describe what he really felt; he remained at the gate in a state of rapture and astonishment: the time of the evening, the serenity of the climate, the unexpected burst of harmony, united to excite mental impressions which at all times were easily kindled. Simple as the incident was, yet his creative fancy was fully prepared to invest it with all the glowing hues of interesting adventure. How eagerly did he wish, that *he himself* could be metamorphosed into, and

identified with the person of the *Pauvre Jacques*, to whom that touching song had been addressed.—Such a voice and such tenderness of feeling could only form a portion of the endowments of some fair creature, heavenly in person as in soul.

Moonlight may be favourable to the meditations and aspirations of poets and lovers, but in the common scenes of every-day life, there are many little inconveniences which attend the departure of the sun: for instance, the incipient vigilance of trusty household dogs, when strangers are roaming near to their posts of confidence and honour, is one of no small consideration. Thus, our adventurer's stationary figure did not fail to ensure the notice of a captious and well-fed spaniel, who, with many a growl and bark, cantered down from the house door to the extremity of the garden. Elliot, judging that his continued presence might be considered an intrusion by the human tenants of the mansion as well as by its brute inhabitants, abandoned his position with great regret, and very unwillingly turned back to Saumur. On his arrival at the inn, he besieged the hostess with a volley of questions, in order to ascertain who inhabited the cottage-villa which he had recently quitted. His description of the same, and of its situation, was necessarily vague and incomplete; still like every other lively, bustling, French *bourgeoise*, she had so much innate tact and ingenuity of comprehension in these matters, that she appeared competent to favour the enthusiast with the required information. "*Eh bien, monsieur*, you are certain it was a white-fronted house?"

"Positively so."

"And that there were many beds of carnations and tulips in the garden?" added the hostess.

"Yes, a profusion of flowers."

"When Monsieur went out of the Saumur gate, did he turn to his right on the Niort Road?"

"I am almost confident that I turned to the right, but I am ignorant on what road."

Madame, after some little farther cogitation on her own part, and some closer examination into trifling particulars, loudly ejaculated with that triumphant tone, to which the successful exercise of a Frenchwoman's quickness of apprehension always gives birth, "*Ah, mon Dieu!* it must be the country residence of the *notaire,* Monsieur Tireplume!"

"A thousand thanks to you, Madame!" cried Elliot, adding, "What family has Monsieur Tireplume?"

The mistress of the Hotel de l'Epée did not find it an easy task to satisfy her guest's curiosity. The result of her knowledge communicated to him was, that Monsieur Tireplume carried on a considerable business in Saumur as an *avocat* and *notaire;* that he was married, and had a family; and that his office for professional concerns was situated near to the Church of St. Pierre, in the town, where he attended regularly every day, from an early hour in the morning. A bright thought immediately flashed across the sanguine mind of Elliot: he remembered the debt due from Monsieur de Rosanne, the supposed resident at Saumur. Here was a notary and lawyer of considerable experience—why not intrust him at once with the authority to find out this gentleman, and to take all the regular steps for the recovery of the money? This would at the same time infallibly afford an excellent opportunity for an introduction into the white-fronted villa with the green *jalousies* on the Niort Road, and to the all-attractive though as yet unseen vocalist who dwelt there. On the next day, Elliot, with the bond and requisite papers to substantiate

his right and identity, sallied out towards the Church of St. Pierre. He experienced no trouble in finding the office of Monsieur Tireplume—a well-polished brass plate bore, in large characters, the name of Tireplume, *Notaire et Avocat de la Cour Royale*, &c. To a vigorous pull of the bell-handle, an expeditious answer was returned in a very distinct, nasal, and business-like voice.

"*Entrez, s'il vous plait.*"

"Monsieur Tireplume, I believe."

"Yes, Monsieur, much at your service. May I beg that you will be seated?"

Elliot at first stated accurately the case of the bond debt and of his rights under his late uncle's will, and having produced his documents, inquired of the man of law if he were acquainted with such a person as Monsieur de Rosanne, and if he lived still in Saumur.

"Acquainted with him! I know that he resides here, but he is an old Bonapartist, a *sacré liberal*, an ill-disposed subject to the government: I would not have any acquaintance with him!" exclaimed Tireplume with vehemence.

Elliot soon perceived that the *Notaire et Avocat* of the *Cour Royale* was a royalist *au bout de ses doigts*, and after judiciously allowing Tireplume's loyalty and rage to explode and evaporate without opposition, according to all the formula of politeness prescribed by the *ancien régime*, he ventured to ask Monsieur Tireplume, if he were willing, notwithstanding, to undertake the recovery of the bond debt.

"*Volontiers, très volontiers, Monsieur.* Leave me your papers, and in a very little time we will make the old jacobin refund the money."

Elliot was compelled inwardly to confess, that the notary's eagerness to put this affair in train seemed to proceed

as much from his dislike of Rosanne as from his professional pursuits. Having delivered the bond and other documents to his legal adviser, Elliot warily observed,

"What a delightful country residence and garden you have, Monsieur Tireplume!"

"You flatter me, sir. I shall be too happy to see you there."

"You do me infinite honour: I will not fail to pay my respects to you and Madame Tireplume ere long," joyfully replied Elliot, as he took his departure from the office, favoured by repeated bows from the lawyer's well-powdered and loyal head.

Delicacy, of course, restrained Elliot from making his visit on the same afternoon. On the following day, it rained, hailed, thundered, and lightened at intervals, to such an extent, that a country excursion being quite out of the question, he had no other resource, save that of playing billiards with the *garçon* of the table, and of reading through an odd volume of the "Contes Moraux" of Marmontel, which, like an old and solitary hermit, lay, without any companion, in the corner of his apartment, appearing much the worse for age and wear.

When the returning fine weather enabled him, Elliot bounded like a greyhound along the town of Saumur, and, hastening through the gates, found himself, as it were by instinct, and without the necessity of making a single inquiry, on the road to the little white villa. A short space of time sufficed to bring him to the place of his destination; mustering up a stock of resolution (for Elliot, though a lieutenant of infantry, was a diffident youth), he boldly opened the wicket-gate, and, marching up the garden, advanced to the house-door. A female servant appeared, who, looking rather surprised at the

stranger's visit, informed him, in reply to his question, that the family were within. On being ushered into the saloon, Elliot turned his eyes inquiringly round. A harp, a pianoforte, and sundry books and implements of drawing caught his attention. For two or three minutes he remained alone in the apartment, before a gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, joined him. The latter, slightly curtsying, requested him to be seated. Elliot was astonished at the appearance of the parties: but, before we proceed with our narrative, let us endeavour to portray them.—The gentleman was tall and erect in stature, though evidently bearing the marks of advanced years: his hair was white as snow, he was entirely blind, and was supported or rather led into the room by his fair and youthful companion. But the lady!—what language can faithfully impart the impression produced by her grace and beauty!—She could not have passed her eighteenth year, for the loveliness of her person was even yet ripening and budding into perfection. Ringlets of the lightest shade of chestnut, falling to her shoulders, clustered, without design or the assistance of art, round a face of the clearest and most transparent complexion and texture; that face again was lighted by eyes of unmixed blue, replete with innocence and tenderness; while a mouth and nose of regular symmetry added both sweetness and dignity to her countenance. Her figure was slight and elegant, and had attained a height, a little above that which is generally allotted to the stature of females. The graceful and unaffected manner in which, with her arms gently clasped through those of her infirm companion, she carefully guided him to a sofa, like some fragrant and beauteous honeysuckle entwining around a venerable but decaying oak, would have commanded the reverence of the

most iron-hearted stoic. Elliot felt a sentiment of awe and admiration at the first glance of so much loveliness: he did not dare afterwards to fix his gaze upon her; but, confused by the singularity of his situation, he, in rather unintelligible accents, asked if *Madame* Tireplume was at home, observing, that, of course, he knew *Monsieur le Notaire* was engaged in his usual legal avocations at Saumur.

This imperfect and unlucky sentence had scarcely past the lips of the speaker, when the old gentleman and the young lady, rising from their seats, exclaimed simultaneously, with surprise and indignation, "Tireplume!" and the former, elevating his still commanding though feeble frame to its greatest height, added, in a voice rendered more tremulous by indignation than by age,

"What new insult does he now propose to offer to an impotent and defenceless man?"

"Hush! *mon cher père!*" was the instantaneous interposition of the lovely girl, conveyed in a voice of the most soothing tones.—"It is evident that this stranger is an Englishman, and some error must have occurred." Then turning towards Elliot, and addressing him in good English with a slight foreign accent, she courteously requested an explanation.

Poor Elliot, if he was confused before, was now overwhelmed by a sense of the ridiculous and almost humiliating situation in which he was placed. He replied in a sorrowful and disheartened manner, that he had, upon the invitation of Monsieur Tireplume, walked from Saumur to visit his family; that, by some unaccountable mistake in the description, he had been led to believe, that the house into which he had so unwarrantably intruded had been the country residence of the

notary's family: offering his most sincere apologies, he begged permission to ask the name of the tenant of the villa.

"Monsieur de Rosanne," replied the young lady, who, together with her venerable relative, appeared to be satisfied with the lieutenant's candid statement.

"Monsieur de Rosanne!" repeated Elliot, starting from his chair in unaffected astonishment and dismay. "What would I not have done, what sacrifice would I not have made, could I have foreseen, could I have prevented, this unfortunate *contretemps!*"

"What, in the name of Heaven, does all this mean, my dear child?" said Monsieur de Rosanne calmly. "Is this gentleman at all connected with the business which has so fatally disturbed the tranquillity of our retirement? Pray tell him, my dear Adèle, the whole matter: it cannot remain a secret."

Adèle de Rosanne, addressing herself to Elliot, who, though he could not raise his eyes from the ground, listened with breathless attention to every syllable, proceeded to relate, that, many years back, Monsieur de Rosanne, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of a near and dear relative, who had embarked in some commercial speculations in England, had, with a view to render him assistance, bound himself in a debt upon a bond to a large amount to a merchant of London; that, till lately, he had always supposed the original debt had been satisfied or compromised by the relation on whose behalf he had been implicated in the transaction; but that, within the last two days, he had been suddenly threatened by Monsieur Tireplume with instant legal process, for the recovery of the principal and interest, at the suit of a client, a Lieutenant Elliot, who was said to have arrived in Saumur. The

lovely girl, with an unrepressed tear, further added, that her revered parent was a man of known probity and honour, but that in his worldly circumstances he was straitened; that, after a life past with distinction in fighting the battles of his country, he had, some years back, retired to the neighbourhood of Saumur, with the rank of colonel and the decoration of the Legion of Honour, to enjoy the declining portion of his existence in that peace and comfort, which the economical and prudent management of a moderate income and pension had hitherto secured; finally remarking, that Monsieur de Tireplume, who had been a *girouette* in the complete sense of the word—"every thing by turns, and nothing long"—had displayed on all opportunities, a petty and persevering enmity against her parent, for no other reason, but that he had always been consistent in his political conduct and principles.

Ashamed and humbled as Elliot felt, at having so unintentionally become the invader, as it were, of the abode of integrity and domestic happiness; the sentiments of honour and generosity, at all times the inmates of his heart, inspired him with confidence and self-possession; and, without the slightest hesitation or delay, he avowed to Monsieur de Rosanne and Adèle who he was, the circumstances under which he had applied to Tireplume for advice, his total ignorance of all the transactions leading to the bond debt, and he concluded by emphatically declaring, that no consideration upon earth would have induced him (had he been aware of the actual state of matters) to have claimed the debt.

In vain Adèle and her aged relative attempted to interrupt him, by their protestations against his announced determination: he would not listen to their disinterested remonstrances; he shrunk from their grateful and im-

pressive acknowledgments; and, with renewed apologies for the anxiety he had occasioned, Elliot took a hurried leave, and flew back to Saumur to the notary's office.

Our readers will anticipate what passed upon his arrival at Monsieur Tireplume's. Elliot very briefly observed, that he had abandoned all intention of proceeding for the recovery of his bond debt. The notary, with an expressive "*Bah!*" replied, that Monsieur was pleased to joke. The lieutenant not only affirmed, he was serious, but demanded the return of the bond and of the other papers. The man of law demurred, and muttered that it was now impossible:—expenses had been incurred, &c. The man of war, offering to be answerable for all just costs, sternly repeated his demand; and the result was, that, after the migration of some glittering napoleons from the pocket of the lieutenant to the canvas bag of the lawyer, Elliot returned to the Hotel de l'Epée, with the bond and documents in his own safe custody.

Although eager to revisit the family of De Rosanne, without any unnecessary procrastination, yet Elliot, smarting under the fresh recollection of his annoying mistake, contrived to commence a quarrel with his landlady for having misled and misdirected him so untowardly by her erroneous information.

"*Eh, mon Dieu!* did I not ask you, if the house you described was on the Niort Road?" said the indignant female; "*est il possible,* that you could have taken the road to Bourbon-Vendée, instead of that to Niort?"

"Madame," replied Elliot petulantly, "how am I to be supposed acquainted with the geography and topography of this country? Why did you not tell me that all the houses without the barrières of Saumur had white fronts and green blinds?"

However, Elliot prudently withdrew from a continuation of the controversy; and engaging a conveyance, soon found himself again at the dwelling of Monsieur de Rosanne.

He entered without ceremony, and was received as an old acquaintance. Drawing the bond from his pocket, he tore it with vehemence in twenty pieces before the astonished Adèle; and though Monsieur de Rosanne was debarred from the pleasure of seeing this exemplification of the generous conduct of the young Englishman, he could clearly understand what was passing, and his heart fully estimated the kind and noble action of his creditor.

It would be needless to relate, that Elliot was pressed to pass the remainder of the day at the cottage, and that he gladly accepted the proffered invitation, of visiting Monsieur de Rosanne and Adèle whenever he liked, on the welcome terms of one of the family. And Elliot did not omit to avail himself of this friendly invitation. Monsieur de Rosanne professed a strong regard and esteem for the British nation, and entertained the highest confidence in the honourable bearing and principles of an English officer. Adèle and Elliot were thus, perhaps imprudently, left too often, to the enjoyment of their mutual society. Adèle felt sincerely gratified in complying with Elliot's requests: her harp was constantly resorted to, and "Pauvre Jacques," with many other equally sweet airs were warbled by the lovely songstress over and over again, to her enraptured auditor and admirer. And the voice of Adèle was, even in ordinary conversation, so touching, soft, and insinuating, that in the utterance of any sentiment, it would penetrate both the ears and the souls of all who could boast of the smallest pretension to taste and feeling. And Adèle's heart was so good, so innocent: her thoughts were pure as the first blush of morning; and her submission

and attention to Monsieur de Rosanne in his heavy infirmity were the natural and uncorrupted fruits of well-regulated affections, and of strictly pious and moral principles. Many were the delicious hours during which Elliot and Adèle rambled along the verdant banks of the Loire, or lingered in the luxuriant shades of the groves and orchards of the islands which adorned that splendid river. They became inseparable companions. On Sundays and holidays, Elliot accompanied the old man and Adèle to Mass, out of compliment to them; and Elliot's admiration of Adèle was still more enhanced by the belief that no extravagant bigotry stained her holy devotions. Indeed, one morning, when, in the church of Nôtre Dame des Ardilliers, Elliot chanced to remark upon the celebrated inscription* round the cupola, relative to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Adèle did not attempt to reprove him, but, pressing her finger upon her lips, seemed only to deprecate discussion.

In the nature of things, it could not be possible, that Elliot, a young man of warm disposition and feelings, day after day becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the excellent and sterling qualities of so fascinating a girl as Adèle, could have preserved his heart and affections. In fact, they had long since been tacitly surrendered without any reserve; and of this, she needed no direct avowal. Adèle had, for some time, (without having received any open or declared confession,) assured herself, that the Englishman was her sincere and devoted admirer. She was no hypocrite; and though feminine delicacy and innocence restrained her tongue, her eyes too plainly be-

* This inscription was in Latin: its purport was, that "Louis the Fourteenth, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre, has driven heresy entirely out of his kingdom, and has put to flight the professors of the same by land and by sea."

trayed deep and genuine feelings of attachment towards her lover. Elliot was a youth of enthusiastic and impetuous motives, but of strictly generous and honourable purpose; and when he had arrived at the conviction, that he was the first and entire possessor of Adèle's virgin and virtuous affections, it would be naturally supposed, that his delight and joy would have been manifest and exuberant. But strange to relate, the moment he had satisfied himself that he was beloved by Adèle, though his respect and devotion to her were as marked and as constant as ever, his buoyancy of spirits left him, and he became depressed, thoughtful, and melancholy. When rallied upon this, by Adèle and Monsieur de Rosanne, Elliot always with sighs answered, that his leave of absence was on the eve of expiring, that some time must elapse before he could arrange matters in England to solicit a farther leave and to return again to France.

Time has wings, and so has love: which flies the faster, we cannot pretend to assert; and when they both fly together, we are certain that the united powers of Archimedes and Newton could not have discovered the accelerated ratio of their velocity. Alas! Elliot had delayed too long at Saumur; and it became a question whether he would be enabled to reach England in time to save his leave of absence. Sad was the parting between Adèle and her lover, and indeed between the aged De Rosanne and his friend: locks of hair were silently and solemnly interchanged; tears, sighs, vows, and wishes were intermingled in real sorrow and sincerity. Elliot promised to write immediately after his arrival in his quarters, and Adèle faithfully and earnestly bound herself to return answers speedily.

Although Elliot journeyed with all possible haste to

Calais, yet before he reached that port, his term of absence had expired; and this was of no trifling moment, as he had every reason to expect that the company to which he was attached might already have received its orders for foreign service, and he had no solid excuse to offer for his neglect. In a desponding frame of mind, he arrived at his quarters in Chatham, which were not at all enlivened by an intimation received from the adjutant, that he was to consider himself as under arrest, and confined to his room.

"I have made a pretty expedition," said Elliot to a friend who visited him: "I have lost my heart, I have lost my two thousand pounds, and I suppose I shall next lose my commission."

Faithful to his promise, and in perfect obedience to his own inclination, Elliot wrote to his beloved Adèle as soon as he was settled in the barracks; and, as his letter will throw some light on this narrative, we will venture to insert it without abbreviation.

"MY DEAREST ADÈLE,

"I WILL not describe to you the grief and agony which I have endured, since our unfortunate separation. To add to my troubles, I exceeded my leave of absence, and have now to submit to the decision of a court of inquiry. But these vexations are trifles when compared with the load of sorrow which depressed me so continually, as you must have observed, when at Saumur, and which now irritates and oppresses my feelings and reflections. I will communicate to you the true and only cause. Know, then, that, by the will of my uncle, it is declared to be a *positive* and *absolute condition*, that the *whole* of the property bequeathed to me shall be *forfeited* in the

event of my marriage with a *catholic* or a *foreigner*. I should remain with a mere beggar's portion, if I were deprived of the provision left to me by this will. For myself, I would care little; but the bare thought of exposing you or your parent to privation or poverty would embitter every source of happiness. I now deeply feel the cruelty of this testamentary condition, imposed by one who was a slave to absurd and inveterate prejudices. Write to me at once, for Heaven's sake! best-beloved Adèle! Endeavour, with your father's counsel, to suggest any and every thing. I would not willingly link you to want and misfortune; but no power shall compel me to resign you, if you do not fear to unite our destinies! I will acquaint you with the result of the court of inquiry as early as possible. God bless you, my dearest girl! prays your ever-devoted

"ELLIOT."

With minute and repeated injunctions of care, Elliot delivered this letter to his servant, not being himself able, on account of his arrest, to put it into the post-office.

The court of inquiry was shortly afterwards held. The lieutenant's offence was not a very heavy one, and his well-known gentlemanly and officer-like conduct proved his best advocate. He escaped with a slight reprimand. Anxiety and fatigue had, however, so mastered the energies of Elliot that he became seriously ill, and for some days unable to dictate any correspondence; but as soon as he was able to maintain a conversation, he directed his servant to write a few lines to Mademoiselle de Rosanne, to inform her of the termination of the court of inquiry and of his illness, and desired him to address the letter to her, at La Plaisance, Saumur.

Days succeeded days. Elliot, now convalescent, anxi-

ously watched the arrival of every post for the expected treasure and consolation of the hand-writing of his dear Adèle; but although more than double the portion of time necessary to bring back an answer to both epistles had elapsed, Elliot was doomed to new disappointment and unavailing regret.

The depôt companies of his regiment were under orders to embark for Gibraltar; the transports were in the river; and before going on board, Elliot wrote one other letter to Adèle, which, he himself safely deposited in the post-office.

Upwards of three years were past by Elliot on a foreign station; and verily, they were years of misery. During that time, not a line, nor any information whatever, was received from Adèle. The blue waters of the Mediterranean and the unclouded skies of Africa had no attractions for him: the thought, the angry thought, that so fair and lovely a creature could have proved faithless and worldly, gnawed the innermost recesses of his bosom, and the once gay youth became inert and hypochondriac. At last, his health being completely enfeebled, his medical friends advised a change of climate; and there being every prospect of a continued and universal peace, he determined on leaving the army, and, having made the necessary arrangements, took passage for England.

Upon his arrival in London, Elliot, after effecting the sale of his commission, proceeded with precipitation and in utter despair to France. He did not linger a single day in Paris, but directly, and without any deviation whatever, travelled on to Saumur. Taking up his quarters at his old inn, where, the landlady did not remember him at all, so much had his person been altered by grief and illness, and so studiously did he endeavour

to avoid all chance of recognition, Elliot, with great exertion, considering his reduced strength, and with considerable command over his agitated mind, commenced his well-known walk in the direction of the road to Bourbon Vendée. It was with difficulty, that he could suppress a flood of tears, or prevent himself from fainting, when he again beheld the neatly whitened front of *La Plaisance*, and its gaily enamelled garden. After four years' absence, one glance of his eye convinced him, that *there*, at least, no change had taken place. As with a beating heart he approached the garden railing, he saw the well-remembered form of Adèle slowly walking towards the gate. But, gracious Heaven! no aged and feeble parent now required her pious and attentive care. Adèle's arm was passed closely through that of a dark and handsome man in the prime of life, of bold and military exterior and carriage. She was smiling with pleasure at some remark which her companion had addressed to her; and the eyes of both were directed with lively gratification to a child of little more than two years old, who crawled along the gravel walk at their side. An icy chill ran rapidly through the whole current of Elliot's blood: he shuddered—his brain became disturbed—all his worst suspicions were confirmed—his hopes were for ever blasted—Adèle was married!—that paragon of beauty and gentleness was false as the most worthless of her sex; and his affections, his constancy, his heart, were outraged and insulted at the sight of Adèle's infant! Elliot recovering himself a little, was on the point of turning away for ever, when his resolution yielded to the last fond thought of stealing one parting glance, and one only, of his cruel Adèle. By that glance, Elliot flattered his not yet expiring passion, that he had discovered traces of severe suffering and ill-

ness in her lovely face. To what results this discovery would have led, it is needless to conjecture; for a shriek from Adèle, on recognising her former admirer, gave renewed vigour to the invalid, who, springing into the garden, found himself at her side, she having fainted. Her dark and military looking companion advanced towards Elliot with an aspect of threatening import, and with the apparent intent of demanding a peremptory explanation of his extraordinary intrusion. But Adèle happily regaining her senses, threw her arms round Elliot, and interposing between the two gentlemen, to the astonishment of both, addressed her old lover in the terms of the most affectionate endearment. An eclaircissement speedily followed. The stranger who had so unseasonably aggravated Elliot's suspicions and regrets, was no other than the uncle of Adèle. Many years of varied warlike adventure in South America, had long estranged him from his family: and from that quarter of the world he had returned, a widower with one child, the infant then playing amidst the group, unconscious of all their joys and sorrows. It was with sincere and manly grief, that Elliot listened to the information of the death of Monsieur de Rosanne, and of a long and dangerous illness which Adèle had suffered. "And now, my dear, dear Adèle! pray tell me, why you never replied to the two letters which I first sent you from Chatham?" eagerly asked Elliot.

"Believe me, Charles, that I never received them." This was strictly true, for the servant who delivered the first into the post-office, appropriated to his own use the vulgar sum of fourteen pence, which he had to pay for the postage, consequently the epistle remained in the dead-letter department; and the second letter, written by the said accomplished rogue during his master's illness, was

addressed by him to *Samer, France;* and very probably after it had reached *Samer, near Boulogne,* it had no farther ambulatory propensities.

"But, Adèle, the letter which I wrote to you at the period of my embarkation for Gibraltar, and in which, I again repeated all the disastrous consequences of the hard provisions of my uncle's will, must have reached you."

"Yes, my dear Elliot, I not only received it, but it was answered by me, as I hoped, to your perfect satisfaction. This and many other letters were addressed by me to you to the post-office, Chatham; but I never was gratified by the receipt of a single line from you afterwards."

Elliot now confessed and lamented his error in having omitted, during his short sojourn in England, to inquire at Chatham for any letters that might still be lying there: however, with a cheerful countenance, he thus addressed Adèle: "My beloved girl! I have been enabled to save a few hundreds: their product, added to the yearly pittance which I can strictly call my own, will, if you can submit to share love, labour, and economy with me, allow us to live in this country, in honourable independence, in spite of my uncle's ridiculous and tantalizing will."

"Dear Charles!" replied Adèle, with true love and real exultation, "I almost heartily regret, that I cannot prove to you, how readily I would embrace your offer, were it necessary."

"What can you mean?—you alarm me."

"Do not be so easily alarmed," Adèle archly retorted, "for we shall be married, and rich, moreover. Of my little history you are still ignorant. Monsieur de Rosanne was my grandfather: his daughter (my mother), having been espoused to my father, who was an Englishman. I was born in London. My mother died, leaving me an

infant; and my father was unfortunate in the commercial affairs in which he had engaged. Upon his death, which happened when I was very young, I was cast an orphan upon the kindness and protection of my revered grandfather. He adopted me, and I assumed his name. My father was a protestant. I was brought up in, and have always professed the doctrines of the reformed religion; although, during the life of Monsieur de Rosanne, out of compliment to his feelings, and as his companion under his afflicting deprivation of sight, I was in the habit of attending divine worship with him, believing that, however our tenets might differ, I could not be guilty of any heinous crime in worshipping the God of all Christians, in fervour and in faith, in any temple erected to his name, when I had not the power nor the means of resorting to a protestant chapel. Therefore you will allow, Elliot, that the condition of your uncle's will cannot apply to you, as I am certainly neither a catholic nor a foreigner."

In a very short time after this singular meeting and explanation, Charles Elliot and Adèle de Rosanne were united to each other. No pair of faithful votaries ever crossed the slippery and perilous porch of Hymen, with more certain anticipations and prospects of happiness; and we feel an honest satisfaction in recording, that as yet, these anticipations and prospects have been fully realized.

THE DUKE OF MILAN'S WARNING.

A SCENE IN MILAN CATHEDRAL.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Ludovico Sforza, better known in history by the name of Lewis the Moor, obtained the dukedom of Milan by the murder of his nephew Galeas, the reigning duke, who was assassinated before the altar of Milan cathedral on St. Stephen's day. The infant son of his unfortunate kinsman also fell a victim to the relentless ambition of Ludovic, who, after a fierce contest with France, by one of those brilliant *coup-de-mains* which occasionally lend to history a more powerful interest than is to be found in the pages of romance, succeeded in freeing his country from the degradation of a foreign yoke. The retributive justice of Heaven, however, did not permit the crimes of the usurper and murderer to remain unpunished, for he was treacherously betrayed by his Swiss mercenaries into the hands of the French, by whom this fierce and restless warrior was detained in close confinement for ten years, at the end of which time he died of the "heart's sore malady"—hope deferred and pining sorrow.

Some historians relate that he was kept in an iron cage, and treated with every species of indignity; but these accounts are not considered as authentic.

The mass was said in Milan's holy fane,
The mitred priest had bless'd the kneeling train,
And the loud anthem's closing notes the while
Shook with triumphant strains the column'd aisle;
Where listening echo with responsive sighs
Return'd the organ's pealing symphonies
From lofty choir to nave, prolonging still
The last sweet cadence of its dying thrill;
Till tremulously faint it fades away
In the far line of cloister arches gray.

Drawn by S. Prout

Engraved by Wm Wallis

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

London Virtue & Co. 3 Amen Corner & N. Cheshin Cheapside & Giraldon Bovet & Co. Paris

At tomb and sainted shrine the taper's ray
Burn'd palely in the noontide beams of day,
Where through each window's richly storied panes
The dazzling sun reflected glorious stains,
On wall and marble pavement flashing bright,
A rainbow-flood of many-colour'd light,
And cast alternate blazonry and shade
Adown the cluster'd pillars' fair arcade,
And shed a fitful splendour high aloof
On gilded cornices and fretted roof;
Where art's sublimest marvels find their home
Amidst the pomp and pageantry of Rome.

But more than wonted pageantry had been
The fair cathedral's sacred dome within,
For all of Milan's noble, brave, and gay,
And beautiful, assembled there that day,
To sing *Te Deum* for the triumph won
O'er Gallia's hosts by Sforza's mighty son,
Lewis the Moor, whose valiant arm had broke
The servile fetters of a foreign yoke.
'T was a proud day for him: so bright a gem
Had ne'er before adorn'd his diadem,
As those illustrious laurels of renown
His deeds had woven in the ducal crown.

But while a thousand voices bless'd his name,
And bards in lofty songs extoll'd his fame,
And white-robed priests loud jubilate sung,
And festive bells their peals of triumph rung,
And all deliver'd Milan rush'd to greet
The royal victor and embrace his feet,
E'en at the altar as he kneeling paid
His solemn thanks to Heaven, the gloomy shade

Of troubled thought that his high brow compress'd
Betray'd the secret pang, the soul's unrest,
That cannot be conceal'd, when dark within
Lies the dread weight of unrepented sin;
And he, in all the pomp of regal power
And flush of fame, the idol of the hour,
Shrank from himself.—Oh! in that maddening mood,
The humblest peasant that before him stood
(So keen the sting in conscious guilt that lies)
Was object meet for envy in his eyes.

But while he nerved his spirit's haughty force,
To bear unmoved the tortures of remorse,
And school'd his pale and writhing lip the while,
To wear the bitter mockery of a smile—
Ay, such a smile as strong convulsions feign
When high resolve o'ercomes the wrench of pain—
From the dense vortex of the gazing crowd
Advanced a shrouded form of bearing proud,
From all distinguish'd, but unknown to all,
Like spectre at a midnight festival;
On every side his awful presence spread
A thrill of undefined mysterious dread.

Pale looks were there, and falter'd prayers were said
By many a startled priest and trembling maid;
And e'en by statesman grave and warrior bold
The cross was sign'd, the beads instinctive told;
But nor to right nor left the stranger glanced,
As through the aisle's long vista he advanced,
Nor paused, till in the chancel's hallow'd space
He fronted haughty Sforza face to face;
And, like God's awful prophet, sent to bear
The stern reproof and tidings of despair

To Israel's guilty lord, in dauntless mood
He thus address'd the victor where he stood:

" I have a message unto thee,
O duke, of woe and fear;
And high and mighty though thou be,
That message thou must hear.

" Thy right hand bears a deadly stain,
There's blood upon thy sword
Of him at God's own altar slain,
Thy kinsman and thy lord.

" Ay! where thou standest, in the pride
Of victory's renown,
The young, the noble Galeas died,
That thou might'st wear his crown.

" But know, usurping duke, the day
Of vengeance and of wrath
Is near, when Heaven will spread dismay
And terror on thy path.

" Not thine in battle field to die,
Like warrior free and bold;
For thou to shame and infamy
Art basely bought and sold.

" And thou wilt share that bitter doom
Proud spirits bow beneath;
Within a dreary prison room
To sigh in vain for death.

" And see the while thy conquering sword
In idle durance rust;

Thy lands possess'd by foes abhorr'd,
Thy sceptre in the dust.

" Thy glory like a tale that 's told,
Thy day of greatness o'er;
And know thy children shall behold
In life thy face no more.

" And now that in thy guilty ear
I've pour'd my fearful knell,
In words prophetic, dark, and drear,
Proud Sforza, fare thee well!"

How pass'd that awful stranger from the sight
Of Milan's duke?—No gathering shade of night
Favour'd retreat—but the broad light of day
Reveal'd each motion as he turn'd away,
And, scattering from his path on either side
The startled gazers, oped a passage wide,
And with the same resolved and fearless mien
With which he came, he glided from the scene,
And ere the echo of his last stern tone
Faded from Sforza's tingling ear was gone;
But how he parted, none of all the train,
That day assembled in the holy fane,
Who saw and heard his words, could soothly tell,
But own'd his prophecy fulfill'd too well.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

A friend, on whose veracity I can perfectly rely, told me the following story; whether a repetition of it may interest a reader I cannot say; but I will hazard the experiment.

I was once (said my friend) placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty, fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage coaches; that the rapid improvements in that sort of travelling have, during late years, interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing greys under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that, is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and

expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it, I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling-cap on his head girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself.

That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab great coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat, white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her disposition, by the look she gives to her

companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more.

The lady in question cast a hasty glance round her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze round the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely, be unhappy?

As the clock struck, we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North-street and Church-street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again.

All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to any body, or any thing, except himself; and, in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked

anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two grey unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and, if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was much relieved. At Hands-cross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and, when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I, with one or two more sensualists from the outside, was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it, thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught.

"I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us."

She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features, I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey —the dear interesting creature and myself *tête-à-tête*.

"Have you been long at Brighton?" said I.

"Some time," replied the lady—"some months, indeed." Here came a pause.

"You reside in London, I presume?" said I.

"In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which, by the way, was as white as snow), to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight, the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger.

"And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?"

"Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast."

"Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now, there did not seem much in this common-place bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes.

"Good God!" said I, "have *I* said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—"

"Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me I am not angry with you—I am to blame."

"But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand,—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which ——"

"Pray, pray ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I *do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed."

"You may rely upon me," said I, "that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke."

"What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with, at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if any thing in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again and again, it was her

expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it!

"Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask."

"Good God!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards Heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!"

"Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?"

"Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess, I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did.

"If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?"

This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger.

"If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secresy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them."

"My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you."

Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us.

"I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?"

"Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love.

"That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indiffer-

ence or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right ——"

"And you ——"

"Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle; talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting, which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married."

"And thus you secured your happiness," said I.

"Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it, and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'"

"But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?"

"Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may."

"Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me."

"Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me.

"Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could have but one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention.

"But," said I, "you are now returning home?"

"I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am

doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she is gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices: and why should I undeceive him?"

"This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so."

"No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him!—from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between

herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped, and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart-cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and revolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many

years' standing; and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed.

"Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?"

"At a little past eight," said I.

"We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady.

"We do."

"If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that 'ere window up, I should be uncommon oblegated, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet fever, and I am afeard of her taking could."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his Melodies,

> "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
> Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients

in the scarlet fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing-cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the Macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerately let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally* what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But, I found I was wrong; she seemed determined either, that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured

to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove-road, Paddington, to Dog-row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him when that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smithers-bottom, and we were in the dark, compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunder-struck.

"My God!" said she, "here's Charles!"

"Who the devil is Charles?" said I.

"Hush!—my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming:—I'm so glad these people are in the coach."

The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment.

"Here I am, love," said my companion.

"Alone!—what—quite full?" said the husband.

"Yes, dear," said the wife; "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the

husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, if she had not dropped her glove.—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld, in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin.

"Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognised me, "is that *you!*—fellow-traveller with my wife, and not known to each other?—this *is* curious!"

"Franklin!" said I, in a sort of tremor.

"Do *you* know my husband, *sir?*" said the lady—"how very strange!"

Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible.

"I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I——"

"Indeed," said I—"I——"

"Oh, come, come," said Franklin; "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers at the other side of the coach, who concluded, by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin's; but altogether I sincerely declare, that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I

should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe, that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tête-à-tête* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the bandboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw: good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the pianoforte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was), accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater.

"Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it."

"No, Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny.

"Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles; "'t is an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it."

"To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action.

"How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation, we should meet in this extraordinary man-

ner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her!"

"Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, "strangers do not talk to each other in stage coaches."

"Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin; "but some accident might have brought your name to *his* ears, or *his*, to yours."

While all this was going on, I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey.

"Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin.

"No, dear," replied the lady, "not very, now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin, however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject, by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning *his* mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us, as she departed, "not to be

long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss, as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?"

"More than pretty, surely," said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating."

"If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather, the variety of expression to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully: there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you."

"I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I.

"Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken-down lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept; and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine."

"And ensured your happiness," said I.

"Why yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a

good deal about with her, during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and began to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of lancers of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of *my* mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness has returned to the continent, I have recalled my better half."

"You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I.

"To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in a good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage *that*, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was, that Fanny was apprehensive, that under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and, I confess, I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and, perhaps, eventually, tend to betray the confidence which the oppressed wife had reposed in me.

We repaired to the drawing-room.—Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look.

"Charles, dearest," said she, "I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had

something very interesting to talk about to detain you so long."

"We didn't think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject —we were discussing *you*."

"Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me.

"That," said I, "I cannot tell you: I never betray anything that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often."

"And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin; "I really believe sometimes that things which we blind mortals call chance are pre-ordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then——"

"I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while *her* back was turned to *him*, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated, most unequivocally, what his feelings on the subject were.

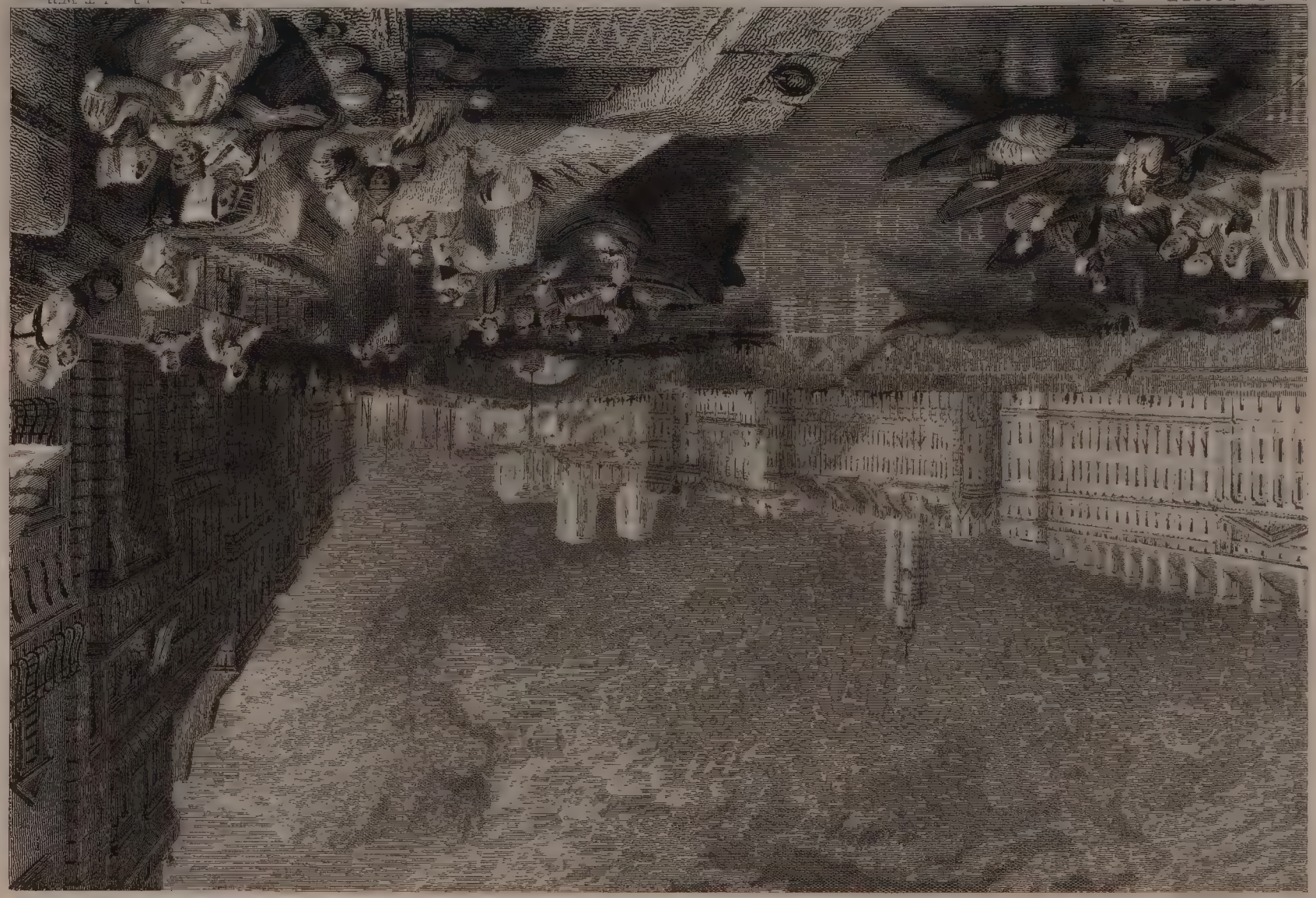
Shortly after this the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit

as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good night.

I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt neutrality would be quite out of the question; thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the Brighton coach.

A CHARACTER.

All beautiful and kind,
  But far too wise and chaste
  To ever suit the taste
Of any common mind,
Unknowing and unknown,
  Alone upon the earth
  She dwells, a being worth
A monarch and a throne!



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Engraved by J. T. Willmore.

THE RETURN.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

Nantz is a fair city, but it seemed the very fairest in the world to the traveller, for he had been absent years: he left it poor, but he came back rich; and the home of his youth was again to be the home of his age.

"Drop down your oars, the waters trace
Their own path fast enough for me;
Life sometimes asks a breathing space—
Such I am fain this hour should be.

"Fair city, I am come once more;
Travel and toil are on my brow;
With all I thought so great of yore—
With all I think so little now!

"Sorrow for friends I left behind—
Misgiving fears were with me then;
And yet I bore a lighter mind
Than now I see those walls again.

"Hope is youth's prophet, and foretells
The future that its wish reveals;
The energy that in us dwells
Then judges but by what it feels.

"And it feels buoyant spirits, health,
And confidence, and earnestness;
And it ascribes such power to wealth
Which but to seek is to possess.

"The future was my own: my life
Has past as many men's have past;
Adventure, trouble, sorrow, strife,
Yet with success, and home at last.

"But Hope has fled on morning's wings,
And Memory sits with darken'd eye;
And I have learn'd life's dearest things
Are those which never wealth could buy.

"Affection's circle soon grows less—
The dead, the changed, what blanks are there!
And what avails half life's success,
No early friends can see and share?

"My heart has still turn'd back through years,
Whose shadow now around me falls;
I dread to turn to truth the fears,
The hopes in yonder city's walls.

"How fair a scene, the morning light
And human life's most cheerful sound;
The banks so glad, the stream so bright,
I hear my native tongue around.

"Oh! for some voice I used to hear,
The grasp of one familiar hand;
So long desired, and now so near—
On, boatmen, on, I long to land."

LINES

BY THE HON. HOBART CRADOCK, M. P.

WRITTEN ON THE WALL OF THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA, MAY, 1820.

Land of the raven brow and eagle glance—
Of glowing deeds, and beauty, and romance!
Whose daughters' form and matchless grace might woo
Old Priam's heart, and Nestor's wisdom too,—
If the loosed soul, escaping with the breath,
Assert a freedom from the hand of death,
Let my bones bleach beneath a colder clime,
Unchill'd by seasons, and unchanged by time,
Back to thy budding bosoms will it fly,
To nestle where it ever loved to lie!
Would, ere I quit thy soil, 't would take its flight,
Mid the wild flutterings of too deep delight,
That the last quivering of my lips might be
Half kiss, half blessing, Angela, for thee!
Ye maids who leave all others far behind—
In form as lovely, and perhaps as kind,
As those fond girls, in perfumed bowers, who wave
Their kerchiefs green, and beckon to the brave—
Could I but hope that, when my spirit flies,
'T would catch your breath and revel in your eyes,
How would I long for raptures death can give,
And taste existence as I cease to live!
Sweet as the rose of Sharon, when it shed
Its scent and joy round Israel's royal bed,
Whence rose the inspiration that outsings
Elected prophets and anointed kings.
Fair as the chosen Shunamite of old,
Who look'd on David when his blood grew cold;

But more efficient, since her beauties fail'd
To rouse the languid passions they assail'd.
Age ye can warm, to weakness strength supply,
Who light Medea's caldron from your eye!
Still in his prayer the Moslem asks to view
Granada's plain, and fruit of crimson hue;
Sighs o'er the beauties which he once possess'd,
As lovers languish for the lip they press'd.
I too will ask—oh! be the prayer less vain—
To see thy towers, Alhambra, once again;
Dream of old deeds beneath thy hills of snow,
Though waking weep to find no Moor below!
Happy those turban'd sons!—they cannot trace
The change that now defiles their mother's face!
Happy *they* 'scaped the ill that bigots bring,
To make a people slavish as their king!

SONNET.

Methought my love was dead.—O 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe!
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go,
With lingering looks, into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven, compared with this,
Were scarce perceptible to my sad sight.
There seem d henceforth the haven of my bliss;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas! my sighs o'er it had no control:
The lone star set; I woke full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

Edward Moxon.

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAYNE;

OR,

THE SECRET.

RECOUNTED BY HIMSELF.

It is at all times difficult for a man to be his own historian. A thousand points that appear material to himself, are trivial and valueless in the opinion of the unconcerned reader; and many circumstances that he feels disposed to pass over as of no importance, form links in the chain of narrative, the loss of which causes the whole to appear disjointed and confused. How much then are the difficulties increased when it becomes necessary to epitomize the history, and so to pare it down and fashion it into shape, as to ensure its fitting neatly into the tesselated pages of an annual. However, the task I have undertaken; and should I fail in performing it satisfactorily, I have the universally received plea of first fault to urge in extenuation.

I can at any rate promise to be brief, and in adherence to that plan I will not recount the events of my early boyhood, through which my sister and I were placed as orphans under the guardianship of my uncle, Sir Charles Chamberlayne. Suffice it to say, that my poor father fell bravely defending his ship in the service of his country, and that within a year after, my mother was laid in her grave, the victim of grief. I was then but four years old, and my sister two years younger; my remembrance of those losses, therefore, is but very faint. I have, however, a

much stronger impression of the mourning in Nettlewood Hall, when two years subsequently my uncle became a widower. His frantic lamentations, his obstinate rejection of all consolation, live yet in my mind as scenes of yesterday. His only daughter, Laura, who was about the age of my sister Agnes, alarmed at the violence of her father's agony, flew to me for support and comfort, and we mingled our tears together; but I can remember, that our sadness lasted for much longer than is usually the case in the short-lived sorrows of childhood.

It was long before my uncle could endure our presence; our noisy prattle and unthinking spirits irritated his shattered nerves; and when we were admitted into his presence it was under the strictest injunctions of unobtrusive silence and gentleness of demeanour. As the eldest, I was most able to govern the impulses of my natural gaiety, and was consequently the most frequent visiter in his gloomy apartment. He would talk to me long and seriously, but all upon subjects of sadness; and I have often thought that these constrained interviews have had a material effect in the formation of my character. I was obliged to control the ebullitions of boyish ingenuousness, to weigh well the matters that I could touch upon in conversation, to avoid many, that involved subjects of too painful an interest, and to subdue entirely the open heartedness and careless mirth which form the sweetest parts of the disposition of children at my age.

Even my amusements were curbed and restricted. In the house, the noisy and rude plays that would have most interested me were strictly interdicted; and even when out, I was obliged to indulge in them alone; as two girls, goodnatured and cheerful as my sister and Laura were, could hardly be considered fit companions in sports,

the violence and roughness of which constituted their chief charm.

My uncle himself undertook to be my tutor; he thought that the employment might divert his mind; and surely never did any hired preceptor toil with the same unwearied and patient attention through the laborious drudgery of instruction. Never was such kindness of intention, such tenderness of manner, shown to a pupil; and yet I feel now confident that my good uncle's whole system was wrong. There was no consideration or indulgence for the enthusiasm or waywardness of youth. All was done by certain established and invariable rules. In the same manner, his moral precepts, unexceptionable in themselves, were all tinged with the hue of melancholy, that so darkly reigned over his mind. Grief had taught him to be distrustful and wary, and all his lessons tended to inculcate caution and doubt. He required me to subject every impulse, every affection to the governance of discretion, to betray as little as possible the workings of inward feeling, to be ever prudent, and unconfidingly secret. Is it then surprising, that at fourteen years of age I found myself with all the gaiety and spirits of a boy, yet with much of the suspicious timidity and wary discretion of a man? I prided myself on acting up to his injunctions, and gloried even more in seldom exciting his displeasure than in gaining his praise; for though I had a very warm affection for Sir Charles, yet fear was my predominant feeling towards him. I became an apt scholar. The most lively anecdote was as little able to excite me to laugh, as the most inveterate bore, to force me to yawn, if I thought these demonstrations would be misplaced; and I was seriously annoyed if Laura or Agnes ever succeeded in their frequent attempts to betray me into a start.

In the mean time we all grew up. My sister and cousin in all the perfection of person and mind with which beauty, prodigally bestowed by nature, and careful and judicious education under an excellent governess, could endue them. I felt for both of them the affection of a brother, and have seldom known a prouder moment than when I saw all eyes fixed in admiration upon them, as they entered the race ball-room at Inglewood, upon the occasion of their "coming out." They were then both sixteen years old, and I have never since seen two more striking specimens of female loveliness and grace than they presented, as they floated down the lengthened ranks of the then fashionable country dance,—for these are the events of days long since past.

My uncle seemed, upon that evening, to have regained all his spirits; he had yielded to the excitement of this first return, since his mourning, to the gaieties of the world, and I had never before seen him appear to be really happy. He was an object of general observation, and, indeed, his costume bespoke some little retirement from society, for during his whole seclusion he had never been induced to alter the fashion of his habiliments, but through all the freaks and fancies of beaux and tailors he had retained his original dress—a sort of monument of departed taste.

If he had discovered the cause of the tittering and but half-suppressed jokes that were occasioned by his full-dress coat, vast club of hair, and three-cornered cocked hat, I am sure that he would have forgiven them; for these peculiarities were the plea for unceasing and well-endured attacks from my merry-hearted sister, Agnes; but he never imagined himself to be an object of remark or interest to any but a few old friends, who gathered round him with delicately displayed marks of sympathy and regard. He saw all around him happy, and happiness was so rare a visitor

to his breast, that it cheered his benevolent disposition to see others in the enjoyment of it.

I can hardly remember whether, personally, I enjoyed more pleasure than I underwent perplexity during the course of that evening. It was the first time that I had subjected to the ordeal of society my system of caution and prudence; and though I could not, upon so short a probation, abandon notions so long entertained, and so carefully inculcated, yet, I must own, that it did not, in practice, quite realize the ideas that I had formed of its perfection in theory. In fact, I had very nearly determined upon putting off, for the night at least, my cloak of discretion, had not my first attempt to catch the sunny ray of a smile conjured up such a cloud as made me glad to wrap myself closer than ever, in my old protection.

I had maintained, during the whole evening, the strictest neutrality upon all the usual topics of discussion at a country ball-room.—Had declared all tints of complexion, shades of hair, and varieties of adornment to be equally beautiful, becoming, and admirable in their several relative situations, and flattered myself that this was the particular species of caution which could not fail to be successful. But at last I discovered my mistake. No line of conduct could have done me so much harm in the eyes of my successive partners, and I became convinced, not only that I had lost all claim to the least credit for taste, either in beauty or dress, but that my companions in the saltatorial labour, were beginning to divide amongst themselves as to whether my indecision proceeded from lamentable folly, or a more culpable disposition to treat them all with contempt. This would never do. I determined to assume an air of boldness.

"Did you ever," said I, addressing my partner, with as careless a tone as I could put on, "did you ever see a more beautiful person than that lady opposite, in the white gown,

with roses in her hair? She appears to me as lovely in herself, as her dress is well-chosen and lady-like."

I saw I was wrong—I could trace dissent in the curl of the fair Miss Byfield's upper lip, and in the sarcastic smile that lurked about the corners of her pretty mouth; it was evident that my first attempt at decisive judgment had not been auspicious.

"Indeed!" she replied, with a most unpleasant emphasis. "There is no accounting for taste. The *best society* in Inglewood consider her to be as tawdry in her dress, as some have the ill-nature to say she is vulgar in her appearance."

This was terrible. I immediately retreated within the outworks of discretion.

"Perhaps," I stammered out, "perhaps I was guided in my hastily formed opinion, by comparing her with the ruddy charms of her neighbour; any body would look ladylike by the side of such a milkmaid."

One glance showed me that I had but aggravated my first offence.

"It is lucky, sir, that my brother Charles was not of your opinion, or he would never have married her," she exclaimed, whilst her glowing cheeks put to shame the unfortunately veiled complexion of her sister-in-law. This decided me. I threw myself into my fortification, and determined to make no more sallies from the lines of prudence.

Why do I mention these trifling circumstances, except to show how much the most unimportant events may contribute towards directing the line of a man's thoughts and actions through life. Ludicrous in themselves, they all tend towards some "foregone conclusion," and strengthen, by their frequent occurrence, the ideas and theories that rule our practice.

My good uncle was charmed with the success of this expedition, for the party had been of his own arrangement. Laura and Agnes were rapturous in their praises of the delights of the ball, and to have made two beings happy, was always sufficient pleasure for his benevolent nature. I feel confident that he never closed his eyes during the night, or rather morning that followed, but dwelt with all the fond recollection of a young girl, after her first introduction to the world, upon the scenes of the evening before. His first words when we met at the breakfast-table were, "I have been thinking that it is a pity to mope three such merry young hearts as yours, my children, in the country, merely for the sorrowful fancies of a melancholy old man. What do you say to a trip to London? The season is just about to commence, and if you wish it, I will furbish up the old coach, and you shall have a couple of months of real gaiety."

Nothing could equal the joy and gratitude of Laura and Agnes; they were as prodigal of their thanks as if they were already landed in the metropolis, and in the full enjoyment of all its supposed pleasures. I alone was silent. It was contrary to my system to express any strongly felt desire; and I had been carefully taught by my uncle not only to acquiesce cheerfully in his arrangements, but to avoid giving utterance to wishes that it might be irksome to him to comply with, and painful to refuse. My opinion was however now required.

"Arthur has said nothing," observed my uncle; "how do you feel disposed towards a trip to this brick paradise?"

"If you are determined upon going thither, sir," I guardedly answered, "I shall of course be delighted to accompany you; but I have no doubt but that I can be equally happy here."

There is nothing that causes so strong a revulsion of

feeling as a chilling reception of a proposal that had been made with the expectation of affording enthusiastic delight. My uncle had worked himself up to a great effort, and had determined to sacrifice all his own feelings, his love of retirement, his affection for the spot where the days of his happiness had passed, in hopes of enjoying the rapturous gratitude and boundless happiness of his children; but my formal answer immediately crushed these kindly fancies, and quietly answering, "I believe you are right, Arthur; we are happier here;" he abandoned his scheme for this year at least.

As soon as he had quitted the room I had to undergo a torrent of reproaches from my sister and cousin. I had been the bar to their pleasures; I had been the only obstacle between my uncle's kindness and their enjoyment of the long encouraged wish of a visit to London. I could only answer that I had acted for the best; that I knew that my uncle made the proposal against his own inclination, and that the event proved his readiness to avoid the performance of his plan; that I could not regret having released him from the intention of kindness to us, but of painful coercion to himself; "besides," added I, "I am sufficiently happy in the society of those around me, whom I love dearly; and your excessive anxiety, Laura, for a change of scene, is a little flattering proof in how small a degree those feelings of affection are reciprocated."

"You were right, dear Arthur, quite right," she answered, "in your first reason; and I am also glad, now, that we did not induce my father to do what would be disagreeable to him; but how cruelly, how wrongfully unjust in your concluding remark! I am certain, and you must know, that I do not love Agnes or you the less, because I long to enjoy with you both, scenes of which I have heard and read so much."

This simple answer of Laura's gave me an insight into my own secretly cherished feelings, which I had never before ventured to admit. Why was it that her answer, so full of sweetness and goodness of heart, pained me more even than her accusation of injustice? Why was it that her affection for me, when classed with that which she entertained for my sister, appeared cold and valueless? above all, why was it that the praises or censure of that sister, justly dear to me as she was, seemed unimportant when weighed with those of Laura? The reality for a moment flashed across my mind; nature for a short time reclaimed its power in my heart, and whispered that my affection for my cousin was of a more exclusive, a more overwhelming nature; in short, that it was of that forbidden character which my whole education had taught me to shun. I soon, however, rejected the supposition. I would not entertain it for an instant; no, not even to myself would allow it to be just, though something more powerful than art still whispered its truth. Was it possible that I had disobeyed almost the only restrictive command that my uncle had ever imposed upon me? had I forgotten that I was a beggar, and the child of his charity? had I ventured, even in secret, to indulge in that love which my kind preceptor had so often warned me of, as having its origin in rashness and imprudence, and its close too often in tears and endless sorrow? I crushed the feeling within me. It was not, it must not be so: and I persuaded myself that my friendship for Laura had alone been alarmed lest her young mind should be too easily captivated by the gaieties of the world.

Another year now passed on—and a wretched year it appears to me in retrospection to have been, although at the time, I can recollect, my pleasurable emotions far outbalanced those of pain. My memory of those days depicts

me as gradually yielding to the influence of the passion that was burning within me, as becoming daily more conscious of my inward weakness, and more determined to fight against it. I remember that I used to act in the most odious manner towards my cousin Laura, and yet how nearly did the devoted and exclusive friendship that I often so fervently professed for her, approach to the warmer feeling, the declaration of which she was never to hear! I thwarted her in almost every plan; I quarrelled with her constantly; I watched and questioned her with a jealousy, as violent as it was unwarranted; yet, I am certain that her regard for me had increased tenfold during these stormy times. Yes, Laura, even whilst you declared that I was so much altered in temper and manner that you could hardly recognize the same individual—and I fear there was too much truth in your accusation—yet even then, I could trace in your gentle endeavours to coincide in my wayward and ever-varying fancies, and in your joyful and ready pardon, when I owned myself in the wrong (which, when I was just, I was ever obliged to do), a more kindly regard, a more closely united bond than before.

These scenes of dangerous happiness I felt ought not to continue. I feared that I was pursuing a course alike destructive of my peace of mind and dangerous to my honour. I knew that, in our secluded habitation and retired mode of life, I was enjoying opportunities of engaging the affections of Laura, which I could not trust myself always to reject. My intentions, I felt confident, were upright; my determination I imagined to be firm; but who that is subject to the universal weakness of human nature can insure to himself that no unforeseen circumstances, no moment of enthusiasm, shall force him to give utterance to the thoughts that are ever uppermost in his breast?

I reverted to last year's rejected plan of a visit to London. I pressed my uncle to put it into execution. I suggested to him the advantage that would accrue to two young girls from a more extensive knowledge of the world, and larger acquaintance with mankind. I suggested the possibility of their becoming entangled in some engagement in the country without having enjoyed an opportunity of a selection sufficiently extensive to insure their choice being well considered. In short, I argued as if I had been as really anxious for their permanent settlement in life as I tried to persuade myself that I was; and my persuasions were at last successful. I prided myself on my double victory over my uncle and my own rebellious thoughts; and I prided myself still more on no one having detected those secret regrets, which had become more difficult to control as I arrived nearer to obtaining my point with Sir Charles.

Every thing was at last arranged, and the day fixed for our departure; but as the hour approached, it appeared more as if we were about to commence some melancholy and perilous journey of enforced duty, than a voluntary expedition in search of pleasure. In vain I affected a boisterous and exuberant flow of spirits; in vain I dwelt in the most glowing terms on the various delights that I expected to enjoy. The force of education lost its power, and I felt my voice falter, and my heart sink within me, at I thought of the change that was about to take place in the relative position of Laura and myself. My opinion would no longer be her guide, my wish her law. I felt that I had sacrificed my affections to my duty. My cousin also appeared now but ill-pleased at our departure: she had throughout combated the project, still remembering my arguments of the year before, and I believe that she now fancied that I had suggested the renewal of the plan

merely for her gratification. Whatever was her reason, she had opposed with all her power the intentions of my uncle. To him the moment of parting from the quiet retirement of his own place would naturally be painful. Under the soothing influence of those scenes he had been gradually weaned from wo to comparative comfort; there, his days of early happiness had past; and there, also he had seen grow up around him those objects of affection which alone had afforded him consolation, which alone made life endurable to him. My light-hearted sister, Agnes, was the only merry one of the party, and even she gave vent to her mirth and spirits in secret, and with the air of a person conscious of doing wrong; for the general gloom, although she could not guess at its cause, taught her that her hilarity was misplaced.

The evening previous to our departure from Nettlewood, we were sitting in a drawing-room that opened upon a terrace and flower-garden. Laura was engaged with her harp, and, concealed in the recess of the window, I was indulging in my constant employment of gazing at her. Surely nothing ever was more lovely! I have heard some people prefer the more brilliant complexion and sparkling glances of my sister Agnes. But there was something in the mild expression, the soft blue eyes, and gracefully formed figure of my cousin, that appeared to me to present a perfect combination of grace and feminine softness. She was singing a little sonnet, which, I suppose, was selected from being in consonance with her present feelings. It ran as follows:—

The world may all the joys possess,
Be bright, as you portray;
And yet, and yet, shall I confess?
My thoughts will homeward stray.

I see around me forms as fair,
And voices hear as sweet;
And yet, and yet, a charm is there
That here I cannot meet.

The plants around me load the breeze
With perfumes far more rare,
And yet the roses on those trees
A fresher fragrance bear.

I could not meet such kindliness,
Such friends, where'er I roam;
And yet, and yet, must I confess?
My heart will cling to home.

As she rose from her instrument I heard her sigh, and fancied that she brushed a tear from her eye; but turning with a cheerful air to me—"Come, Arthur," she said, "let us go and look once more upon the scenes of home, and smell the fragrance of these roses." Every thing did, indeed, contribute to tempt us from the house. Although it was yet in the chilly month of May, yet upon this evening, spring had put forward one of those periodical claims which she advances about once in two years, to entitle this month to the exclusive charter to be the patent season of all love-sick poets.

The scene upon which we looked was beautiful. The flower-garden, which extended in successive terraces down the declivity from the house, was the only spot of ground that had been redeemed by art from the wilder, but not less striking, beauties of nature which surrounded it. The boundary between these rival powers was marked by a work of the united efforts of both; for a stream that appeared by the increasing labour of ages to have formed for itself a tortuous and rugged course through the impending rocks, was here confined by the contrivance of man so as to bear the appearance of a calm and wide

river, but soon again regaining its freedom it skipped and danced from rock to rock, making the woods echo with its noisy glee, as it bounded on its course like a happy child released from restraint. Immediately from the verge of this rivulet rose a high bank of wood, clothed in the gay and tender verdure of spring. But, in spite of the unusually genial influence of the weather, and of the charms of the scenery to be visited, I felt disinclined to accept of my cousin's invitation. I had for some time sedulously avoided seeing Laura alone, these were the only occasions upon which I could not trust my firmness; but I feared, and prudently avoided the danger of explanations and reconciliations after our numerous little quarrels. It was difficult to make it intelligible, why trifles light as air appeared of vital importance to me, why a colder word, or an unthinking expression, would often rankle for days in my breast in spite of every endeavour to obliterate their recollection by kindness. However, I considered that this was the last evening that we might ever pass together upon the same footing that we had always lived—(for I always considered her marriage as the sure consequence of her journey to London)—and I could not deny myself the pleasure of one more truly happy hour with her, who was dearer to me than all the world beside. We walked in silence for some time; at last she commenced—"And yet, and yet! There is much of truth in that song, is there not, Arthur? We shall see nothing where we are going, that bears the same charms as this wild scenery."

"So you say now," I answered; "but wait till other thoughts and other affections have dressed places now unknown to you with the same associations. Poor Nettlewood! who can say how different may be our feelings when we return to you! How little power may your beau-

ties have over our thoughts! How changed may be our relative position, our manner to each other, when you and I next look upon this scene!"

"I do not know why you speculate upon such changes," said my cousin; "but I must confess, that if I were sure that there would be no diminution of your friendship for me, I am not certain that a little alteration of manner would be disagreeable to me. Indeed, indeed, dear Arthur, you are sadly changed: formerly if I offended you, before the day had passed, you told me of my fault, and I was delighted to amend it; but now, without being conscious of any wrong, I often find you cold and reserved towards me. You appear to avoid me, and for days and days, your anger continues in spite of all my endeavours to please you. Why will you not be as kind to me as you once were? Promise to be my own dear friend again: where we are going, I shall want your advice, assistance, and support. You will not surely desert your post."

"Nay, Laura!" I replied, "where you are going, you will meet with pleasures that will occupy you, with newer and dearer friends who will, perhaps, not approve of my interference; before you return to Nettlewood my opinion, my praise, or displeasure, will appear but of little value in your eyes."

"Never! never!" she exclaimed, fervently. "Now I see what has annoyed you; it is this odious journey to London. How I wish that it had never been proposed! If I thought that society would make me alter in one particular of my manner to those I love, if I thought that my affection could be diminished but in one iota by mixing with the world, I would live for ever in seclusion. If you had loved me as you once did, you never could have suspected or hinted at so humiliating a weakness."

"Is it not possible that an increase of affection may conduce to the same end?" I urged, for the moment completely off my guard. "Is it not possible that the possession of another's love may become so valuable, that we are perpetually haunted with the painful fear of losing it? May not the very excess deny us the power of showing our devotion?"

"Oh! that is carrying it much too far," she interrupted, laughing; "I have no wish either to create a feeling that employs so disagreeable a method of notifying its existence, or of giving a value to my regard that entails so suspicious a custodian. No, no; let us be as we were."

I was saved—my secret had been on my very lips, but her innocent naïveté gave me a moment for reflection, and prudence resumed its command. We ratified a fresh treaty of friendship. I promised to be as evenly kind as in former days; and inwardly determined to double my caution, and to be more guarded and cold in my manner than ever.

How I hated our period in London! Every thing combined to make it detestable to me. In the first place, it is any thing but agreeable for a man who has been of great importance in the aristocratic circles of the country, to mingle in the vast republic that constitutes the society of the metropolis. The total insignificance into which he at once lapses, the entire disregard of all his fancies and whims by his fellow-citizens, the utter carelessness as to whether he is pleased or angry—all these circumstances assist but little in relieving the natural diffidence of a young man upon being launched, for the first time, into the world of London.

All these annoyances, which would at any rate have

been peculiarly galling to a person of so sensitive a nature as I was cursed withal, had a still more irritating effect upon my jealous feeling with regard to Laura. There was an air of conscious superiority, with which a man, well established in the best society, addressed my cousin; a species of civilly expressed contempt with which he received my inexperienced remarks, a kind of polite sarcasm with which he turned my arguments into ridicule, which made me frantic with rage, although I was obliged to admire the skill, and could not fairly quarrel with the attack of my adversary. Laura, I was happy to see, for a long time disregarded, and appeared to despise, these agreeable nonsense-mongers: she laughed, and was amused with their follies, but they utterly failed in their attempts to please her or to excite her admiration. She reminded me of our newly-plighted friendship, and claimed the fulfilment of my pledge. She professed a wish to put herself under my care, to be guided by my opinion,—she requested that I would not keep so much aloof from her in society, but oftener become her partner in the dance, or her companion in the mere party.

I cannot now understand my conduct during the whole of this period.—I avoided her most pointedly myself, and yet was angry when I found her in conversation with others; I reproached her with being a flirt, and yet obliged her to seek amusement exclusively amongst the herd of new acquaintances by which she was surrounded; I seldom availed myself of her permission to dance with her, and yet have often stood and watched for a long time, with an air of gloomy dissatisfaction, her manner with an indifferent partner, whom I had forced her to accept. In vain, she inquired the cause for my morose manner, in vain she pleaded that she was making many enemies in society, and acquiring the character of a change-

able coquette, from the variable manner with which she endeavoured to fashion her conduct to my ever-changing humours. It was to no purpose that she justly reminded me that my sister Agnes was far more gay, more cheerful, and more cordial in her manner to strangers, and yet that I seemed well pleased with her. It was impossible for me to give an explanation of my conduct without betraying my secret; and I therefore avoided the subject with some idle excuse, and persisted in my ungracious moodiness, although I felt that I was daily sinking in the esteem of all my friends from my apparently unjustifiable ill-temper.

I believe that what excited my wrath more than anything else was, that I suspected some young men, whose acquaintance I had casually made, to have discovered my hidden affection: they often rallied me about Laura, and I began to fear that my caution had not been so successful as I had hoped. I had, throughout, congratulated myself upon the idea that, from the force of education and long habit combined, I had acquired so absolute a command over my countenance and manner, that what I determined to conceal no one could detect; and, in fact, my reliance on my long-encouraged ideas upon this point had been a great consolation to me. It was, therefore, very discouraging to suppose that a parcel of idle coxcombs could at once penetrate through the veil of mystery with which I enveloped all my actions.

The patience and sweetness of temper of Laura, exemplary as they were, could not endure for ever. She at last became weary of my sulkiness and apparent ill-humour, and assumed as cold and distant a manner as mine.—She, in her turn, avoided me, and was precise and measured in conversation with me; and yet, at times, I could read a pitying and melancholy look in her soft blue eye, as I

found it fixed upon me, which declared that forgiveness was still at my command if I would but stoop to ask it. My uncle, also, appeared to have espoused the cause of his daughter, and was not as cordial towards me as formerly. He now never requested me to act as chaperon to Laura, as he had often before done, in order to relieve himself from the irksome exertion of going into the world. Even my lively sister Agnes mingled something of reproach with her sparkling glance, although, if ever I asked an explanation from her, she turned it off with a joke, declaring that it was very hard that I would allow no one to look cross for their own pleasure but myself.

I now became perfectly wretched.—I was unwell from inward vexation and annoyance, and I saw, with anxiety and alarm, that the effects of a London season might also be traced upon the pale cheek of Laura. I believe that we were all delighted when my uncle gave the order for our return to the country.

How rapturous we all were in our rejoicings at again reaching Nettlewood!—How eagerly we all strove to be the first to catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the house as they rose in the horizon from the surrounding wood! Every tree was greeted as an old acquaintance; every turn of the road presented to us scenes that recalled some adventure of our contented and tranquil days of youth. Here, thought I, as passing through the outer gates, we entered the dark shade of the tall avenue, here, at least, we may find peace and happiness.

A few days in retirement proved to me, however, that this tranquil life was even less endurable than the confusion of London. The placid, yet sad expression of Laura's beautiful countenance was ever before me, and the musical tones of her voice, as she addressed me, sounded like perpetual reproaches in my ear; whereas, in

London, I could rush from them into the whirl of society, if not to forget, at any rate to brood over them unobserved. The excitement of my present feelings became intolerable, and I determined to put into immediate execution a plan that I for some time had entertained, of passing two or three years abroad.

I spent much of my time in long solitary walks, and one evening, upon my return, met Laura on the bank of the stream, and at the very spot where, previous to our ill-fated journey to London, we had entered into our compact of perpetual friendship. She was sitting upon the turf by the water's side, and appeared to have been in tears. She started up as she saw me, and would have avoided me; but as we were so soon to part, I determined to request one interview, in order to endeavour to obliterate some of the unkindly impressions that my extraordinary conduct had evidently created in her mind.

"Nay, Laura," I said, taking her hand, "do not fly from me. It was not thus formerly. Once, when you were in sorrow, you came to me for consolation. It was not for this, that upon this very spot, a few short months ago, we promised to be sincere friends through life."

"Why, Arthur," she replied, in a low tone, "why remind me of that mockery? why recal to my mind the humbling recollection, that I courted your regard and was thought unworthy of it? Has one act, one word, or even one look of yours that has glanced upon me, ever allowed interpretation of kindness? No, no! the spot is changed, and you and all are different. When we stood here last, the warm sun of spring was upon us, all around was green and blooming, and you the most affectionate, the most indulgent of brothers; now the cold wind chills me, the sad and faded hue of autumn meets my eye, but none so cold, so sadly altered as you."

"There is but too much justice in all your accusations, Laura," I answered, much affected; "but make some allowance for the waywardness of a man ill at ease within himself. Do not let us part in anger."

"Part!" she cried; "what can you mean?—part! what should cause us to separate? and anger!—Arthur, you should know that anger is a feeling that I never entertained towards you in my life. Why do you talk of parting?"

"I propose passing some time abroad," I said; "it is necessary for me, both in health and spirits."

"Are you then not well? shall I own, Arthur," she continued, half smiling, "that I had rather suffer neglect—painful as it is—than you should undergo sickness. And why do your spirits sink? surely you cannot be unhappy; or if you are, kindness and affection are the best remedies for that disorder, and you will never find them so prodigally bestowed as here."

"No, no, dearest Laura! kindness and affection are no cures for me. I but fear to be too happy—to forget my humble station—to enjoy too readily the bliss of living here, until I am reminded that I am but the child of charity."

"You are the child of my father's brother," she exclaimed, passionately; "the son of an honourable and brave man; and who will presume to say that there is a bliss to which that birth does not entitle you?"

"Yes! there is one," I answered, losing all command of my feelings; "one, beyond all other gifts that Heaven could grant—one, that I dare not, must not hope for; and yet without which all other boons are valueless. This one forbidden thought, the cause of all my moody temper, the companion of all my sadder hours, you, above all the world, must never know."

"If I ought not to know it," she said, blushing deeply, "I am sure that you remember too well your duty to my father to let it escape your lips."

"Thank Heaven! I am not so lost as to forget it," I answered. "But tell me that you forgive me, before I go; grant me again the consciousness of your regard, and never, never again will I forfeit it." She extended her hand to me—I raised it to my lips, and hurried back to the house. I had but barely escaped with honour! One warning word of her unsuspicious innocence had but just rescued me from the betrayal of my secret. I felt that I dared not trust myself to meet her more; and determined at once to seek my uncle, and communicate to him my plan of proceeding to the Continent; and I resolved at the same time to confide to him the hidden cause of this intention. I knew that ultimate discovery was inevitable, and I considered this method as at once the safest and the most honourable. It was, however, an awful undertaking. I have before said, that although I was always confident of his kindness, I had through life been afraid of my uncle; and this was a topic upon which, from many circumstances, he would be particularly irritable. He had more than once warned me against allowing my hopes to point towards an union with my cousin, and I felt certain that he would feel great contempt for a man who was not able to keep, by care and watchfulness, his passions under subjection. I retired to my room for some time to collect my thoughts and arrange my plan of proceeding, and then, having "screwed my courage to the sticking-place," I sought my uncle in his study. Fortune, however, was unfavourable. As I was just entering the hall, out of which his room opened, I heard the sound of voices in loud mirth at the farther end of the passage that communicated with Laura's

room, and, looking back, I saw Sir Charles in consultation with my cousin and sister. He was laughing violently, and I thought that the sound, which was always harsh, never appeared so dissonant; for a moment I fancied that I could distinguish the voice of Laura faintly joining in his uproarious hilarity, but you may be sure that I did not turn my head a second time, and I persuaded myself that I had been mistaken from the similarity between the tones of Agnes and her cousin. It was not possible that so soon after our serious and somewhat touching conversation Laura could be joining in the idle jokes to which Sir Charles was too much addicted.

This was not, however, an auspicious moment for my confidence, and I took two turns round the large lawn in the front of the house, before I again sought my uncle's study, partly to allow his ill-timed spirits to subside, and partly to regain the resolution that this accident had entirely put to flight.

I again entered the hall. This time circumstances were more favourable. I saw my uncle's hat, stick, and warm neckerchief, carefully laid upon the bench at the door of his study. My courage, like that of Acres, began to "ooze out at the palms of my hands." I looked with a long implanted awe at these appendages of my uncle's dignity. Many and many a time when a boy, and sent for to repeat my lesson, had I dawdled in this hall to "read it over *once more*," and seen with dread this very cocked hat shaking at me, this very cane erect in a threatening attitude. A three-cornered cocked hat! a large gold-headed cane! There was something in the very adherence to old prejudices which was exemplified in the continuance of these exploded ornaments which foreboded no good to my present expedition; besides there was something

peculiar in my uncle's three-cornered head gear. I have known some people who can distinguish on a hall table the identity of different hats from a fancied similarity to their wearers. Now Sir Charles's certainly had a resemblance to him, but it was in his worst mood; for he had a method of putting it on immediately above his eyebrows, and contracting his forehead, which gave it in the association of my ideas a most frowning aspect. The neckerchief, too, simple as to many the presence of so common an article of dress may appear, was an unlucky omen for me. It evidently declared that he was labouring under indisposition, for when in health he had a particular contempt for what he called coddling: too well I knew how much illness ruffled the serenity of his temper. My resolution began to fail—I hesitated—It was a pity to annoy him when he was unwell. I decided to postpone my declaration until another day; but, just at that moment I heard the voices of Laura and Agnes, who were entering the hall from the garden. Retreat was now impossible; I knocked at the door—no answer; I knocked louder—a short and sharp "Come in!" The lock turned, and the rubicon was past.

My uncle was sitting in his easy chair, busily employed in writing, when I entered; and merely lifting his head, and saying, "Ah! Arthur, my boy, is it you? sit down, and take a book," quietly continued his occupation. This was far from encouraging. When a man has wound himself up to a great effort, there is nothing so alarming, nothing so cruelly perplexing, as to be met in the outset by placid, unmoveable calmness. However, I was too glad of a short reprieve. I did as my uncle desired me: I opened a book, and turned over several pages; but what the subject was of which the work treated, or what was the purport of any sentence in it, neither my observation at the time

nor any subsequent recollection has enabled me to decide. The suspense became intolerable. I thought my uncle's correspondence would never end. I hemmed; I coughed; I got up, and stood by the empty grate; I sat down again; and, profiting by a squeaking castor, drew my chair once or twice backwards and forwards—all in vain; still scratch, scratch, scratch, I heard his indefatigable pen grating on his rough paper. At last, after a most violent sigh, almost amounting to a groan, from me, he suddenly turned to me, and said, "Why, Arthur, you seem in a fidget; is any thing the matter?"

Cautiously and gradually did I now open to him my plan of passing the next two years abroad; and anxiously did I watch the effect that each sentence produced on a countenance, the least variation of which long habit had taught me to understand. My heart quailed within me, as I saw his brow lowering with as direct a denial as ever features expressed. At last I paused. Sir Charles shook his head.

"Arthur, this is not well," he said, with a very serious aspect: "you have been content to live with me, and profit by my affection, as long as the asylum of this house was convenient to you; but now that by your society you might in some sort repay me, you find your home too dull for you, and at once determine to resort elsewhere for amusement."

"No, on my honour, sir!" I exclaimed; "I am only too happy here! Reasons which you never could guess, and which even now I fear to explain to you, could alone have been the cause of this painful determination."

"And what may this weighty cause be?" he inquired very drily.

"Forgive me, my kind uncle!—I have broken through almost the only prohibition you ever imposed upon me.

I have disobeyed your only command: but it was unwillingly. I lived long in the society of my cousin Laura—too long, I fear—before I discovered that she had become to me the object of an overwhelming affection. I have combated it—have laboured hard to subdue it—but it is impossible—it is stronger than my resolution: absence is my only hope!"

I saw my uncle's eyes flash, nay, twinkle with rage: his lips were compressed, and yet I saw a smile, almost a laugh, of scorn lurking about his mouth.

"And does your cousin know of your attachment?" he said in a constrained voice.

"No—of that, thank God, I am innocent! she has not the most remote suspicion of the existence of such a feeling in my breast."

He hid his face for a moment in his hands, and then, "Go!" he said in a low tone:—"Go! you have my permission to depart."

I would have begged his forgiveness and blessing before we parted, perhaps for ever, but he turned from me, and waved his hand for me to retire. I went to the door; I fixed my eyes upon him again, to see if he would not grant me one kind word. He a second time waved his hand: tears came into my eyes: I opened the door, and was about to rush from the room, when I very nearly fell over something that impeded my progress. It was—my sister Agnes, who had been kneeling with her ear to the key-hole, and had evidently been listening to the whole of our conversation. By her side stood Laura, with her head drooping, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks glowing with blushes, but too near to be entirely free from the suspicion of having been my sister's accomplice in her mean curiosity.

"Do not run over me, my dear, discreet, secret brother!"

Painted by R. Smirke R.A

Engraved by J. Mitchell.

THE SECRET

London, Hurst, Chance & Co. Jennings & Chaplin, Cheapside & Giraldon Bovinet & Co. Paris

said Agnes, in her most quizzing tone; and then the spiteful creature burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was echoed in most discordantly loud sounds by my uncle. I was ready to sink into the earth. I looked in compassion at Laura, who I knew would be dreadfully shocked at my sister's ill-timed spirits; but even she seemed with difficulty to repress her disposition to join in the general mirth. The whole scene appeared like some hideous dream in which we are haunted by the grinning of fiends. Was it possible that they whom I had ever supposed regarded me with the most tender affection could now be rejoicing in my wretchedness and hopeless despair? It was past endurance, and I was preparing to fly when my uncle called to me.

"Come, come, Arthur! I think you need not leave the country this bout. You have been guilty of a great crime, but we will not sentence you to transportation for it.—What say you, Laura? Will not perpetual imprisonment do as well?—Are you content to be his gaoler?"

"If he will promise for the future to be less mysterious, and to imagine occasionally that other people may also have secret feelings which they are obliged to conceal," she answered, blushing.

I was astonished. So, then, prudence, caution, and wariness had all been useless. My uncle had discovered, from the first moment that I altered my cordial manner towards Laura, the attachment which I had imagined no one could possibly detect. He had all along wished for our union, but had throughout thrown difficulties in the way of its accomplishment; in order to insure that our affection should be founded on other grounds than the idea that it was to happen as a matter of course, from our having been brought up together. We had now, however, seen suf-

ficient of the world to be pretty sure of the stability of our mutual preference. My cheerful, careless sister had still earlier been aware of my feelings towards my cousin from observing the difference of my behaviour to herself. Laura herself had been the last to believe in the truth of my attachment, merely because it was a fact of too vital importance to her to be lightly entertained. The interview in the garden this evening had, however, convinced her of the truth of their imagination. She had repeated what had passed to my uncle, and he and Agnes were rallying her upon her former incredulity, when they saw me stealing along the passage towards my uncle's door. They immediately guessed my errand; and that had been the cause of the laughter which so offended me. My uncle, it appears, then laid a regular trap for me, and himself had desired the fair listeners to station themselves at the door, in order to be the unseen witnesses of the triumph of natural open-heartedness over assumed discretion.

I am now the happiest man in the world, and have unlimited confidence in my wife; but it was long before I could break myself of my old penchant for a secret.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

When dandies wore fine gilded clothes,
  And bags, and swords, and lace;
And powder blanch'd the heads of beaux,
  And patches graced the face:

When two o'clock was time to drive
  To flirt it in Hyde-Park;
And not the finest folks alive
  Took morning drives till dark:

When people went to see the plays,
  And knew the names of players;
And ladies wore long bony stays,
  And went about in chairs:

When belles with whalebone hoops and tapes
  Defied each vain endeavour
To trace their forms, and made their shapes
  Much more like *bells* than ever:

When chaste salutes all folks exchanged
  (A custom worthy, such is),
And ladies to be served, stood ranged,
  As kings would serve a duchess:

In those good days, a widow rare
  Astonish'd half the town;
So gay, so sweet, so blithe, and fair—
  Her name was Mistress Brown.

This widow Brown had diamond eyes,
And teeth like rows of pearl,
With lips that Hybla's bees might prize,
And loves in every curl.

And more, this beauteous piece of earth
(And she could make it clear)
Had stock and property, quite worth
Four thousand pounds a-year.

As syrup in the summer's sun
The buzzing fly attracts,
So Mrs. Brown—the lonely one—
Was subject to attacks;

And tall and short, and rich and poor,
Pursued her up and down;
And crowds of swains besieged the door
Of charming Mrs. Brown.

Among the rest, a worthy wight
Was constant in her suite;
He was an alderman and knight,
And lived in Fenchurch-street.

He wasn't young—if he 's call'd old
Who fifty-nine surpasses—
He sugar bought, and sugar sold,
And treacle, and molasses.

But he was rich, dress'd fine, was gay,
And mighty well to do;
And at each turn was wont to say—
Hah!—*Chacun à son goût.*

This was his phrase—it don't mean much,
He thought it rather witty;
And, for an alderman, a touch
A bit above the city.

Sir Samuel Snob—that was his name—
Three times to Mrs. Brown
Had ventured just to hint his flame,
And thrice received—a frown.

Once more Sir Sam resolved to try
What winning ways would do;
If she would *not*, he would not die,
For—*chacun à son goût*.

He sallied forth in gilded coach;
And in those heavy drags,
No stylish knight made his approach
Without his four fat nags.

But gout and sixty well-spent years
Had made his knightship tame,
And, spite of flannel, crutch, and cares,
Sir Sam was very lame.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" said he.
The servant answer'd "Yes."
"To-night, then," murmur'd he, "shall see
My misery or bliss."

And up he went—though slow, yet sure,
And there was Mrs. Brown:
Delightful!—then, he's quite secure!
The widow is alone.

Close to the sofa where she sat
Sir Snobby drew his seat;
Rested his crutch, laid down his hat,
And look'd prodigious sweet.

But silence, test of virgin love,
A widow does not suit;
And Mrs. Brown did not approve
Courtship so mild and mute.

The man of sugar by her look
  Perceived the course to take:
He sigh'd—she smiled—the hint he took,
  And on that hint he spake.

"Madam," said he—"I know," she cried,
  "I 'll save you half your job;
I've seen it—though disguise you've tried—
  You want a Lady Snob!"

"Exactly so, angelic fair!
  You've hit it to a T.
Where can I find one—where, oh! where,
  So fit as Mrs. B.?"

The dame was flutter'd, look'd aside,
  Then blushingly look'd down;
But as Sir Snob her beauties eyed,
  He saw no chilling frown.

At length she said, "I'll tell you plain
  (The thing of folly savours)—
But he who hopes *my* heart to gain
  Must grant me two small favours."

"Two!" cries the knight—"how very kind!
  Say fifty—I 'm efficient!"
"No," said the dame, "I think you 'll find
  The two *I* mean, sufficient."

"Name them!" said Snob.—"I will," she cried;
  "And this the first must be:
Pay homage to a woman's pride,
  Down on your bended knee!

"And when that homage you have done,
  And half perform'd your task,
Then shall you know the other boon
  Which I propose to ask.

Painted by Ja^{s}. Stephanoff.

Engraved by F^{r} Bacon.

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

"Comply with this," the widow cries,
"My hand is yours for ever!"
"Madam," says Snob, and smiles and sighs,
"I'll do my best endeavour."

Down on his knee Sir Snobby went,
His chair behind him tumbled,
His sword betwixt his legs was bent,
His left-hand crutch was humbled.

He seized the widow's lily hand
Roughly, as he would storm it:
"Now, lady, give your next command,
And trust me, I 'll perform it."

She bit her fan, she hid her face,
And—widows *have* no feeling—
Enjoying Snobby's piteous case,
Was pleased to keep him kneeling.

A minute pass d:—"Oh speak! Oh speak!"
Said Snob: "dear soul, relieve me!"
(His knee was waxing wondrous weak)
"Your *ne plus ultra* give me!"

"One half fulfill'd," says Mrs. Brown,
"I shall not ask in vain
For t' other favour—now you 're down,
Sir Snob—*get up again!*"

Vain the request—the knight was floor'd;
And—what a want of feeling!—
The lady scream'd, while Snobby roar'd,
And still continued kneeling.

The widow rang for maids and men,
Who came, midst shouts of laughter,
To raise her lover up again,
And show him down stairs after.

They got him on his feet once more,
Gave him his crutch and hat;
Told him his coach was at the door—
A killing hint was that.

"Such tricks as these are idly tried,"
Said Snob: "I 'm off—adieu!
To wound men's feelings, hurt their pride,
But—*Chacun à son goût.*"

"Forgive me, knight," the widow said,
As he was bowing out.
"Your '*Chacun à son goût,*' I read
As '*Chacun à son* gout.'

"That you could not your pledge redeem
I grieve, most worthy knight:
A nurse is what you want, I deem;
And so, sweet sir, good night."

He went—was taken to his room—
To bed in tears was carried;
And the next day to Betsy Broom,
His housekeeper, was married.

The widow Brown, so goes the song,
In three weeks dried her tears,
And married Colonel Roger Long,
Of the Royal Grenadiers.

Thus suited both, the tale ends well,
As all tales ought to do;
The knight's revenged, well pleased the belle—
So—*Chacun à son goût.*

THE ORPHAN BOY OF PONTNEATHVAUGHN.

Short and simple are the annals of the poor. When grief and death assail the great, a thousand eyes weep for them, and to their triumphs a thousand voices are ready to cry "Hail!" Fame waves a sunbright banner before their closing eyes; and thus canopied, death is divested of half its terrors. Hearts beat thickly and fastly in sympathy for all sorrow, save the misery of the poor. Hunger, and those diseases that arise from poverty, are vulgar sufferings; and the lowly tale which has now found a historian may fail to excite a single throb of pity in the tenderest bosom.

In the village of Pontneathvaughn, in Glamorganshire, lived, some few years since, a young farmer named Edward Morgan. Rich, gay, and handsome; gifted with the ready smile and quick reply, he wore, with a careless air, the triumphs he obtained in all athletic exercises. These qualities would alone have made him a general favourite. But his merit did not end here. His integrity and good parts were proverbial, and these virtues, it may be, added to an exterior uncommonly prepossessing, found him grace in the sight of Lewin, one of the prettiest girls in the country, the orphan-daughter of the late village-curate. All outward circumstances seemed to conspire in favour of this union; and yet the feeling of surprise that in an under current ran through the whole village when it became known that she had said the final "Yes," sufficiently proved that a discrepancy did somewhere exist in their tastes, feelings, or opinions, universally felt, however unacknowledged.

Before marriage it is probable that Lucy was not conscious of her mental superiority: she decked her handsome

lover with her own bright imaginings—and love, in its holiness, possesses, indeed, the capacious gift to light into beauty all it looks upon: but afterwards, one by one, came out coarsenesses that Lucy's innate and cultivated refinement could ill brook, and she early sought in her boy, the only fruit of this union, that companionship she had vainly hoped to enjoy in her husband:—to *his* unattending ear she confided sorrows no one in the village could have understood; and when bad seasons and thin crops soured her husband's temper, and made him vent his anxieties and disappointments in loud and sometimes abusive anger upon her, the silent tears she shed fell upon her baby's smiling face, and she was comforted. Whether the boy inherited more of Lucy's than of his father's qualities I cannot say; certain it is, that a precocious intelligence with his mother was awakened within him.

There appeared, indeed, some reason for Edward Morgan's change of temper, for from the day of his marriage every thing went ill with him. Scanty harvests year after year, his cattle swept off by disease; some fatality seemed to attend all his exertions, and the pride of integrity made more bitter and cureless the evils he sustained, for nothing could tempt him to accept assistance from those who were now his wealthier neighbours. At length he was compelled to yield up his farm, and to engage himself to superintend one belonging to another farmer. Those who saw him in this employment were astonished at the serenity that sat upon his brow: his laugh rang a gayer and a more hilarious tone than formerly, and he was ever the first to make himself, his fallen fortunes, and changed condition, the theme of mockful jesting. But at home he unveiled, and exhausted more by the effort to wear a smiling face upon a bursting heart than by his labours, he would vent his suppressed anguish upon the gentle Lucy,

though the deprivation *she* suffered was, perhaps, one of the heaviest feelings at his heart. In vain she sought to soothe him by endearment; her efforts only maddened him. He would shrink from her slightest touch, resist the accents of her hope, and rush out to solitude. Moody and gloomy abstraction and fits of angry invective divided his nights: the day was spent in such excessive labour as would have destroyed a frame of iron: it excited, therefore, less wonder than regret when he was seized with a virulent fever, which carried him off after a few days' illness, just before his little Edward attained his tenth year.

And now poor Lucy had to learn the bitter and debasing lessons of poverty; but on her sinless nature this blighting evil fell with its desolating, not its criminating, power. She bowed her head meekly to the storm, as utterly riven, as though she had warred with the tempest: she toiled all day and half the night; for though she could quickly learn the lesson of self-privation, she could not as yet bring herself to teach her boy companionship in suffering. But the anxious mind fretted the fleshly cage already much enfeebled, and hastened the doom she was so anxious to avert. Her fingers would fall listless from her work, and the abstraction of disease render her heedless of the hours that thus passed unemployed. The altered state of her cottage soon told of the ravaging effects of illness. One by one the small articles of furniture disappeared; and when her boy would ask, in his simplicity, why they were removed—"I no longer want them, love," was the calm reply of her despair. At length, her bed was literally taken from under her, and her child could no longer be deceived. He had, indeed, long felt the changes that desolated his home; but the calmness of his mother's despair terrified him into silence.

On the morning her bed had been carried away, some

terrific power seemed to contract her limbs, and withdraw from her altogether the faculty of motion; and thus crippled she was left upon an old straw mattress, helpless as a child, yet conscious as woman ever is, of the full evil of her situation.

While these thoughts burned her cheek with fever, she was roused by a sweet voice somewhat raised in its musical tones, and a small hand was at the same moment pressed upon her wan fingers to awake attention.—"Mother," said the child, as the tears started to his eyes, and the blood mantled to his brow, "little Jones, the gardener's boy, helps his father, and is not much older than I am: I will work for him too, and get you wine to make you well; for I heard Dame Morris say that is all you require. Kiss me, mother, and I will go to work."

"Go, my son," said the enfeebled mother, "for I have not bread to give you."

The gardener, compassionating the distress of mother and child, though too poor himself otherwise to assist them, gave him employment, at first to weed his garden, and afterwards, as he became older and stronger, to work in his field, and sometimes to sell vegetables in the neighbouring villages; and the pittance he thus earned sufficed to support two beings who had once possessed all the comforts of life, and seemed well fitted in quality of mind to fill the world's "high places."

Lucy lingered on for years, though she never rose from the hard couch to which her creditors had consigned her. Bed-ridden, and incapable of assisting her adored Edward in the smallest degree, she yet felt—oh! who shall say how bitterly?—that the vile pence which procured her bread were coined out of her boy's life. His eyes began to burn brighter; the bloom upon his cheek became of a deeper and less healthful dye, concentred in one burning spot;

Drawn by C. Heath.

Engraved by C. Heath

THE ORPHAN BOY.

and the wavy ringlets of his glossy hair seemed to lose life and elasticity, as they drooped in fainter and more languid curl upon his brow and neck. Still she did not refuse sustenance, though so dearly earned; for, wreck as she was, she knew herself to be the sole minister of happiness to him; and it might be that a sort of unholy joy lighted her despair, as she thought that death, the stern, stern divider, would not long sever her from her boy.

His employer lived at some distance from his mother's cottage, and would occasionally send him with a basket of potatoes, which formed indeed their chief sustenance, as a gift to his mother. On these occasions, and ever on his return home from the labours of the day, he would rest upon a mass of stone, incrusted with moss and lichen, that lay in his path; and here, whilst he gazed on the rocks that kissed the broad blue heaven, and listened to the music of the waterfall that leapt joyously from out them in one continuous sheet of silver, would he build dreams that ill sorted with his present fortune.

I do not mean to say that these thoughts would be natural to a boy in vivid health, even though he had been bred in a palace: they were partly the result of the education he imbibed from his mother, and partly that he inherited her consumptive constitution. The soul makes to itself stronger wings from the body's decay, anxious, it would seem, to escape the prison in which it is but feebly held.

It was on a faint evening of ripe autumn that Edward passed on towards his home, repining against that which is, and which therefore is the best. He reached his lowly door, lifted the latch, and, entering, deposited his burden on the floor, and, as of wont, went towards his mother's bed. He knelt down to take her hand, for he thought she slept. The emaciation that had formerly marked her

face had disappeared, and seemed restored to its earliest youth; her fair hair had escaped her cap, and, in its natural ringlets, pressed her pale but rounded cheek: she appeared at once, as though by magic, to have recovered the springtime of her beauty. Yet the hand he touched was marble cold; and a magnificent butterfly, that had entered through the open casement, fluttered and rested on that fair cheek unfelt. The arrow that flieth unseen even in the day had struck her. How many may have felt, what perhaps only one could so beautifully have expressed,

> That *thou* shouldst die,
> And life be left to the butterfly!

Edward softly brushed away the unholy insect that dared to tamper with the dead; but, as he did so, he recollected that it was the type of immortality, and amid his gushing tears he hailed the omen.

"Already her soul is on the wing," he thought, in poetic madness, and his tears fell less bitterly, though his grief, from the overwrought excitation of his nature, bordered on insanity.

On the following day he was observed at his customary labour, and the gardener kindly asked him wherefore he was at work.

"I would pay for my mother's burial," he said—his large sweet eyes raised mournfully—"and my time is not long upon the earth."

It was of no avail that opposition was offered to his intention: early and late he toiled to effect his object, but in vain: the effort was too great—it was too sudden a wrench from the single hold he had on life, and the mastery he exerted to repress all outward emotion whilst performing his self-allotted task hastened his end. He died a few days after his mother.

THE HERMIT OF THE COLISEUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HAJJI BABA.

In ancient cell, with tangled weeds o'ergrown,
  Where weary pilgrims once devoutly knelt,
Austere, recluse, unheeded, and unknown,
  The Hermit of the Coliseum dwelt.

A man he was of woe, of crime, and guilt;
  Of woe—for ah! he had a heart to feel;
Of crime—a brother's blood he'd basely spilt,
  For jealous frenzy sped the murd'rous steel.

Long had he mourn'd and wept, oppress'd with grief;
  Long had he wander'd on from place to place;
Vainly in change of scene he sought relief;
  Too soon he learnt that nought can guilt efface.

At length, congenial to his dreary mind,
  A spot he found 'midst wreck of prostrate Rome,
Where in deep penitence he hoped to find
  Some cheering ray to light his darkling home.

Oft as the moon rode high through midnight air,
  Lost in the shadow of some pond'rous tow'r,
The wan, lone hermit sat in mute despair,
  Wrapt in his gloom, and heedless of the hour.

Before his absent mind, his vacant eye,
  The moonlight landscape unenjoy'd was spread;
What others praised he pass'd unnoticed by,
  And Cæsar's palace rear'd in vain its head.

Where once the Forum rang with active life,
  Where triumphs told the glories of the brave,
Where dark sedition waged tumultuous strife,—
  All now is hush'd, all silent as the grave.

Nothing astir, except 'midst rustling weeds,
  Some prowling, famish'd, gloomy beast of prey;
Or e'en some wretch intent on murd'rous deeds,
  Stealing with cautious step his guilty way.

The stroke of time at intervals would toll,
  Breaking the stillness of the placid sky,
And the loud chimes of tower'd Capitol
  Would sound responsive to the sentry's cry.

Then with the dawn some cloister chant or bell
  Would waken thoughts portentous of his doom,
And tell his conscience such would be the knell
  That from this life would bear him to the tomb.

One night as long he sat in thoughtful mood,
  Heedless of aught, save Heaven's unchanged decrees,
A form, an awful form, before him stood,
  Which chill'd his heart, and caused his blood to freeze.

Perchance with visions strange his mind was tost;
  But true it is that crime is soon alarm'd:
In fancy's eye he saw his brother's ghost,
  The bosom bloody, and the hand unarm'd.

Dark was the night; from Alban's mount a cloud
  Of blackest hue swept o'er th' unshelter'd plain;
The lightnings flash'd, the tempest, raging loud,
  Impell'd dense vapours from the troubled main.

Through the long vaults of that gigantic pile,
  The deep-mouth'd thunder roll'd from height to height;
So shook the arches, that 'twas thought awhile
  Earth was grown weary of its pond'rous weight.

The phantom hover'd o'er the cross below,
  The murd'rer stood on crested arch above;
The awful sprite look'd up, and, beckoning slow,
  Forced, like a spell, th' unwilling wretch to move.

He came with falt'ring step, and nearer drew,
  Appalling fear convulsed his inward frame;
The thunder louder and still louder grew,
  Whilst heaven and earth seem'd melted into flame.

The fatal spot was near—the cross in view—
  He clasp'd his hands and paused—though all in vain;
A bolt from heaven was driven, so loud, so true,
  That all seem'd o'er, and chaos come again.

In the combustion dire the wretch was lost,
  Though flashes oft disclosed his wasted form;
Sulphureous smells and fumes abroad were tost;
  The bloody sprite had vanish'd in the storm.

But as the tempest fell, an awful calm
  Succeeded to the terrors of the night;
With the gray dawn was felt a soothing balm,
  And with the sun came peace, and joy, and light.

But ah, what havoc 's here! See, mortal, see!
  Who clasps the cross, so wretched, so alone?
A corpse, the hermit's corpse—alas! 't is he!
  O God, thy pardon grant! thy will be done!

ON A FADED BLUE-BELL.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

And art thou fallen, fair flower, e'en so low
That nameless things upon thy beauty feed,
And riot o'er the charms that used to throw
A modest splendour on the verdant mead?
Who could have pluck'd thee, yet let fall again
Thy form, whose colour might with heaven vie,
And let thee lie neglected on the plain,
To e'en excite the passing stranger's sigh?
Or wert thou pluck'd, a present for the hand
Of some gay beauty; but to be displaced,
Because thy modest charms could not command
The love with which the donor wish'd thee graced?
I cannot brook to see thee drooping there,
Form'd as thou art to flourish in the day;
It must not be—a flower so sweet and fair
Shall not thus wantonly be cast away.
" Yes, for a time," the flower seem'd to say,
" Thy sun of kindness may the damp dispel;
But canst thou place me on my parent spray,
And canst thou make that parent love as well?
If thou canst rob reflection of its pain,
If retrospection ends at thy command,
Then bid me in thy kindness blush again,
And take me, gentle stranger, in thy hand."

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

F. Westley,
BINDER,
Friar Street,
— NEAR —
Doctors Commons.